

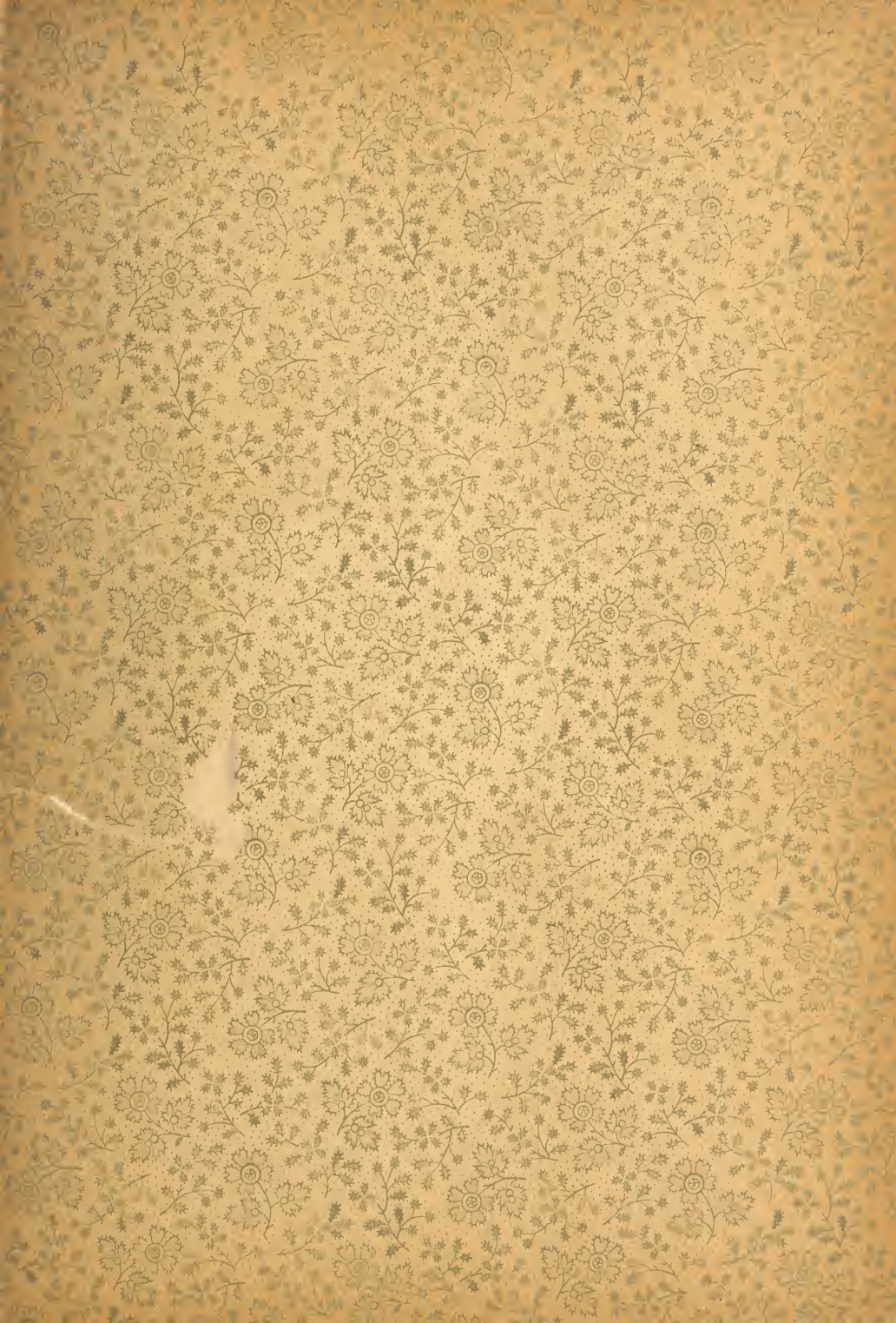
A Domine in Bible Lands.

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THE GREAT PYRAMID AND THE SPHINX.

A DOMINE IN BIBLE LANDS,

— BY —

REV. EDWARD GRIFFIN READ,
//

Pastor of the Second Reformed Church,

Somerville, N. J.



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TO THE

SECOND REFORMED CHURCH OF RARITAN,

THROUGH WHOSE KINDNESS THEIR PASTOR WAS PERMITTED TO VISIT
THE LANDS HEREIN DESCRIBED.

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

PREFACE.

WHY another book on Bible Lands? it may be asked of one who rashly ventures to inflict it on a reading public, already in possession of a varied and copious literature on the subject. There are books of solid instruction by distinguished Biblical scholars and careful explorers, and books of charming description and word-painting, or of travel and adventure pleasantly told—books for the student and books for the popular taste—is there any room for more, unless to relate new discoveries or to present the impressions of one who already holds the ear of the public? And what place is there for a book that professes to offer nothing new in the way of scholarly investigation, and cannot make its appeal to the curiosity which desires to know what a great man thinks about the things he has seen?

These are pertinent questions that occurred to the author when partial friends proposed to him to publish the narrative of his sight-seeing in Egypt and the Holy Land. It had not been his purpose to do this. He can truly say, to adapt the language of St. Paul, if any minister ever went to Egypt and the Holy Land without expectation of making a book on his return, I more. But after his return, in order to share with his congregation the pleasure and profit derived from the trip, he delivered a series of Sunday evening discourses in his own church, going over the ground so often traversed, that his people might see with his eyes and obtain his views of those lands of universal interest. These lectures were received so kindly, and their author was so strongly urged to put them before a larger audience through the press, that he yielded to persuasion; in hope that what had proved useful at home might prove not less useful elsewhere.

Yet the book is not simply a reprint of sermonic addresses prepared for oral delivery. These have been carefully rewritten throughout, and corrected and supplemented by reference to the best authorities. While

the present work makes no pretensions of original research or of profound scholarship, but aims only to furnish the general reader with a succinct narrative of what the intelligent tourist sees in the countries visited, pains have been taken to make the narrative accurate and ample for the purpose. It is hoped that notwithstanding the brevity which the author has practised, and possibly by reason of it, some Sunday-school Superintendents and teachers and scholars and even ministers may gain help from this little book in pursuing their studies.

The author would cordially commend the firm of Henry Gaze & Sons of London, under whose management his journey was made in the winter and spring of 1893; and would express his appreciation of the skilful conduct of the party by their agent, Dr. R. H. Crunden, an accomplished linguist and genial companion. He would also acknowledge his indebtedness in the preparation of this book to the following authorities:—Baedeker's, Murray's, and Appleton's Guide-books, the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, "Notes for the Nile" by H. D. Rawnsley, "Egypt and Japan" and "Among the Holy Hills" by Rev. Dr. H. M. Field, "Through Bible Lands" by Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, and "The Holy Land and the Bible" by Rev. Dr. Cunningham Geikie. In these and other works, such as Rev. Dr. Edward Robinson's *Researches in Palestine*, Dean Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, and Dr. W. H. Thompson's *The Land and the Book*, the interested reader may profitably follow up lines of thought only suggested here.

EDWARD GRIFFIN READ.

November 1, 1894.

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PART I.

E G Y P T.

A DOMINE IN BIBLE LANDS.

CHAPTER I.

ALEXANDRIA.

WE had made a delightful visit in Athens, exploring its classic ruins, and familiarizing ourselves with the interesting features of the modern city ; which indeed is so intensely modern as to prove somewhat disappointing to the visitor. We had climbed the Acropolis, and lingered with rapture amidst the remains of the matchless Parthenon and the graceful Erectheium ; had stood on Mars Hill, and read aloud Paul's address to the Athenians, and recited together the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer on that historic spot ; had visited the temples of Jupiter Olympus and Theseus, and Hadrian's Arch, and the Theatre of Dionysius, and the ancient Stadium, and the Tower of the Winds, and an old Pagan Cemetery that has recently been excavated with its curious monuments. We had done the National Museum, including Dr. Schliemann's collections of gold ornaments from the tomb of Agamemnon, and had seen his own handsome house and the various public buildings, such as the Palace, the University, the Library and the Academy. And we had made an excursion of twelve miles to Eleusis to examine the vast ruins of the Temple of Ceres ; in our drive over the mountains and around the Bay of Salamis, obtaining charming views of many spots famed in history.

But loath as one is to leave a city and a country so rich in thrilling memories, the expectation of seeing the Orient draws one willingly away. It was on the third of March, 1893, that we sailed from the Piræus, now, as of old, the port of Athens, on the steamer Tewfik Rab-bani, bound for Alexandria. This was a steamer of the Egyptian line ; and while our cabin passengers were mostly Europeans, on the lower

decks, fore and aft, we caught our first glimpse of the Orient in a motley company of Egyptians, Turks, Greeks, Jews and Syrians. Some wore on the head the red fez—a felt skull cap with black tassel; but more of them wore turbans, white, yellow or green—the latter indicating that the wearer was a descendant of Mahomet, or had made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Some were clad in baggy Turkish trousers with sashes of gay colors, and embroidered jackets. Some wore the white Albanian kilt, and some the long flowing robes of the East. They selected their places on deck, spread out their quilts and rugs and lay down; while over them the sailors raised a canvass awning to keep them comfortable for the night.

At sunset one of these forlorn bodies went on the upper deck at the bow, and uttered the call to prayer, according to the Mohammedan custom; and one after another followed him thither, and began each by himself to recite his prayers. First, the worshipper removed his shoes or slippers. Then standing up he put a thumb to the lobe of each ear, turned to the left and then to the right to invoke help of the archangel, supposed to be on either side of him; bowed himself several times; then dropped on his knees, and bowing forward, touched his face to the ground twice. He rose to his feet, recited more prayers, and repeated his genuflexions, going through the same round for eight or ten minutes. The devout Mohammedan will say his prayers five times a day, and at the call of the muezzin, or clerk of the mosque, uttered from the tapering minaret of the building, will drop his business wherever he is, and proceed to pray. One form that he recites in each of these five daily devotions, runs thus:

“ In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful,
Praise be to Allah, Lord of the worlds !
The Compassionate, the Merciful,
King on the day of reckoning !
Thee only do we worship, and to thee do we cry for help.
Guide thou us on the straight path,
The path of those to whom thou hast been gracious—
With whom thou art not angry,
And who go not astray. Amen.”

After their religious exercises we saw the deck passengers take supper. They were not fed by the steamship officials, but brought their simple provision with them—small loaves or rolls of coarse bread, baked as hard as possible, which they put in basins, and poured on oil out of tin cans to soak the bread till it was soft enough to eat, and to make it

palatable ; for in the East oil takes the place of butter with us. There are various kinds of bread used by the Arabs in Egypt. Often it is made in thin cakes about the size of a breakfast-plate, that are flabby like a tough griddle cake, and are baked by throwing the dough on the inside of a large heated earthen jar, in which a fire has previously been made and allowed to burn out. These are made of unbolted flour. In the cities one sees exposed for sale loaves of white bread like ours and crackers and rolls, that look appetizing ; and alongside of them great trays of sodden pie-crust, sometimes with streaks of sweetmeat or molasses running through it, which the poor esteem a delicacy. In the native bazaars everywhere one sees split peas, beans, lentils, rice, millet, onions and radishes for sale, which, with fish and smoked meats, seem to make up the poor man's diet.

Early on the second morning of our voyage we sighted the light-house or Pharos off the port of Alexandria. This is a modern structure ;—not the ancient and famous one of Ptolemy, whose builder, it is said, carved the king's name on it in soft stone or plaster that he put over his own name carved in the rock of the tower itself ; so that when, in the course of years, the plaster wore away, his own name came out to view as the builder. Soon we saw the low-lying coast, without a hill or elevation on it, but bristling with forts, at whose base the sea of waters broke on a sea of sand ; while to our left, as we entered the port, rose the buildings of the city of Alexandria. We sailed past the mole or breakwater and anchored in the commodious harbor that was filled with shipping of all nations.

In response to a yellow flag that we ran up a health officer came aboard in a small boat ; and the mail officers in another boat, and took off the mail. At another signal a large number of boats drawn up half a mile away, fifty-seven of them by actual count, came trooping towards us filled with natives, who raced furiously in their eagerness to reach the steamer first, and yelled and jabbered and gesticulated in the most ludicrous manner. Pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. The occupants of the boats were hotel-runners and porters, who had scented their prey from afar. They reached the steamer's side and swarmed up the gangway like pirates boarding a vessel. One lithe young fellow climbed over the guards of the promenade-deck like a cat and landed at our feet in a moment to present the card of his hotel and ask us to go with him. In the wild uproar of the first rush it seemed as though every unfortunate traveller would be torn in pieces. But these swarthy,

excited sons of Africa were not half so terrible as they looked, and soon we found our way to the boats of Henry Gaze & Sons, that had been rowed to the other side of the steamer, and embarked on them with our baggage, and were speedily set ashore.

At last we had reached the goal of our desires and dreams—to see Egypt, the land of hoar antiquity and sacred mystery; land of massive temples, of vast rock-hewn tombs and mighty stone Colossi; land of cloudless skies and constant sunshine, where all the day exhibits the splendor of afternoon, and the climate is soft and balmy, and the adjacent deserts drink up every particle of miasm exhaled from decaying vegetation or city filth, leaving the air exquisitely pure and sweet. Yes, we were in Egypt, the land of primitive civilization, whose beginnings run back into the morning twilight of history. For Menes, the first king of the first dynasty, was no mythical person, but the first tribal king who united several petty chieftains of the Nile; and he reigned, according to Brugsch, not later than 4400 B. C.; according to the chronology of Mariette, as early as 5004 B. C. The long line of rulers following him consisted of thirty-one dynasties, divided for convenience' sake into three periods, known as the Ancient, the Middle and the New Empires. The Ancient Empire includes the first eleven dynasties; lasting, by Brugsch's chronology, from 4400 B. C. to 2500 B. C. The Middle Empire includes the next nine dynasties, the 12th to the 20th inclusive, from 2500 B. C. to 1200 B. C. The New Empire takes in the remaining dynasties, from 1200 B. C. to 360 B. C. Then came the Persian conquerors, then the Macedonians, under Alexander the Great, in 332 B. C.; followed by the Greek kings known as the Ptolemies from 305 B. C. till 27 B. C., when the Romans conquered them.

But for 4,000 years—with only the breach caused by the reign of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings in Lower Egypt for 400 years, the same who welcomed Joseph and his family—native kings ruled over the country, and built great cities and magnificent temples and tombs, and waged successful wars against neighbouring peoples, and developed the arts of civilization beyond all contemporaries. Such was the solidity of Egyptian architecture, that some of its monuments remain to-day but little injured after standing 5,600 years. And such was the genius of Egyptian literature that the "Precepta of Ptah-Hotep," who lived in the fifth dynasty, 5,200 years ago, and compiled the sayings of wise men before his time, teach a purity of morals and a social refinement worthy of the best authors of our own day. How could it be that so mighty

and so wise a people should sink into the condition predicted by Ezekiel,* and become "the basest of the kingdoms" and "no more rule over the nations"?

Yet the truthfulness of this prediction was soon vindicated in the overthrow of the Pharaohs and the subjection of Egypt to foreign power, from which indeed it has never since been fully emancipated. The Saracens succeeded the Romans as masters of the country, and the Turks succeeded the Saracens; and the English are even now supplanting the Turks, and exercise a practical protectorate. For more than 2,000 years Egypt has been prostrate and degraded in political and social condition; and though during the present century she has enjoyed the vigorous and enlightened rule of Mohammed Ali and his descendants, the burden of former evils still remains unlifted from the shoulders of the wretched masses, who suffer under excessive taxation and misrule and cruel oppression, and are a spiritless and unaspiring people. The least thoughtful visitor to-day can hardly fail to be impressed with the contrast between the grandeur of the old empire, as attested by its gigantic architectural remains, and the poverty and weakness of the country at present. Centuries of ignorant and vicious despotism have left their mark upon the land and its inhabitants.

This we observed for ourselves throughout our stay in Egypt. Meanwhile everything that we saw in the short mile's drive from the wharf to our hotel, the Hotel Abbat, was of curious and novel interest; reminding us that we had passed from Europe to another continent, where the people are different, their religion and laws and social customs and dress are different, the houses and shops and even the animals different from those of Europe. One sees, it is true, English and French and Italian and Greek signs over the doors of many places of business; whole streets in Alexandria seem to be occupied by people of these various nationalities; for it is a commercial and cosmopolitan city. But the Arabic signs indicate to the visitor what is the general language of the country, and most of the people he sees on the streets wear Oriental dress. The men of the lower class are clad in a long, loose cotton wrapper falling a little below the knees, blue or brown in color, and usually wear a loose shirt beneath it; both garments thrown open at the neck, and either sleeveless or with short sleeves; their feet and legs up to the knees being bare. The women wear a long black or dark blue robe covering the head and the whole figure to the feet, and over the face

* Ezeke! 23: 15.

below the eyes the black yeshmak or veil, which is supported by a metallic cylinder between the eyes. Ladies of the upper class use a white veil, and the supporting cylinder is of gold instead of brass. Their outer garment is of black silk ; their arms and ankles laden with gold bracelets ; and their feet set in violet velvet slippers. While their humble sisters go barefooted, or wear slippers of red or yellow leather pointed at the toes, but seldom stockings—often bangles about the ankles. But in either case all that is seen of an Egyptian woman's face is a pair of dark liquid eyes, that she knows very well how to use.

The street-scenes that we saw were new and strange. Water-carriers were going about, clinking together a couple of brazen cups to attract attention and crying for customers. Some of them carried on the back a large brass vessel full of water, and a smaller brass pitcher, from which they poured into a cup. Some bore a goat skin or donkey skin, which, with the hair outside, the legs tied up, and the neck fitted with a brass cock, looks grotesquely bloated, yet life-like. The lemonade-vender walked about, carrying his beverage in a glass vessel and clinking his cups similarly. Many of the people were very ragged and dirty, and sat contentedly on the ground or the curb-stone to rest themselves or to sell their wares from baskets. Donkeys abound in the streets, not only used as beasts of burden but saddled for riding ; and very useful for that purpose, since in some parts of the city the streets are too narrow to allow a carriage to pass. These are the native quarters of the city, where the upper stories of the houses often project so far beyond the lower that people could almost shake hands with their neighbors across the alley from their upper windows or lattices of beautifully carved wood. Out of these lattices in houses of the better class look the ladies of the harem, who seldom walk abroad, but ride donkeys or drive in close carriages with a saïs or outrunner preceding the horses on foot. He is usually a gorgeous creature, dressed in a white tunic to the knee, and gold-embroidered vest and white skull-cap, barelegged and barefooted, and carrying in his hand a long wand. He is young and strong and swift, and will run for hours before the fast driven horses of the carriage. When in Cairo we saw the Khedive of Egypt taking an airing in his barouche, surrounded by handsomely uniformed horsemen and preceded by two of these outrunners who cleared the way for the cavalcade.

Alexandria is less an oriental city than Cairo ; is more Europeanized, and bears in many parts quite a modern aspect ; although, founded by

Alexander the Great whose name it bears, it is more than 2,000 years old. Alexander showed excellent judgment in selecting this site for his city, and it became the capital of Egypt during the reigns of the Ptolemies and the centre of commerce between the East and the West. Here the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek by seventy scholars, and hence the translation was called "the Septuagint," two hundred years B. C. Christianity easily obtained a strong hold here, and numbered among its defenders Clement and Origen and Athanasius. In its palmy days Alexandria had half a million inhabitants, but under Moslem misrule declined till at the beginning of this century it was a poor village of only 5,000 population.

The modern prosperity of the city began in Mohammed Ali's reign, who in 1820 connected it again with the Nile by a canal. In our own day the Suez Canal has caused commerce to return to its ancient seats on the Mediterranean, and the harbor of Alexandria is now filled with shipping, and along its wharves are immense warehouses stored with cotton, tobacco, and grain for export and all kinds of imported goods. Its newer streets are broad and straight, well paved, and kept scrupulously clean; while even in the native quarters we noticed that the unpaved streets were swept clean, and that little garbage lay around. The Bourse or Stock Exchange is a splendid building; the Courts occupy another nearly as fine; and both look out upon a public square worthy in its adornments of a city of 250,000 population. There are shops kept by Europeans that have as handsome goods as the shops of Rome or Paris. And I am sorry to add, as further proof of the Europeanized character of the city, that wine-shops and bar-rooms abound there as they do in London itself. For while wine drinking is forbidden by the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, and few of them violate their religion by the use of alcoholic beverages, foreigners indulge freely, notwithstanding the danger of the drinking habit in so warm and dry a climate.

We drove one day through the foreign quarter of the city, which partly occupies the site of ancient Alexandria, and came to the edge of the ancient harbor now so filled with sand that it is not used by vessels. We stood on the spot where formerly towered the two obelisks, known as Cleopatra's Needles; though she had nothing to do with their erection, as they dated back to the times of the Pharaohs, and were removed thither from Heliopolis in Tiberius' day. One of these obelisks we have in Central Park, New York; and its companion stands on the

Thames embankment in London. Thence we drove to Pompey's Pillar so-called, which was neither constructed by Pompey the Great, nor in his honor, but was put up long after his time, in honor of the Emperor Diocletian, 296 A. D. It stands on a high piece of ground, the highest in the ancient city, and is itself about a hundred feet in height. The shaft is a monolith of polished red granite, brought from Assouan, near the First Cataract, and is supposed to have formed part of some old temple. It rests on a large square pedestal and bears a roughly hewn capital of great size. Both pedestal and capital are of inferior workmanship, but the shaft is a thing of beauty. Close by is a Mohammedan cemetery, whose little oval-shaped tombs are quite as unsightly as the stiffly standing headstones of our own ancestral graveyards.

We took a drive also into the country, along the banks of the Mahmoodeah canal, that was constructed by Mohammed Ali to bring water from the Nile to Alexandria. This road was once lined with palaces, the residences of the bashaws or grandees of Alexandria. Many of them were destroyed when the British bombarded the city in 1882; but some have been rebuilt, and surrounded by beautiful gardens and grounds appear like a section of Paradise. We entered the park in which stands the villa of a Greek millionaire, Sir J. Antonidis, said to be the finest in Egypt. Here magnolias and rubber-trees, enormous oleanders, roses, geraniums, jessamine, and many flowers unknown in our land, delighted our eyes with their growth and bloom. One side of the house was covered with a luxuriant vine, whose thickly clustering Magenta-colored blossoms were the most brilliant that I have ever seen on climbing vines. An artificial pond and fountain were near the house, from which an old man filled a calf's skin and then ran around the gravel walks, squirting water from the neck of the skin-bottle to keep the dust down. This is the Egyptian substitute for the hose and hydrant of our American towns.

Riding back to the city we noticed how near are splendor and squalor here, as in our own cities. On the other side of the canal straggled along several wretched villages of the Fellaheen or peasants of Egypt; collections of one story hovels, built in rows out of sun-dried mud and thatched with straw. Some of them are square; some shaped like a flattened haystack. Many of them have on top conical pigeon-houses, for pigeons are largely raised for the market. In these dens without windows or floors, without chairs or tables or beds or other articles of

furniture, the peasants and their donkeys and chickens live together in filth indescribable. As we travelled through Egypt we saw multitudes of such villages, and on the upper Nile we walked through two of them, and had opportunity to learn just how the people live—or rather, prolonged existence—for we can scarcely call it living.

Their condition is pitiable in the extreme. The land is owned by the government or by foreign syndicates, and not only every acre is heavily taxed, but every palm-tree besides. Nobody, however poor, can escape the tax-gatherer, who penetrates each miserable Arab village and exacts the revenue. If any one refuses or is unable to pay, he is bastinadoed till his cries move to compassion his poor neighbors, who yield up their last piaster and secure his release. The usual wages of a laborer are only two piasters or ten cents a day; so that it can readily be understood he and his family can hardly do more than keep soul and body together in the best of times. When crops fail, nothing remains but starvation; for then the tax-gatherer takes all. The government has no mercy; and until the recent English protectorate there was no justice administered in the courts. Judges always decided for the government in matters where it was concerned, and in other matters according to their own pleasure—*i. e.* according to the bribes offered them. In every Arab village the sheikh was a petty tyrant, who could bastinado the unhappy fellahs at his will. While the Khedive was the supreme tyrant; who, if he wished a canal dug or other public work done, would send into the villages and conscript as many thousand men as he needed, and set them to labor under taskmasters, who wielded over them the cruel kourbash or whip of elephant's hide. For the labor thus exacted the laborers received no pay and usually not even food; but their women, who were left to work the land, brought them bread and rice to keep them from starving. It was the old system of the Pharaohs, who thus built their pyramids and temples and stately cities by enforced labor.

CHAPTER II.

CAIRO AND ITS MOSQUES.

WE reached Cairo, the capital of Egypt, by rail from Alexandria in less than four hours – the distance being about 130 miles.

The broad expanse of Lake Mareotis lay on our right hand for some time; a lake which was made long ago by the British, who, as a war measure, cut the bank and let in the sea, submerging thousands of acres of once fertile soil. Now that they have so deep a financial interest in the country, they wish that they had not inflicted so great an injury upon it. The lake is shallow, and in the early summer much of it becomes swamp—a great resort for water-fowl. For a long distance the plain is low and level as a table, and seemed to be used only for pasturage. Immense numbers of cattle were feeding upon it. Further on we saw cultivated ground, and men ploughing with a couple of bullocks or buffaloes joined by a long pole at the neck that kept them wide apart. Once I noticed a camel and a bullock hitched up together. The plough is a sorry wooden affair with but one handle, and makes only a shallow drill in the soft earth. Yet plentiful crops of wheat, rice, beans, lentils, cotton and tobacco are raised in this fertile delta of the Nile, for a rich black soil is made by the annual overflow of the river. In one place where laborers were digging a canal and bringing the mud up to the top of the bank in baskets carried on their heads I observed that the soil was about fifteen feet deep. The growing fields were green and beautiful; the season being about three months in advance of ours, so that the fore part of March was like early June with us; the air warm and delightful, though the sun hot. There were few trees in this region, only some date-palms here and there; and no roads, but long files of camels and donkeys laden with burdens were going along the tow-paths of the canals.

We crossed both the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile;

stopped at many large towns, where crowds of natives were lounging at the railroad stations, perhaps hoping to pick up a job ; and after passing Tookh station caught our first glimpse of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, opposite Cairo, which made our hearts beat fast with expectation. We were agreeably surprised, upon reaching the city and driving to our hotel, the comfortable and home-like Hotel d' Angleterae, to find Cairo a much finer city than we anticipated. Its population is about half a million ; its newer streets are wide and straight, lined with handsome modern buildings, and well shaded with trees. Of its public squares the Esbekeeyah is the most important, inclosing a large garden or park bounded by avenues on which stand public buildings of European solidity and Oriental gracefulness. The palace of the Khedive, the opera house, the French theatre, the banks, the principal hotels, many business houses, and the private residences of the wealthier classes, are a revelation to the visitor of the extent of European influence in this Moslem capital. Gas and electric lights and water mains complete the surprise.

While on the other hand the narrow, crooked streets of the native quarters, the mud hovels of the poor and the arabesque woodwork on the projecting cornices of houses of the better class, and the quaint bazaars or shops so small that the proprietor, sitting cross-legged on a rug within, can reach nearly all his goods with his hands without rising—these and the donkeys and camels everywhere threading the streets, and the water-carriers and the outrunners preceding the carriages, and the veiled women, often carrying a little child astride the shoulder and holding on to its mother's head, and the blind beggars persistently crying for backsheesh, and the representatives of various Eastern nations clad in their differing but always picturesque costumes—these, I say, show the visitor that despite European influence Cairo is still an Oriental city full of strange sights that interest and fascinate him day after day. Where else, indeed, can one see a cow led along the street by a man bearing a small vessel, who stops and milks the cow a little when a customer wants a pint of milk, and then leads the cow on to milk her again when he meets with another customer ? But this is the way that milk is served in Cairo

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the city, however, is its mosques, or places of Mohammedan worship, of which there are between four and five hundred. It reminds us that Cairo is not one of the ancient cities of Egypt, but was built by the Moslems less than a thou-

sand years ago. Old Cairo, it is true, occupies the site of the Roman city or fortress of Babylon, but is not a continuation or outgrowth of it. When the famous Amru or Amr conquered Egypt for the Caliph Omar in 638 A. D., he built the city of Fostat, a little further up the river; and this was the Moslem capital, till in 973 it was superseded by a new city founded by Jauher, who conquered Egypt for the first Fatimite Caliph. The new city was originally the camp of Jauher while besieging Fostat, and it gradually grew into a town, to which was given the name of Al-Kahirah, *i. e.*, the Victorious, whence the name of Cairo. From the beginning, therefore, this has been a Mohammedan city, and its numerous mosques are of all ages, from the venerable and ruined mosque of Amr, built by him in 642, down to the gorgeous mosque of Mohammed Ali, that he built in 1829, or down to that one which stands unfinished still, opposite the mosque of the Sultan Hassan—the money of the donor having given out, as we were told.

We visited several of these buildings, which are very simple in their construction, as the Mohammedan religion has no system of sacrifices, no shrines of idols, no processions in their honor, no elaborate liturgy to be rendered; and hence its places of worship require no such ingenious planning or varied equipment as heathen temples. First we drove out by the Sharia or Avenue Mohammed Ali to the mosque of the Sultan Hassan, which was built in 1356, and is regarded as the most beautiful in Cairo. It is said that when it was finished the Sultan had the hands of the architect cut off, so that the latter should never be able to build another to exceed it. Though not so large as the Great Mosque in Damascus, nor so rich in costly stones as St. Sophia's in Constantinople, it is held to surpass both in design and proportion and grace. Those were originally Christian churches, and show evidences of adaptation; but this one was built to be a mosque. And it was built at a time when Saracenic art had produced a native architectural style and before its subsequent debasement. The great door by which we entered is a sumptuous piece of work, as fine in its way as a Gothic portal. We came first into a lofty hall, whose ceiling is ornamented with work resembling stalactites. On the sidewall is a bit of decoration, that called forth from our guide the information that the Mohammedans think it wrong to make pictures or figures of anything, and so this decoration is only a fanciful combination of Arabic letters. Before we entered the mosque proper, we had to slip our feet into great yellow slippers, which the attendants tied on for us. It is the custom of the Moslems to put

off their shoes before entering the holy place—perhaps a reminiscence of the Lord's command to Moses at the burning bush*—but they compromise with Christian visitors by allowing them to put on the slippers *over their shoes*. Some say that the motive really is to keep the mosque clean.

Then we stepped into a large quadrangular court, open to the sky, and paved with marble in small pieces, worn and broken. The quadrangle is more than a hundred feet square, and the walls more than a hundred feet high. It is constructed with four roofed transepts, each framed in by a single arch. In the centre of the court is a fountain with a light dome-canopy over it, where the worshippers are required first to perform their ablutions. Long chains hang from the ceiling in the transepts, from which are suspended lamps that are lighted at festivals. One transept is devoted to study; another is used for preaching on Friday, which is the Mohammedan sacred day, because they say man was made on that day. In this latter transept, which is at the eastern end, and is wider and deeper than the others, there is a high staging where a man sits cross-legged and reads the Koran aloud, weaving to and fro as their custom is. There is a niche or apse at the end of this transept which indicates the direction in which Mecca lies; for the Mohammedans always face toward Mecca when they pray. In some mosques, if the building does not stand so that they can have the apse point towards Mecca, they still put the apse at the end of the building, but place the mats obliquely on the floor, so that they show the direction of Mecca. By the side of the apse there is a high pulpit with a stairway leading up to it; any one who can read the Koran well may preach. Behind this transept is a large hall a hundred feet square, in the centre of which is the tomb of the Sultan, who built this mosque. The hall was also used as a safety-deposit vault for jewels and money in old times when they had no banks. An apse in the end serves the usual purpose. The walls are covered with tracery in low relief, and in the four corners, high up, are clusters of Arabesque wood-work, like pendent stalactites.

But all this ornamentation is dilapidated by age, and everything about the mosque seems falling into ruin. The marbles of the pavement are cracked and discolored, the cupola over the fountain is flaking off, and there is a deep fissure in the main wall of the building. The mosque is a symbol of the decaying power of Islam, that seems doomed to decline, as its own adherents freely admit. Some time in the future, when the building has become a ruin, it may be that important infor-

*Exod. 3:5.

mation will be gained from its stones. For these stones were taken from the facing of the Great Pyramid, it is said, and doubtless are covered with hieroglyphic writing on their inner side, now imbedded in the thickness of the walls. Should this writing be deciphered some day, the history of ancient Egyptian dynasties before Cheops may be recovered.

From the mosque of the Sultan Hassan we drove to the Citadel on a lofty hill a little beyond. There are two entrances to the fort ; one is by the gate known as the Bal-al-Azab, a magnificent specimen of Saracenic architecture. It is in the form of an elliptical arch, with two great brick towers constructed in alternate bands of red and white. From this gate a narrow winding path leads to the highest part of the hill. But we followed the graded carriage road to the other entrance, and drove through a long gateway, roofed over with four or five successive domes. We left our carriages in a large court and passed through a second court, where we saw British soldiers in their red coats, going to and fro ; for they are now in possession of the Citadel, which they captured after the battle of Tell-el-Kebir, in 1882. We came to the celebrated mosque of Mohammed Ali, built in the early part of this century. It is the most conspicuous object in Cairo, for its tall, slender minarets and clustered domes can be seen for miles around. It is a costly structure ; even its exterior walls are veneered with alabaster. First putting on large yellow slippers over our shoes, we entered a spacious court, paved with flagging of highly polished marble, and enclosed by a row of alabaster columns. In the centre of the court there is a graceful canopy over the fountain, which is held in an oval basin of marble. Here the faithful wash before they pray, according to the requirement of the Koran. Then we entered the mosque proper, whose decorations are very rich, though some critics call them gaudy and commonplace. Costly rugs of beautiful patterns, some of them as large as fifty feet square, cover the whole floor. Great chandeliers of lamps, two of them a mass of cut glass prisms, depend from the ceiling, and there are besides four rows of lamps with globes extending all around the building. The side-walls are cased with alabaster and the pillars, except their upper parts which are painted to imitate alabaster. There is a large central dome in the ceiling, surrounded by four demi-cupolas, and stained glass windows below these—whose effect is very fine. A shallow gallery extends around the building, to which

women are admitted. In the left hand corner, coming out, one sees a golden grating that incloses the tomb of Mohammed Ali.

Passing again into the court we were shown a well, some sixty or seventy feet deep and three or four feet in diameter, from which there sounded a delightful musical echo when a few notes were shouted into it. We went outside the walls of the building to a corner of the platform on which it stands to obtain a view of the spot where Mohammed Ali murdered the Memlooks in 1811 to secure his reign. He had invited these turbulent nobles to the Citadel to witness the ceremony of investing one of his sons with military command. After they had taken coffee they and their retinues passed in procession down the steep and narrow road to the great gate, preceded and followed by the Pasha's troops. Suddenly the gate was closed before them, the upper gate closed behind them, and the Pasha's troops shot them down like dogs in a trap. Of 470 of them only one escaped by leaping his horse from the terrace down the precipitous hill. His horse was killed, but he alighted uninjured and fled. This massacre was followed by a general slaughter of the Memlooks throughout Egypt, and Mohammed Ali established his power.

We returned through the Citadel by way of Joseph's well, as it is called; but it certainly was not dug in his day; it was probably sunk after the Citadel was built to get a supply of water for the garrison when they could not go to the river. It is 290 feet deep and 15 feet in diameter. There is a wheel at the top by which buffaloes pump up the water; not in use when we saw it, as the Nile was low. We entered our carriages again, and drove through many winding streets past gay bazaars and shops to the University of Cairo, the principal Mohammedan college in the world, to which come students of all the different sects of Islam everywhere. There are over 10,000 of them, and more than 300 teachers. A man teaches a subject, and when the pupils can pass examinations they can teach, too, if they like; and so a multitude of classes is formed. The salaries are very small; in fact, only the chief teacher, called the Sheikh-el-Azhar, receives a regular salary of about \$500 a year; the other teachers receive such presents as the richer students may give them. Ideas are most readily communicated in the Mohammedan world through this institution. If the head man thinks in a certain way, soon the professors think so, and then the students think so, and ere long the idea finds its way through all the bazaars, and

passes by the caravans from place to place. The University is 900 years old, but still flourishes as vigorously as ever.

It was noon when we arrived, and a muezzin was calling to prayer from a minaret in front of the University building; for it is really a mosque, called El-Azhar, or the Splendid. We had to wait a few minutes till prayers were over, and then put on the inevitable outside slippers at the entrance and shuffled across the open court, which was full of large wooden lockers like those in our American gymnasiums, where the students keep their books and clothes. We went into the building—one vast room with stone floor, and roof supported by 400 antique columns of marble and porphyry—and found that most of the students had gone to lunch. But some classes of young men and boys were scattered about, each class at the foot of a column circling about their teacher and seated on the matting spread over the pavement, conning their books aloud. The Koran is the chief text-book, which they think contains about all the knowledge that is worth knowing. Besides this they study arithmetic, logic, some geography and medicine. But it is a religious education mainly that the students obtain, and they practice their religion right there; for there is an apse in the further end of the hall pointing towards Mecca, and a pulpit by its side, and they can study and pray by turns. There are no endowments to support them; they live on the charities of the faithful, and when their studies are ended, these missionaries of Islam join the caravans going into the interior of Africa or the heart of Asia, and carry their fierce fanaticism to all quarters.

These are sights that induce thought about the religion that has erected these mosques and founded this University, and shows still so much tenacity of life, despite the decay of the political power that it once wielded. It is one of the great religions of the world, numbering from 170 to 180,000,000 adherents—*i. e.* about one-eighth of the population of the globe. Nearly all of Africa that is not Pagan is Mohammedan. In Asia this religion of the False Prophet prevails in Palestine and Syria, and the provinces of Turkey in Asia, and Arabia, and Persia, and Turkistan, and Afghanistan, and divides with Hinduism the multitudes of India, and spreads out into the Malayan Archipelago. And it is a religion whose believers are very much in earnest; zealots they are, who run their faith into bigotry, intolerant towards other religions and eager to proselyte. Though they can no longer send out armies to overrun other lands and convert nations by the sword as they once did,

they still keep up an active propaganda, training and dispatching missionaries, who in India and Africa make many converts from idolatry. There are also elements of truth in their religion, such as the cardinal doctrine of one God, an infinite and spiritual Being, and the doctrines of repentance, of prayer, and of a future judgment—besides a teaching of many moral duties—which make their religion vastly preferable to those degraded systems of idolatry that it supplants.

But when we compare it with Christianity, we see how fatally defective it is. It offers no atonement for sin, no Saviour, no assurance of forgiveness. Its idea of God is not that of a Father in heaven, but the idea of the Awful and Invisible and Inexorable, whose immutable will orders all things, but is without tenderness and love. It is a system of fatalism, and hence one of cruelty. It makes its adherents unmerciful, fosters despotism, upholds slavery, crushes woman by its polygamy and licentiousness, pushes the weak and unfortunate to the wall. Moham-medanism has no place in it for love to God or man. How grand the contrast that Christianity presents to such a religion, and how precious are the privileges that we enjoy in the teachings of our gracious Saviour!

CHAPTER III.

THE PYRAMIDS.

IT was in the cool, bright morning of a perfect day that we started in carriages from our hotel in Cairo for the ride of nine miles to the edge of the Western desert to visit the Great Pyramid. Formerly it was a hard day's journey to go and return, as one must ride on a donkey or camel, and cross the river in boats; and when the country was inundated, one had to go miles around. But all that is changed now. We drove out by the Sharia (or Avenue) Kasr-el-Nil, and crossed the river by a fine iron bridge that the Khedive has built; on either end of which are two seated lions in stone, one on each side of the bridge. Then we struck into a boulevard, raised high above the surrounding fields so as never to be overflowed, and bordered by large acacia-trees, which make a pleasant shade and a lovely vista to look through. This boulevard was constructed by the Khedive for the use of the Prince of Wales, when he visited Egypt in 1868, and the trees then planted have since grown to large dimensions. Several other similar avenues lined with trees branch out in various directions, making delightful drives for wealthy natives and foreigners; many of whom we met on our return late in the afternoon, driving out in style. In the morning we met long files of camels and donkeys coming into the city with loads of green grass for fodder, and vegetables for the market, and some curious little wagons or trucks on very small wheels and drawn by donkeys, containing produce of different kinds.

Passing through Ghizeh, where the Khedive's summer-palace and the Boulak Museum are situated, we entered upon a straight stretch of road which showed the pyramids looming up before us. The view of them from this point is disappointing, as is the first glimpse one gains of them from the car-windows in coming by rail from Alexandria. The familiar triangular forms look small and obscure, and do not impress one with

their real greatness. This is because of their slope—a smaller perpendicular mass seems to soar more loftily and to strike the imagination more—and because there are no high objects near, against which to measure them with the eye. But when after an hour and a half's ride we had climbed the long sand-slope at the end of the carriage-road, and had reached the rocky plateau about forty feet above the surrounding plain on which the Great Pyramid stands, and had alighted and looked up at the majestic bulk towering above our heads and shutting out the very sky—the effect was overwhelming. We felt that we were in the presence of the mightiest structure man has ever reared on the earth.

Perhaps a few figures may assist the reader's appreciation. This pyramid covers eleven acres, a space nearly as large as Washington Park in New York city. Its base is a perfect square, each side of which is 732 feet long. Its perpendicular height was formerly 480 feet, but in consequence of the casing stones having been torn away to build Arab mosques and palaces about thirty feet of the top are gone, and a platform thirty feet square is found at the summit. It is not a hollow building, but practically a solid mass of stone, since the chambers and passages discovered within are but 1-2,000th of the whole; and it has been calculated that its blocks of stone placed end to end would make a wall a foot and a half broad and ten feet high around England, a distance of 883 miles. Herodotus tells us it took a hundred thousand men twenty years to build it; Pliny says, three hundred thousand men.

But figures cannot convey the impression of its size and height and solidity that we gained by ascending it and penetrating its interior. As soon as we left our carriages we were encompassed by a crowd of pushing, clamoring, gesticulating Arabs, who tried each one to secure charge of an individual to take into the pyramid. Deafened by their yells and startled by the fierce eagerness with which they grasped us by the arm, we thought for awhile we should be torn in pieces. But the Sheikh with whom our conductor negotiated terms—three English shillings to be paid to him for each tourist and further fees for the assistance of his men—soon straightened things out. He selected the assistants, beat back the other Arabs with his stick, and we started in through a hole about forty feet above the base on the northern side; each tourist with two Arabs, one of them going before with a bit of candle to illumine the way and the other Arab grasping the tourist firmly by the hand.

Evidently this pyramid was not designed to be entered. If it had been, it would have had a lofty and imposing gate-way, as have the

temples of Upper Egypt. But it was not a temple or place of worship ; nor were its chambers made for places of assembly for the friends of the buried monarch, such as are attached to many tombs in Egypt. The chambers are too small for that purpose, and besides, the only entrance to them is through the narrow passage by which we went in, and that was originally walled up so that its exterior looked just like the rest of the pyramid. Whether the structure was intended to be a tomb, or, as some say, to preserve its testimony to certain truths to the end of time, its secret was sealed up till accident discovered the entrance about a thousand years ago. The Caliph El-Mamoon in 820 A. D., supposing that the Great Pyramid had been built as a storehouse for the treasures of the Pharaohs, attempted to break into it ; but after working for months to pierce the solid sides was about to give up in despair, when the accidental falling of a stone led to the discovery of the passage by which access is now gained to the interior.

This passage we found very low and narrow, so that we had to go in one at a time, and in a painfully stooping posture. It is only three and a half feet wide and four feet high. Moreover it descends at an angle of 26 degrees, and its floor is so smooth and slippery that one could not stand on it but for the little places that have been hollowed out for the feet and but for the help of the strong arm of the Arab guide. The passage leads down to a subterranean chamber some 330 feet from the entrance, and perhaps 90 feet below the base of the pyramid, cut in the rock on which the pyramid is built. This chamber is 46 feet long and 27 feet wide, and of irregular height ; it was evidently left unfinished. We did not descend however as far as this chamber ; but about sixty feet from the entrance we took an ascending passage leading toward the centre of the pyramid. This corridor, having about the same breadth and height as the other and inclining at the same angle, was once closed up with an immense block or boulder of stone, around which an excavation has been made. We partly crept, partly were lifted, over these obstructions, and having ascended for 110 feet, stifled with the close air and choking with the dust, we reached the Grand Gallery, as it is called—28 feet high, 7 feet wide and 156 feet long—ascending still at the same angle as the narrow corridor. It was a great relief to straighten oneself after being doubled up so long ; and one could not but admire the stately proportions of this splendid gallery. Just at its beginning is the Well so-called, an irregular shaft or pit leading to the lower portion of the first or descending passage. Some think it was made to afford

an exit to the workmen who had been closing up the ascending passage. Our Arabs were very careful that we should not fall down this Well.

We climbed up the Great Gallery, which at the end dwindled into a smaller horizontal one 22 feet long, and then we entered a chamber called the King's chamber, because supposed to have been prepared for the King's sepulchre. It measures 34 x 17 feet and is 19 feet high, wainscoted and ceiled with handsome red granite that glistened in the strong glare we threw upon it by lighting a magnesium wire. The only article in this chamber is a lidless sarcophagus of red granite, so large that it could not have been brought in through the passages we had traversed, but must have been built in. If Chufu or Cheops, the second Pharaoh of the fourth dynasty, who constructed this pyramid, designed it to be his tomb, this sarcophagus was put here to receive his mummy. Yet no mummy was ever found in it so far as we have any record. Perhaps Arab body-snatchers removed it, as they have removed so many mummies from the tombs. But Prof. Piazza Smyth, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, in his book entitled "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," has argued that the sarcophagus was not intended for a tomb, but to preserve a fixed standard of measures, such as was divinely given to Moses. It is remarkable that this oblong chest of stone is just the size of the Ark of the Covenant. And the Professor thinks it accomplishes the arithmetical feat of squaring the circle; the height being to the circumference of the base as the radius is to the circumference of a circle.

We came out from the King's chamber, and descending the Grand Gallery, which we illuminated with magnesium light, we found at its foot a horizontal passage scarcely four feet high and three and a half feet wide that we followed for 110 feet, till we entered what is called the Queen's chamber. This is 18 x 17 feet, and has a pointed ceiling 20 feet high. The room has nothing in it, and its purpose is quite unknown. By this time the smoke and the smell from the lights we had burned made the confined air almost intolerable, though there are air-flues that are supposed to ventilate the chambers. We were glad to creep out of the pyramid by the way we came in, holding on to our strong and faithful Arab guides, and drew a long breath when we emerged into the pure, bracing air outside.

Then joined by some of our party who had not ventured within, we undertook to scale the pyramid on its north-eastern corner. This is not a difficult task for a person of light weight and long limbs, especially

when he has two Arabs to assist in pulling him up. But for a short, fat person it is a *via dolorosa*, and some of our party had a hard time getting up. The outer, smooth casing having long ago been removed from the pyramid, the blocks of stone lie in courses one above another ; but the blocks being of various sizes, a person has to make a step now two feet high, again three feet, and sometimes the step is four feet high, and the Arabs must pull mightily and occasionally boost the unhappy tourist, who fears that his arms will be dislocated, or gets a pain in his side, or grows dizzy with the unaccustomed height. I got along nicely with the assistance of my one stout Arab, Abdou Hassan. My other Arab, old Hamiss Omar, said that he had broken his arm and it was weak, and he gave me no help ; but he tried to do his part by entertaining me all the way up with conversation, in which he aired his broken English very complacently.

When we reached the top, a platform about thirty feet square, a wonderful view rewarded us for our toil. The air is so clear, the country so flat, and one's standpoint so isolated, that the prospect is more extensive than that gained from some mountains that are much higher than the pyramid. The first thing that strikes the eye, because of its nearness and its bulk, is the Pyramid of Chephren, the brother of Cheops, and belonging, like him, to the fourth dynasty, 3600 or 3700 B. C. It is only about a quarter of a mile distant, and is the next largest in size to the one on which we stood. Its base-line is 690 feet and its height 447 feet ; and being steeper than the Great Pyramid, actually looks larger from certain points of observation. It is very difficult to ascend, on account of its steepness, and because for about a fourth of the distance from its summit the ancient polished casing is still in place. Yet as we sat looking at it one of our Arabs offered, if we would make up a purse for him, to run down the Great Pyramid and across the intervening space to the Pyramid of Chephren and up to its top in ten minutes. We agreed to give him five shillings if he did it ; and the nimble-footed fellow accomplished the feat in nine minutes by our watches. It was startling to see him surmount the dizzy height, against which he looked so small, yet he did it with apparent ease, and descended in safety to claim his backsheesh.

There is a third pyramid beyond that of Chephren, built by King Menkaura or Mycerinus, as the Greeks called him, and believed to have been enlarged by Queen Nitocris of the sixth dynasty. It was well constructed and costly, but much smaller than the other two ; being 354

feet square at the base and 203 feet in height. In it a modern explorer discovered a sarcophagus, which was sent to England, but was lost at sea with the vessel transporting it. He also found a wooden mummy-case bearing the name of King Menkaura, and a mummy—both of which are now in the British Museum.

Besides these three large pyramids there are six smaller ones in the vicinity—probably the tombs of near relatives of the kings who built the large ones. They are much dilapidated and excite no particular interest. The space all around these pyramids is filled with tombs, some built up of stone, some excavated in the native rock; many of them having chapels connected with them, whose walls are decorated with remarkable painted sculptures, portraying the everyday life of the Egyptians in that remote age. It is one vast burial-field in the foreground; but looking further away one obtains a glorious view. Eastward flows the beneficent Nile, bordered by rich cultivated fields that extend to the Mokattam hills on the horizon; at whose foot lies Cairo with its glittering domes, surmounted by the citadel and the mast-like minarets of the Mosque of Mohammed Ali. Northward spread the graceful palm-groves and meadows, and gardens of the fertile Delta, as far as one can see; and rising among them five miles away, is the rounded hill that they call the Pyramid of Abu Roash—quite ruined now, but interesting because much older than these pyramids of Ghizeh. West and south rolls the desert; a restless sea of sand broken by ridges of rock and mounds of demolished masonry.

Seven or eight miles south can be seen the group of pyramids known as those of Abooseer, four in number; the largest of them being only about the size of the third pyramid of Ghizeh. Two miles further south are the pyramids of Sakkarah; the largest and most noteworthy of which is called the Step Pyramid, because built in six terraces, towering up from a base 351 x 394 feet to a height of 197 feet. It was built by King Unephes, the fourth king of the first dynasty, and is believed to be the oldest monument in Egypt or in the world. The burial-place of the ancient city of Memphis lay around these pyramids, and the site of the city itself is a little further east. But not a vestige now remains of Memphis;* its very ruins have disappeared, having been used to build that early Arabic city of Fostat, on the opposite bank of the Nile, which preceded Cairo. Five miles south of the Step Pyramid begin the pyramids of Dahshoor, two of them of stone and three of brick. The stone

* See Jer. 46; 19.

ones are larger than any of the other pyramids, except those of Chufu and Chephren. And still further south is the blunt-topped pyramid of Médûm, built by King Seneferu, in three stages of 70, 20 and 25 feet. He was either the last king of the third dynasty or the first king of the fourth dynasty, and lived B. C. 3766. Only within the last few years this tomb-monument has been thoroughly explored by Mr. Flinders Petrie. One of his discoveries is that the stonecutters of five thousand years ago used both solid and tubular drills, circular as well as straight saws, and other tools which we have considered as solely of modern manufacture.

But having seen these wonders from our lofty perch we descended with regret. I found it somewhat harder to go down than go up, and was obliged to rest awhile when half-way down. On reaching the ground I learned that all but one gentleman of our party had gone on to view the Sphinx, a quarter of a mile away, and to take luncheon in the adjoining Temple of the Sphinx. So this friend and I finding some saddled camels in waiting, chartered each of us a camel to try the novelty of a camel ride. This scornful beast, who carries his nose up in the air in a supercilious way, always seems to resent the indignity of being made to kneel down to take on his burden; and he groans fearfully as though in a rage. When he gets up, the rider must beware or he will be thrown off; for the camel has many joints in his legs, and he has a fashion of straightening them out one after another which sometimes brings torture to a novice. But fortunately I had observed the process before and knew what to do; and then too I had stirrups. My camel turned out to be an easy-riding beast, and I even trotted without discomfort up to the head of the Sphinx.

This mysterious monument is older than the Great Pyramid; nobody knows when or by whom it was erected, nor what was its significance. There are many similar though much smaller sphinxes in Upper Egypt; hundreds of them lined the avenues of approach to the temples. They have generally been supposed to represent royalty—wisdom combined with physical strength—as they consist of a man's head set upon the body of a lion couchant. Some sphinxes however have the head of a ram instead of a man's head. According to an inscription at Edfoo, they originally symbolized the conflict of the god Horus with the evil spirit Typhon, when to avenge the death of Osiris, Horus assumed the shape of a lion with a man's head, and slew the enemy. But of all sphinxes there is none to compare in size and grandeur to this one near

the Great Pyramid. Its body is carved out of the natural rock, some defects of which are supplied by a partial stone-casing, and the paws are also built up of hewn stone. Its length is variously given from 140 to 188 feet. The head is carved out of the solid rock and measures thirty feet from brow to chin, and fourteen feet across. Its features are much mutilated, yet wear an expression of winning majesty. Between its paws, which are fifty feet in length, there is a sanctuary that was excavated some years ago, but is now filled again by the shifting sands, where once offerings were made to the divinity represented by the image. It faces the sun-rising, like the twin Colossi of Thebes, and it watches in silence and mystery the mutations that centuries and milleniums bring.

From the Sphinx we returned to gaze again upon the Great Pyramid, shining like a mass of gold in the afternoon sun. Was it, we queried, merely a tomb like other pyramids? Or was it, as Prof. Piazzzi Smyth and others have thought, put up to preserve such scientific and religious knowledge as had been revealed in that early age of the world, and which anticipated much that has since been attained? Some adopting the latter view have given us a considerable body of what has been termed "Pyramid Literature." They believe that this hoary monument even contained prophecy of the Christ, witnessing both to His first and second advents; so that it stands for our instruction, "Upon whom the ends of the world are come." * And they claim that Isaiah referred to it when he said, † "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt." Of course the pyramid was built thousands of years before Isaiah's time, but its design and meaning, it is claimed, were not discovered till our modern period, so that only now it has become "a sign and a witness unto the Lord of Hosts," as the prophet said that it would be.

Certainly the Great Pyramid shows some remarkable features. Its four sides face exactly the four points of the compass, and it stands exactly on the thirtieth parallel of latitude. This must have been by design, not accident. It has also been shown that the pyramid stands in the centre of the land-surface of the world; that taking the sacred cubit as the unit of measure, there are in each side of the structure just $365\frac{1}{4}$ cubits, corresponding to the number of days in the year, and giving the six hours over; and that the entering passage points directly toward

* I Cor. 10: 11.

† Isa 19: 19, 20.

the star which was the North Star thousands of years ago. It is claimed too that an exact standard of lineal measure is preserved in the building, and that it offers a measure for determining the distance of the earth from the sun. Surely those ancient Egyptians had made no small progress in arithmetical and astronomical knowledge; unless we believe with Prof. Smyth that the pyramid was constructed by divine inspiration, perhaps by Melchisedec, and embodied a divine revelation of scientific matters.

But he believed also that it has a prophetic character; that the different passages and chambers were symbolic of the different economies of God's dealing with men. The descending passage thus represents the decadence of mankind to the time of the Flood, or to the exodus of the Israelites; the narrow ascending passage is the Jewish dispensation; the Grand Gallery the Christian dispensation, and its dwindling end a transition-period of tribulation and evil preceding the Second Advent of our Lord. Here it seems to me we are offered only fanciful speculations, and I feel the less inclined to accept them as true, since their learned author undertakes by counting the pyramid inches in these galleries to predict the date of our Lord's coming.

So far as Isaiah's supposed reference to the Great Pyramid is concerned, I think that the best explanation of his prophecy is not that which looks for any particular material structures in fulfillment, but that which regards the altar and the pillar as a metaphorical description of the future prevalence of the true religion in Egypt. The language is naturally borrowed from Old Testament institutions, in which the altar appears not only for sacrifice, but sometimes "for a sign and a witness," and the pillar appears as a memorial of deliverance. Like those structures which Jacob erected in Bethel, Joshua on the bank of the Jordan, and the two and a half tribes on their side of the river. It was appropriate that the predicted conversion of the land so filled with temples and obelisks should be portrayed under the figure of an altar and a pillar erected to the Lord.

But while doubting thus the prophetic character ascribed to the Great Pyramid, we may grant its scientific value; it is a monument to the wisdom of those ancient Egyptians. And hence it is in a sense a monument to Him who gives men the faculties to acquire such wisdom. Pointing towards the unclouded sky, it points us to Him who lives and reigns above the sky.

CHAPTER IV.

UP THE NILE TO LUXOR.

HERE is no river in the world so fascinating as the Nile. Its sources, if known to the ancients, were a mystery to the modern world till determined by the explorations of our own day; and imagination now finds in the great lake Victoria Nyanza a fit origin of so mighty a stream. Its course of 3,300 miles to the sea, the last 1,200 miles of which it is unfed by any tributaries, and the volume of water it pours into the Mediterranean, after all the diminution it has suffered by evaporation in the desert and by diversion into countless irrigating canals in Egypt, impress one with its magnificent power. And its reclamation of arid wastes of sand and transformation of them into one of the most fertile regions of the globe seem to show an almost intelligent beneficence. Its touch is that of the conjurer's wand. Wherever its waters are conducted by canals and ditches vegetation thrives; all else is desert. Egypt, as has often been said, is "the gift of the river Nile," a mere strip of alluvial soil bordering the river on either side, varying from half a mile to thirty miles in width, and averaging perhaps five or six miles, while beyond this narrow strip stretches a vast desert both east and west.

Yet the historical associations of the Nile are even more enchanting than its natural features. On its banks was developed the oldest civilization of the world, some of whose massive and enduring monuments we can still study to-day. From the pyramids of Ghizeh up to the rock-tombs of Thebes, and still above to the temples of Philae and Aboo Simbel, a succession of these wonderful remains of antiquity invite the exploration of the traveller. While he passes the sites of long buried cities once celebrated for their achievements, and spots made memorable by struggles for supremacy. The whole course of the river is connected with the most interesting traditions of a venerable past.

But of all the great events that have occurred upon its banks, nothing ever occurred there so fraught with interest to all subsequent generations of mankind as the act of a Hebrew mother once, in placing upon the bosom of the stream the basket of rushes that contained her babe.* For this child, who had been preserved alive three months, despite the cruel command of Pharaoh (probably Seti I, the father of Rameses the Great), and who was now thus strangely exposed by his mother, or rather thrown in faith upon the care of Providence, was Moses the Deliverer of the Israelites from their bondage in Egypt, and not only their Law-giver, but Law-giver also to the whole Christian world of to-day, and to a certain extent to the Mohammedan world as well. Discovered by Pharaoh's daughter, who came with her maidens to bathe in the river, and rescued and adopted by her, Moses became a Prince in Egypt; "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in words and in deeds."† And when it pleased God to call him to his great work, he wrote his name indelibly upon the history of the race.

The spot where, according to tradition, this little ark of papyrus rested, is at the upper end of the island of Rhoda—an island in the river opposite old Cairo. Of course we went to see it. We drove through the shabby, dirty streets of old Cairo, which lies a little south of modern Cairo, past quaint houses with upper stories projecting over the street, and furnished with curiously carved wooden lattices, instead of glass windows, till we came to the river. There we embarked in a flat-bottomed scow without seats, in which we stood up while the boatmen rowed us across an arm of the Nile to the island. We walked through a winding alley that led us between rows of houses to a pretty garden of orange-trees then in blossom. Crossing the garden we came to a red-painted building on the south-east corner of the island, which seemed to be a summer-house, and which is said to stand on the place where the sheltering flags once grew by the river's brink. No longer is it the rural and unfrequented locality that it must have been when those high-born ladies resorted to it; but we thought, if this spot has been correctly preserved in memory, how happy must be the owner of this property, about which cluster associations of so much interest.

Close by the summer-house and the orange-grove is situated the Nilometer, a thousand years old, that measures the height of the river. It is a stone column standing in a deep square pit, on this upper end of the island, and the river runs into the pit so as to show its height on the

* Exod. 2: 3.

† Acts 7: 22.

column. The guage serves an important purpose. For the crops in Egypt depend upon the annual flooding of the lands by the river, which at once irrigates and fertilizes them with the sediment it spreads. The Nile shows the first signs of rising, in Egypt, about the time of the summer solstice, June 21; but the inundation does not begin till two months later, and attains its greatest height at the autumnal equinox, Sept. 21. Then the water begins to fall again. At Cairo the flood should be sixteen cubits or twenty-four feet high to be sufficient; if it is less than that it is reckoned scanty, and the crops will fail. While if the flood is more than twenty-seven feet high, it is excessive and produces plague. Taxes are laid on the people by the government according to the height of the Nile, since this indicates what the crops will be and what taxation therefore the people can stand. Formerly the taxes were often laid fraudulently without regard to the Nilometer, which the people were not allowed to examine. But now, under the British Protectorate, any one can go and see it for himself, and verify the statements of the government. There is another Nilometer on the Elephantine Island, opposite Assuan, in Upper Egypt, said to be 2,000 years old; and still another on the island of Philae, further up the river.

It was our purpose to ascend the Nile 450 miles above Cairo to visit the tombs and temples of ancient Thebes. Formerly the mode of travel was by flat-bottomed boats called dahabeeyahs, adapted either for sailing or rowing, and tourists usually spent a couple of months upon the round trip. People of abundant leisure and means who are spending the whole winter in Egypt and students of archaeology or architecture who desire time to make a thorough study of Egyptian monuments, still charter their dahabeeyahs, engage a réis, or captain, and his crew, lay in a store of provisions and sail with the wind or track against the current or row or drift, as the case may be, for many weeks of sweet idleness. But the tourist whose time is limited finds in the swift little steamers that now ply the Nile a preferable method of transportation. Or better still he thinks the railroad, which the Khedive has constructed with English capital, and which is already completed for more than 300 miles up the river, and is ultimately to be extended to the First Cataract, and perhaps to Khartoum, in the distant Soudan—to which extends now the telegraph line that runs alongside the railroad.

We determined to travel by railroad, as far as it went, to shorten the time. So we started in the train from Cairo at eight o'clock one morning and settled ourselves for the long journey of thirteen and a half

hours to Sohag, where we were to take a steamer for the remainder of the trip. Having crossed the river and headed southward, we obtained a good view of the pyramids of Ghizeh on the west, while on the east of the Nile we saw the hills where the stone was quarried to build them. It is a limestone, pure white when freshly cut, but the outer surface of the rocky hills is tawny or orange-colored, like the pyramids. Probably the great blocks used in the construction of the latter were floated over the river at the height of its inundation. Beyond, on the west bank, we saw the various groups of pyramids that have been mentioned, those of Abooseer and Sakkarah and Dahshoor, and the site of ancient Memphis, that was founded by Menes the first king of the first dynasty. It is marked only by mounds in a vast cultivated tract, and of its grand temple there remain but a few blocks of stone and some broken statues. One is a colossus of the famous Rameses II, that was forty feet high, but has lain till recently upon its face in a hollow, which for most of the year was a puddle of dirty water. It was presented by Mohammed Ali to the British Government; and now at last the Royal Engineers have raised it from the hole in which it ignobly reposed, and it will probably, some day, be removed to England.

I was much interested in this long day's ride in observing the country and the people. The former was green with growing crops and pasturage for cattle, of which we saw great numbers—as also of sheep and goats. No fences anywhere separate the fields, but their bounds are marked by stone-posts; a fashion followed by the Israelites when they settled in Canaan, as is suggested in Moses' admonition, "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark" *—and in the Proverbs, "Remove not the old landmark."† The land is mostly owned by the Khedive and wealthy Pashas and syndicates of bondholders, as it has been hypothecated to secure the bonds. The Fellaheen or peasants own no land, but are the laborers, living in miserable villages, built of sun-dried brick, and daubed outside with a smooth coating of mud. How they build, we saw for ourselves, in one place where natives were at work upon a building; laying the brick and using the right hand for a trowel to smooth the soft mud, which they had for mortar.

It was a numerous population that we saw; the men mostly busy in the fields, ploughing, digging, gathering sugar-cane and loading it on camels, and driving them to the immense sugar factories that the Khedive has built in many of the large towns, such as Maghaga and Minieh.

* Deut. 19: 14.

† Prov. 23: 10.

The women were everywhere carrying jars of water on their heads, from the river or canal, to their hovels; not usually veiled like their sisters in Lower Egypt, and almost always barefooted, but well formed and erect in carriage. One characteristic occupation throughout the country deserves more extended description—that of irrigation. Since nothing can be raised without water, it must be brought to the land at seasons when the river does not overflow. This is done commonly by a simple and rude apparatus, called the shadoof, as old as the time of Moses, at least, for it is depicted on the walls of tombs at Thebes. It is like an old-fashioned well-sweep; consisting of a long pole made heavy at the lower end by a mass of dried mud, and resting on a pivot set in an upright beam fastened in the ground; while from the upper end of the pole hangs a bucket or water tight basket, made of goat-skin. This stands on the bank, at right angles to the river. A man clad with only a strip of cloth about his loins, pulls the bucket down into the river and fills it, and then as the heavy end of the pole goes down he empties the bucket into a gutter or trough, whence it flows back into the fields. When the bank of the river is high, a second or even a third shadoof is used—one above another. The lowermost man empties his bucket into a little pool made in the side of the bank; a second man dips it up and throws the water into a second pool higher up; and the third raises it to the level of the fields. Labor is cheap; the shadoof-worker earns only two piaster or ten cents for a day's work of nine hours, in the broiling sun. Sometimes the shadoof is superseded by the more elaborate and expensive sakieh, which is a water-mill, with cogged wheels, turned by a couple of buffaloes, each revolution of the wheel bringing up a series of earthen vessels that empty themselves into a trough or pool. And sometimes the method of raising water is more primitive than the shadoof even. Two men stand in the river or canal, holding a bucket between them, which they swing as regularly as clock-work, dipping the water up and throwing it on the bank into a pool, where another man directs it to its place. All the way up the river we saw this monotonous work of irrigation going on.

At each railroad station where we stopped there would be a crowd of natives; some selling oranges, dates, cakes, peanuts, etc.; some pitiable and loathsome beggars in rags, often exhibiting to us their fingers eaten away by leprosy to excite the compassion of the Howadjis, as they call Europeans; some waiting to take the train, and some curiously gazing at us as upon a show offered for their entertainment. We were

equally entertained with them, and would get out at each station and walk up and down the platform to see the crowd. At noon we opened our lunch-baskets that we brought with us and made a substantial meal that sustained us through the hot and dusty afternoon. For the fine dust from the desert penetrated the car, though we kept the windows shut; our clothing was yellow with it, and eyes, noses, ears and mouths were full of Egypt. The afternoon passed more slowly than the morning, and we were glad when, about six o'clock, we reached Siout, a considerable city of some 20,000 people and the capital of Upper Egypt, when we took a second lunch. That carried us through the evening, till at 9.30 we reached Sohag, and leaving the train walked through the sand a third of a mile to our steamboat waiting for us at the bank. We had dinner, and afterwards spent an hour on deck in the cool evening air, admiring the brilliant stars of an Egyptian sky, so much more numerous and luminous than those at home.

Our little steamer was arranged much like a dahabeeyah. The state-rooms, however, were below deck in the after part of the vessel, instead of being on deck, which was used by the crew and for cooking purposes. There was also an upper deck, reached by two stairways, that was the exclusive territory of the passengers. The rear portion of it was enclosed by awnings and furnished with rugs and easy-cushioned sofas, and this was our drawing room, where we lounged and read and talked and looked at the landscape, while the cool breeze swept delightfully through. On the forward part of this upper deck was built the dining saloon, with wooden sides and ceiling and windows that could be tightly closed, not to keep out rain, which never falls in Upper Egypt, but to keep out the sand-storms—about which, more presently. We spent a week on this vessel, travelling only by day, according to the custom on the Nile; for on account of the danger of running aground on the sand-bars, all vessels tie up at the town they happen to reach before sun-set, and wait for next day.

We found boat-life a charming contrast to the heat and dust of our railroad ride. The river here is fuller than it is in Lower Egypt, because so much of the water is drawn off into canals further down. It varies from half a mile to three-quarters of a mile in width, and floats a great deal of shipping—steamers, sailing vessels laden with freight, and dahabeeyahs gay with flags and streamers. Many of these attracted our notice, but the scenery we never tired of looking at; though there was a sameness about it, there was also a novelty in the semi-tropical vege-



THE SHADOOF.

tation that held the attention. It was a highly cultivated country that we sailed through ; every foot of soil in this narrow Nile valley is precious, and must be made the most of to support so large a population. Out to the desert, on either side, stretched the verdant fields of wheat and rye and beans and lentils and peas, and the plantations of sugarcane in various stages of growth ; and interspersed among them were groves of the graceful date-palm, and dôm-palms, and acacias, and mimosas, from which the so-called gum arabic is procured. The limestone cliffs that bounded the view on the east side of the river appeared very near, though in reality several miles away ; for the clear atmosphere of Egypt, like that of our Colorado, is very deceptive as to distances. The cliffs on the west side were further off, but as they were mainly used by the ancient Egyptians for their rock-tombs, they were invested with unfailing interest. The west bank of the river was generally high ; composed of many layers of Nile mud, in which the lines of stratification could be plainly seen—illustrating how the sedimentary rocks were formed in the Geological Ages. And on either bank we saw men all day long, at work with shadoofs or sakiehs raising water ; patient, uncomplaining, though ill-fed and nearly naked, like generations of their ancestors before them ; but seldom singing or laughing. The Egyptians impress one as a grave people, of natural dignity and courtesy, unless excited to passion, when they become noisy and ungovernable.

As we ascended the river the scenery grew more beautiful, the cliffs loftier and bolder, and their effects of light and shade and coloring more subtle in their gradations and softer in tone. The charm of an Egyptian landscape consists chiefly in these effects ; so difficult for any one but a poet to describe, or for any one but an artist to observe with accuracy. They appear, however, most marked at sunset, and then one who is neither a poet nor an artist cannot fail to be entranced with their exceeding loveliness. As the sun begins to sink below the hills of the Lybian desert, every shadow in the recesses of the hills turns to violet, while the rocks glow with a golden hue, and the cloudless sky is crimson. Then the sun dips out of sight and the cliffs turn to an ashen gray, and the sky is suffused with pink. A few minutes later a deep blue shade creeps up the Eastern horizon and remains defined against the pink flush, which gradually fades out and the blue becomes uniform and the stars begin to show. Ten or fifteen minutes later comes the after-glow, something like that observed on the snow-crowned summits

of the Alps, when the sky is filled with a soft golden light, while dusky twilight enwraps the landscape. Soon this is gone, and it is at once night. Such is, with few variations, the sunset in Upper Egypt; beautiful but never gorgeous with clouds of purple and crimson and gold, such as we often see at home. For clouds rarely occur in that perfectly dry atmosphere.

We approached the town of Luxor, on the east bank of the river, early in the afternoon of the second day's sail. Opposite it, on the west bank, lies the great plain on which once stood the mighty city of Thebes, with its hundred gates; nothing left of it now but a few ruined temples that we had come 450 miles to see. As we swept through a bend in the river and caught sight of Luxor in the distance, we levelled our glasses upon the western plain to see if we could discern aught of those majestic ruins. Sure enough, there they were—the temple of Koorneh and the Rameseum and the twin Colossi, sitting with their faces toward the sun-rising, and still further south an irregular outline against the sky, which we were told was the palace or temple of Medinet Haboo. With delighted expectancy we steamed on, and about three o'clock in the afternoon made fast to the wharf at Luxor.

We noticed that the wind was rising as we came in; dark clouds began to spread over the sky and shut out the sun. Is it possible that it is going to rain? we asked. Not so, our dragoman replied; a sand-storm from the western desert is coming. Soon it arrived. It struck the river and ploughed it into great waves, white-capped and angry, that rocked our vessel like a cradle. The men hastily took down the deck-awnings, and stored away the rugs and cushions, and fastened windows and port-holes to keep out the sand, that blown from the desert in vast clouds rained through every crevice and filled the air with its sharp, irritating particles. It was difficult to see, difficult even to breathe, in the atmosphere surcharged with sand. We were obliged to shut ourselves up in our close state-rooms to escape the fury of the storm, which blew itself out in the course of the evening and left us a quiet night. It is not usual that so severe a storm occurs so early in the season; but we were rather glad it came, that we might have experience of a genuine sand-storm from the desert.

CHAPTER V.

THE TEMPLES OF LUXOR AND KARNAK.

LUXOR, Karnak and Thebes are three names by which we designate different groups of ruins, that all once belonged to the one city of Thebes; a mighty and splendid city in its palmy days, "the city of the hundred gates," that Homer sang of, sharing with Memphis the distinction of being the most renowned of the capitals of Egypt. It is referred to by several of the Old Testament prophets under the name of No or No-amon, which means the city of Amon the sun-god of the Egyptians. Thus Jeremiah* represents the Lord as saying, "Behold, I will punish the multitude of No." And Ezekiel† makes Him say, "I will execute judgments in No; . . . I will cut off the multitude of No; . . . No shall be rent asunder." These prophetic references, it will be noticed, testify to the vast population of ancient Thebes. While the prophet Nahum‡ also describes its situation; "Art thou," says he to Nineveh, "better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea?" A very fitting description; for the city was built on both sides of the Nile, at a point where the mountains recede on either side, leaving a plain perhaps fifty miles broad through which the river pours with increasing width, so that one seems to be sailing on an arm of the sea, rather than upon a stream 600 miles above its mouth. Truly the city "had the waters round about it;" they gave it strength and the support of its people, enriching this otherwise barren plain, and making it a very garden of plenty.

Thebes was an important city before the days of Abraham, as early as 2500 B. C., when it became the seat of empire under the 11th and 12th dynasties of kings. Though the Shepherd-kings or Hyksos dispossessed its rulers of a large part of Egypt for about 500 years, in the

* Jer. 46 : 25.

† Ezek. 30 : 14-16.

‡ Nah. 3 : 8.

18th dynasty these intruders were defeated and driven out, and all Egypt was reunited under the rule of Theban kings, who became famous builders of temples and cities, as well as warriors of renown. Thebes continued to flourish for many hundreds of years, till finally overthrown by Ptolemy Lathyrus about a hundred years B. C. Now there remains nothing of its thousands of private dwellings, its shops, and markets, and wharves, and public buildings; all are gone long since. There are left only five groups of ruins of its sacred edifices, three on the western bank of the river and two on the eastern—besides some small temples and a multitude of tombs. On the west, one coming up the river sees first the temple of Koorneh, then the Rameseum and the twin Colossi near by, and then the temple or palace known as Medinet Haboo—the last nearly four miles beyond the first. On the east are the temples, first of Karnak, and then of Luxor nearly two miles above. The ancient city doubtless included all these structures. Its residences probably were built for the most part on the eastern bank of the river, where the gardens and palm-groves grew; while on the sunset side were erected those stately monuments and memorial temples celebrating the deeds of great kings, and beyond these, among the hills of the desert, were entombed the dead.

The modern Arab village of El-Uksur or Luxor, the place where we landed from our steamboat, has grown up about the ruins of the southernmost temple on the eastern bank. The older hovels were built within and around and upon the very ruins, to whose massive walls they clung in their frailty, looking like hornets' nests attached to the sides or cornices of a house. Many of these hovels have been cleared away in excavating the ruins, but many still remain; and it seems grotesque to see here a graceful obelisk and there a majestic pylon or gateway rising from the midst of mud walls and the filthy adjuncts of an Arab village. There are some more pretentious buildings however, in the newer part of the village; several decent-looking hotels for the accommodation of tourists, and the houses of the European and American Consulates, and of the Egyptian Governor. The natives live altogether upon visitors, catering to the latter's wants and doing a considerable trade in antiquities; the most of which however have not been taken out of the old tombs and temples, as is pretended, but have been manufactured in the village for sale to poor deluded tourists, who often pay extravagant prices for these spurious articles. So clever indeed is the imitation in scarabaei or stone-beetles, jewelry, pottery and statuettes,

that only an expert can tell the difference between the counterfeit and the real antique.

When we went ashore we had no sooner appeared on the street leading to the temple than we were pounced upon by a motley crowd of Arabs, importuning us to buy all sorts of supposed antiquities and trinkets, or offering to guide us, and begging persistently for backsheesh. They stuck to us as closely as did the Egyptian flies, that not even the wind from the desert blew away, and were quite as annoying. But we pushed by them along the dusty street, and saw in it an excavation the Government has recently made, laying bare a portion of the dromos or avenue that once led from this temple at Luxor nearly two miles to the still grander temple of Karnak, and was bordered on either side with sphinxes in stone, about ten feet long. They were all mutilated more or less; but one of them had the face almost perfectly preserved, and it was a face of great sweetness. We afterwards saw the other end of this avenue, near the temple of Karnak, and observing the short intervals at which the sphinxes are placed, concluded that originally there must have been about a thousand of them—*i. e.*, five hundred on each side of the avenue. What a magnificent approach to both temples this must have been, when these now shattered stones couched like guards along the way, instinct with majesty and beauty!

Reaching the temple, whose grand entrance faces not toward the river, as in the case of other temples, but northward toward Karnak, we saw standing in front of it a splendid obelisk of red granite, 84 feet high, placed there by Rameses the Great, 1300 years B. C. The four sides of this obelisk are engraved with hieroglyphs in three vertical columns, cut with the most delicate precision. The companion to this monolith, which once stood about twenty paces away, was removed by the French to Paris, in 1831, and now adorns the centre of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot where the terrible guillotine did its bloody work in the Revolution of a hundred years ago. Looking down upon the tide of fashionable equipages that roll through the Champs Elysees to its base, it seems solemnly to rebuke the gaiety and frivolity of Parisian life, amidst which it looks so much out of place. It has fared worse than its mate in Luxor, under the disintegrating influences of a severer climate, so that its carvings do not show so fine.

We have seen pictures of the great gate way of this temple at Luxor showing its twin towers, in front of which sit on either side two colossal statues of Rameses in gray granite, buried to their chins in

rubbish. So it was a few years ago ; but now the rubbish has been cleared away, and the battered, featureless colossi appear in their full proportions. On a line with them to the right, *i. e.*, the west, is a third statue of red stone in a standing position. These and the Pylon or gateway were erected by Rameses. The Pylon is constructed of great stones, carved on the outside in intaglio representations of gods and men, horses and chariots, war and triumph. The king, Rameses II or Rameses the Great as he is variously called, is portrayed of gigantic size standing in his chariot, drawing his terrible bow and slaying his enemies the Khetas or Hittites. Then he appears seated on his throne, an umbrella held over his head, and the priests congratulating him on his victory and burning incense before him ; while his tents are represented as filled with spoil. This successful campaign of his against the Hittites is commemorated on the walls of almost every temple he built, as we found out later. The story of the poet-chronicler, Pentaour, is that Rameses in the battle became separated from his army and was surrounded by the enemy ; but attended only by his chariot-driver he charged repeatedly on the foe, hewed them down with his sword and trampled them under his horses and put them to flight, returning safely to his own men. "2,500 chariots were there, and he overthrew them ; 100,000 warriors, and he scattered them." We are inclined to think that the court-poet somewhat exaggerated the numbers of the foe and the exploits of the king ; but no doubt his chronicle and the sculptures on these temple-walls referred to some brave deed of arms actually done by the king in sight though out of reach of his army.

Entering the Pylon one comes into a spacious court, adorned with double rows of round columns of great height, between which stand colossal statues now sadly mutilated. The columns and architraves are all carved with hieroglyphs of birds and animals ; while on the inner walls are depicted sacred processions of priests and bulls. We saw also here a profile of Menepthah, the Pharaoh whom Moses besought to let the people of Israel go and who brought the plagues upon Egypt by his obstinate refusal. In this court and before the temple proper are two sitting statues of Rameses of colossal size, and on one side three red granite statues of him in a standing position. One of them which represents him as young is almost perfectly preserved and expresses beauty ; the others supposed to have represented him when middle-aged and old are considerably shattered. Our attention was called here to the fact that the columns in this court, which are 62 feet in height and

have capitals made after the pattern of papyrus-flowers, are slightly convex in shape—smaller at the base than in the middle—to correct the optical illusion that is caused by perfectly plane surfaces and makes the effect less impressive. One sees the difference of effect illustrated by comparing the church of the Madeleine in Paris with the Parthenon at Athens, of which the church is a copy. The Greeks, like the Egyptians, gave a convex line to their columns; while the surfaces of the pillars around the Madeleine are plane, and the pillars look stiff, and one misses in them the graceful effect of the Parthenon.

All that we had seen so far was added by Rameses to the original temple of Amunoph or Amenhotep III, who built it between 1500 and 1600 B. C. Other intervening kings had added their work to the building, as, *e. g.*, Horus had raised a lofty colonnade on the river-side. But Rameses constructed the court and pylon on the north side, and set them at an angle of five degrees to the earlier buildings, in order to make the temple front the avenue of sphinxes, which he made to connect it with the temple of Karnak. Now we passed into the large hall of Amenhotep's temple, a square inclosure with double rows of columns around the four sides, each column being so cut as to give the appearance of being composed of eight smaller ones. Behind this was another smaller hall, which had in a later age been turned into a Roman tribune or a Christian basilica; and here we noticed they had plastered over the Egyptian hieroglyphics and had frescoed the walls in Roman red and yellow. We visited also the sanctuary, which was rebuilt by one of the Ptolemies, an oblong granite chamber, and some small side-chambers, used as dressing-rooms by the priests, as store rooms, and as chapels; all of whose walls are covered with sculptures representing mythological scenes, sacred processions, and rites of worship—some of which would hardly bear description. But it may be remarked, that all this mass of sculptured work on the walls suggests how appropriately Moses was given the Decalogue written on tables of stone. It was natural that it should have been so written for a people just come up out of Egypt, where the history and religion and common life of the country were constantly recorded in lasting stone.

I have described thus at length this temple of Luxor, not because it was the finest we visited, but because it was the first, and it gives an idea of the general arrangement and style of all the Egyptian temples. But far grander than this is the temple or rather collection of temples at Karnak, on the same Eastern side of the river, less than two miles

below Luxor. We were to ride thither on donkeys, and when we came out on the street where the Arabs were waiting for us with their animals, we had another lively experience. They were all struggling among themselves to get the job, and crowded upon us, and plucked us by the sleeve, and clamored to be hired, and vaunted each one the praises of his particular donkey, and shouted fiercely at one another in a way calculated to strike terror into the soul of a stranger, who expected momentarily to see them butcher one another. But our dragoman beat around him with his whip, lashing them without mercy and quite impartially, and selected his donkeys and put us on them; and we were soon galloping out of the village and across the plain toward Karnak.

Our road led us past clumps of palm trees and shapeless mounds that indicated ruins not yet explored into a sandy hollow, where we struck again the avenue of sphinxes, eighty feet wide, that once connected the temples of Karnak and Luxor. This was only one of many such avenues; seven others they say led from this stupendous edifice. Presently we rode under a lofty gate or arch seventy feet high inside, that stood quite by itself some distance in front of the temple. It was built by Ptolemy I, of the 33d dynasty 247 B. C. as an approach to the ancient structure; and among its well-preserved sculptures is one of the king in Greek costume. We passed on to the temple built by Rameses III, about 1250 B. C., where we dismounted and walked in beneath the great tower-gates. First we entered the usual peristyle court, where perhaps the people were sometimes allowed to enter in old times and where the priests took air and exercise; adorned with double rows of large round columns, six on each side. Then we passed beyond into the hypostyle hall, where the processions and other religious services of the priests were conducted; the remains of its roof of stone slabs supported by a double row of columns with capitals of papyrus-flowers. On the walls were bas-reliefs representing the king making offerings to the gods and undergoing purification. Beyond this hall is found the sanctuary or holy of holies, where the god dwelt in darkness and mystery; and about it various side-chambers, whose uses have been referred to.

Coming out we remounted our donkeys, and rode from this south entrance partly around the group of buildings, which is nearly two miles in circumference, and is surrounded by walls eighty feet high, to what is called the Great Temple of Karnak on the west or river side. Here we found another avenue of sphinxes, which had a ram's head on a

lion's body. This avenue once led to a bridge over the Nile, which connected Karnak with the temple of Koorneh on the opposite side. On one of the interior walls we saw a rude representation of this bridge crossing the river full of crocodiles. The western entrance to the temple is very imposing; its wall is 370 feet wide and 120 feet high. It admits one into a quadrangle 329 x 275 feet, open to the sky and with many broken columns around the sides; one only of vast size remains whole, which belonged to a double colonnade forming an approach to the entrance of the hypostyle hall beyond. On the right side of this quadrangular court is a temple of older date, with a propylon 90 feet wide, within which is a court decorated with rows of Osiridean pillars, *i. e.*, pillars hewed in the shape of statues of Osiris; and beyond this are other apartments. The sculptures in this temple belong mostly to the reign of Rameses III. On the other side of the quadrangle is a structure also, containing three chapels. On the external wall of the quadrangle are some of the most interesting pictures of battle scenes and captives with uplifted hands seeking clemency, and the notable list of countries subdued by Shishak—among them the kingdom of Judah, which confirms the account in 1 Kings 14: 25, 26.

Crossing the quadrangle we came to a mighty ruined portal over a hundred feet high, and entered the hypostyle hall—the most magnificent work of its kind in Egypt. This was projected by Rameses I, of the 19th dynasty, but constructed by Seti I, the father of Rameses the Great, who afterwards added the sculptures and decorations. It is 170 feet long, 340 wide and 80 high, and the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris could be placed within it. The roof was made of stone slabs, each of thirty tons weight, resting on stone beams that are supported by 134 gigantic columns. Twelve of the latter, which form the central avenue of the hall, are 66 feet high and 11 feet 6 inches in diameter; the other columns are over 40 feet high and 9 in diameter, with papyrus-flower capitals and engraved hieroglyphs painted in colors still fresh. We saw a statue of Seti I between two of the columns, and it is supposed that originally there were statues between all the columns. Though the hall was roofed over it was not dark, for light was gained through stone lattices in the clere-story. The impression produced by this prodigious architecture is overwhelming. The forest of stone columns seems endless in whatever direction one looks; it is the work of Titans; in nobility of conception, in majestic beauty, exceeding all buildings in the world. It dwarfs any other work of its kind, as the Big

Trees in California dwarf the loftiest firs and pines with which they come into comparison.

Passing through this famous hall we came out into a ruined court piled with huge stones—that of Thothmes I. Here lies on the ground a broken obelisk of red granite, and near by is the tallest obelisk now standing in Egypt, erected by Queen Hatasu, of the 18th dynasty. It is one piece of red granite, 97 feet 7 inches high. The shorter obelisk of Thothmes I, 70 feet high, stands just beyond. We went on to the adytum or chief sanctuary, in front of which stand two broken obelisks of the same red granite. One of them bears on its side a bas-relief of lotus-flowers, the other a bas-relief of papyrus-flowers. Every visitor looks for these as especially beautiful, and certainly we saw in Egypt no carving so fine. We entered the adytum, built of red granite and having a roof of thick slabs of stone, and looking back westward we could see through the long vista of columns the river Nile in the distance and its waving palm trees on the further bank.

Behind this sanctuary are fragments of a very ancient part of the temple, dating back to the days of Usurtesen I of the 12th dynasty, 2400 B. C. And still beyond we visited the edifice of Thothmes III, 1600 B. C., which was once turned into a Christian church. We had already seen the work of Seti and Rameses and Ptolemy, and so we gained an impression of the way in which this cluster of temples had grown through a period of 22 centuries, gathering increase of grandeur and loveliness, and becoming one of the wonders of the world. Then we went back to the western entrance, where we climbed to the top of the front wall to take the view. Before us the Nile glistened in the afternoon sun; on either side of it a belt of living green, fields of grain and groves of palm trees. On the western horizon the orange-colored hills of the Lybian desert; below them the Colossi and the memorial temples of Koorneh, the Rameseum and Medinet Haboo. To the south Luxor and its ruined temple. Behind us the vast structures that we had just explored. It was a noble view. But what must it have been when all these buildings and the mighty city that enclosed them were complete! When these courts were thronged with gorgeous priestly pageants and these avenues lined with sphinxes were filled with people, and the streets swarmed with busy life, and the river, crowded with traffic, flowed between banks of palaces and warehouses! Imagination finds it difficult to reconstruct the picture of Thebes'

ancient glory ; yet glorious must have been this city, whose fame spread even to distant Greece and was celebrated in Homer's song.

But great as was the civilization of Thebes and grand as are its ruined monuments, our study of the latter gives us no high estimate of the character of its people. They were singularly skilful in the useful arts, no doubt, remarkable builders, possessed of a genius for construction. They were a very religious people who reared these ponderous fabrics for purposes of worship. But what sort of gods did they adore? And how did their worship affect the life of the people? Alas, their gods were but idols, and idols of the baser kind. They worshipped beasts and birds and reptiles—the serpent and the crocodile, the apis and the ibis, the sacred bull, and the symbol of procreation. Their religion was degrading, not elevating ; was associated with moral filth that left its shime upon the heart of the people. Cruelty and oppression were the outcome of their faith. The masses were enslaved by superstition, and were held as the drudges and tools of the master-class. The king was deified, and absorbed the state in himself. The priests held occult the mysteries of religion ; the warriors divided the spoil ; the common people were left without hope or aspiration. Surely the civilization of ancient Egypt was not worth preserving ; it deserved to perish from the earth.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TOMBS OF THE THEBAN KINGS.

FREQUENT descriptions have familiarized us with the great care and expense with which the ancient Egyptians disposed of the bodies of their dead, especially of their distinguished dead. For while it would seem to have been the lot of the common people to mingle their dust with the common clay, the bodies of kings and priests and nobles and their families were first embalmed or mummied and then preserved in the most enduring tombs. The process of embalming "consisted in infusing a quantity of resinous substances into the cavities of the body after the removal of the intestines, and then applying a regulated heat to decompose these substances and dry up the humors. Thirty days were allotted to this process; forty more were spent in anointing the body with spices; then it was washed, and tightly wrapped in numerous folds of linen cloth, whose joinings were fastened with gum, and placed in a wooden casket made in the shape of a human figure." On the outside of the casket was painted and gilded a full length portrait of the deceased, as we see on many mummy-cases in the Boulak Museum. Then the casket was deposited in a stone sarcophagus in its rocky tomb.

It was thus that the body of the aged Jacob, who died in Egypt, was disposed of. "Joseph commanded his servants, the physicians, to embalm his father; and the physicians embalmed Israel."* Seventy days the Egyptians mourned for him, and then in accordance with his dying request, Joseph and his brethren and a great company of Pharaoh's servants took him to his ancestral burial-place in the cave of Machpelah, near Hebron, in the land of Canaan, and there they buried him.† Joseph himself, before he died, made his brethren swear to carry his bones with them to Canaan when God should fulfill His

* Gen. 50 : 2.

† Gen. 50 : 7-13.

promise to bring them thither; and he was embalmed and put in a coffin in Egypt.* Ultimately his desire was accomplished; the Israelites in their exodus carried Joseph's mummy with them, and after their forty years' wandering in the wilderness he was laid at rest in the land of promise.† So closely does Scriptural history agree with what we learn from the monuments of the Egyptians about their customs of embalming the dead.

But the tombs in which this people laid away the mummies of their departed heroes, were designed not only for the permanent preservation of the latter, but to perpetuate their names. No people ever lavished so much on these pious memorials of the dead. They expended more on them than on houses or palaces for the living; the reason probably being found in the statement of Diodorus, that "the Egyptians call their houses hostelries, on account of the short time during which they inhabit them; but the tombs they call eternal dwelling-places." Even the kings appear to have lived in buildings constructed of no stronger materials than the houses of the people, viz.: brick and wood—at least so the representations of their palaces that we see on the walls of their tombs would indicate. But they reared wonderful mausoleums for themselves. The earlier kings built the pyramids for their sepulchres; and the later kings of the Theban dynasties pierced the rock-mountains of the Lybian desert with long galleries and stately chambers, within which their remains should repose.

In the delicious coolness of a bright morning we left our steamer in small boats to visit these tombs of the kings, and were rowed across the river to the western bank. There we found the water so shallow that we could not beach our boats, but had to be carried to shore in the arms of the Arab boatmen. Awaiting us on the bank was a crowd of yelling and gesticulating Arabs, with their donkeys, who in their eagerness to be hired pushed against us till we were in imminent danger of being shoved back into the river. But at length we were successfully mounted, and our sturdy little beasts, each urged on with many a shout and blow by his driver running at his heels, bore us swiftly over the sands towards the hills, that looked lovely in their orange and gray tints. We reached, presently, a small arm of the Nile, which we crossed in flat-bottomed scows; the donkeys being also carried over in scows by themselves. It was amusing to see the drivers urge the diminutive creatures into the water, and up to the boat, and then beat them to en-

* Gen. 50 : 24-26.

† Exod. 13 : 19 ; Josh. 24 : 32.

courage them to jump into it ; helping them in by a vigorous push from the rear. One stubborn donkey was determined not to go ; no amount of cudgelling could induce him to make the jump. So they hoisted first his fore-quarters into the boat, and then his hind-quarters, when he fell flat on the deck, and would not get up till he had been cudgelled a long time. At last we all passed over the stream, both people and donkeys, and resumed the ride, some of us on dry saddles, and some on wet ones. On this side of the stream there joined us from a village near by a number of bright-eyed young girls from eight to a dozen years old, bearing goollahs or clay-jars of water on their heads, which they brought to sell to us if we should be thirsty. They ran by the side of the donkeys, and kept up with us all day, no matter how fast we galloped, sticking to us like burrs in hope of backsheesh.

We rode through the rippling fields of wheat and barley and lentils, and struck into the desert, whose air was bracing and delightful as the air of our great plains, west of the Missouri river. On our way loomed up before us the ruined temple of Goornah, or Koorneh, which is situated near the entrance of the gorge leading into the mountains and to the tombs, and we stopped to examine it. This was a structure erected to the memory of Rameses I by his son Seti I, about 1335 B. C. Seti, however, died before the work was completed, and his son and successor, Rameses the Great, finished it, and added sculptures in memory of his beloved father, Seti. Still later Menephthah, the son and successor of Rameses the Great, left his inscriptions on the building, which thus became a sort of family monument—a memorial chapel as we should say.

Its front portico was originally supported by ten lofty convex columns, of which eight are still standing ; and on them and on the entablature are engraved hieroglyphics. There are three entrances to the interior. Passing in by the middle one we found a hall with double rows of three columns on each side ; this led to an inner apartment, and there were several small side-chambers opening out of the hall. Within the northern entrance are some ruined chambers of little interest. The southern entrance admits one into a separate part of the edifice, containing a small hall and three chambers behind it. All the inner walls are profusely sculptured. One representation, *e. g.*, was that of Seti kneeling before Amon-ra, the sun-god, and making offerings. The god holds in his hand the ring and the T-cross, the emblem of life, and has the disk of the sun over his head. In another place Seti is seen mak-

ing offerings to Amon-ra and to his father, Rameses I, now deified and crowned like Osiris. Elsewhere Seti himself, being now dead, is represented as deified and worshipped by his son, Rameses II. In another chamber is a figure of the god Anubis, with the head of an ibis, an Egyptian bird, and holding in his hand the emblem of life. In another Osiris is seen seated on a throne, and behind him four genii. Each of the chambers thus is sacred to some deity.

The purpose of the whole building I have indicated in calling it a memorial chapel. Mariette plausibly suggests that it and the other temples on the western side of the river were erected in connection with the royal tombs in the adjacent valley of Bab-el-Molook. "Every Egyptian tomb of importance elsewhere has its outer chamber or chapel, whose walls are covered with paintings descriptive of the occupations of the deceased on earth, or of the adventures of his soul after death. Here at stated seasons the survivors of the family came with their offerings of fruit and flowers, poultry and cakes and incense, which they offered in worship. Such scenes are often represented upon the monuments. But there are no such chambers or chapels connected with the royal tombs in the valley of Bab-el-Molook. These tombs consist only of tunnelled passages and sepulchral vaults, whose entrances were sealed up as soon as the mummied king was placed in his sarcophagus within. Hence it is supposed that each memorial temple was related to the tomb of its tutelary king as the chamber or chapel attached to the tomb of a private individual was related to it. Only, a chapel on so grand a scale would imply an elaborate ceremonial. A dead and deified king would have his priests and processions and sacrifices, which would require all these halls and side-chambers in the temple of Koorneh."

Leaving this temple we mounted our donkeys, and amidst renewed appeals for backsheesh from the water-girls, rode into the ravine of the mountains to visit the tombs of the kings. This ravine, inclosed by limestone precipices, winds behind the cliffs that face Luxor and Karnak and are perforated with tombs of priests and nobles, and brings us to a valley beyond. As we proceed, the path becomes rough and stony, and seems to have been once the bed of a torrent that flowed through these hills. The sun grows hot; the still air palpitates with the heat, and the rocks and the sand reflect a glare painful to the eyes. Not a blade of grass nor the smallest shrub is seen; not a sign of life anywhere; all is desolation and death. We go through a passage cut

through a solid wall of limestone, which the Arabs call Bab-el-Molook, *i. e.*, the Gate of the Sultan, and follow the windings of a narrower valley, till we see here and there square openings at the foot of the rocks, which are entrances to tombs. Here we dismount and proceed to enter five or six of them—all unlike in detail, but similar in general features.

The finest of all is that of Seti I, which was discovered by Belzoni in 1819, and hence is often called Belzoni's tomb. One descends a staircase and then a steep and narrow passage excavated in the rock, and leading to a deep pit now filled up. Just beyond the pit is a hall, 26 x 27 feet, whose walls are covered with painted sculptures; to the right of it a chamber, and to the left a flight of steps leading down to a corridor; then another flight of steps, then another corridor ending in a chamber, 17 x 14 feet, from which one passes to a hall 27 feet square. This is only the approach to the great sepulchral hall, 19 x 30 feet with arched roof and beautiful sculptures on its walls and ceiling. In this hall Belzoni found an alabaster sarcophagus. But it was empty; the mummy it once contained was taken about 1000 B. C. to the safer hiding-place, at Der-el-Bahari, where it was discovered a few years ago, and whence it was taken to the Boulak Museum. The sarcophagus was removed to a museum, and on its removal a descending passage appeared below it, that has been cleared out for 300 feet. Opening out from the sepulchral hall are several chambers beside. The entire length of these excavations in the solid rock is said to be 470 feet, and the total descent about 180 feet. What an immense labor it must have been to chisel out this tomb, and then to carve upon its walls by artificial light these delicately drawn pictures, and to paint them in colors of red and yellow and black, that retain their freshness to this day. What skill, what amount of time, what expense were lavished upon this single tomb!

It was not easy to make out these pictures by the dim light of the little tapers that we carried, and in the course of our hurried survey. For the most part they represent the wanderings of the soul after its separation from the body and the dangers besetting it—the demons it must fight, the accusers it must meet, the transformations and purifications it must undergo. In one chamber is told the story of the wrath of the chief god against mankind for their rebelliousness, his consultation with the other gods over the matter, and the destruction of mankind determined upon; a story which bears resemblance to the Biblical

record of the Flood. Another scene is depicted, in which the serpent of evil is dragged up from the depth of the sea, and slain by the god of light; a scene suggestive also of Biblical imagery and promise. There is much of curious interest in these sculptures of the tomb of Seti.

Perhaps the next finest of the sepulchres is that of Rameses III, of the 20th dynasty, discovered by the traveller Bruce. It is about 400 feet long, and once contained a sarcophagus of red granite that has been removed to Europe. Its mural paintings are not so well executed as those of Seti's tomb; the drawing is more careless and the coloring coarser; but they are remarkable for their representations of the common life of the people, rather than for mythological horrors. They cover the walls of a series of small side chambers opening off the main corridor. One *e. g.* represents the Nile, and ships going up stream and down stream. Another exhibits kitchen scenes, cooks and bakers preparing the royal dinner. In another the god of arms is seen, and a collection of spears, daggers, bows, and armor. In another agricultural life is depicted; men are ploughing the fields, sowing, and reaping. Here also are the famous delineations of the two harpers and their harps, which have been so often copied; they are now much defaced.

We entered also the tomb of Rameses III, which has a higher ceiling, and the inclination of the passage is less steep. At the end of the tomb the great sarcophagus of red granite that once contained the remains of the king is still in its place and is uninjured. On the ceiling of the chamber is drawn the zodiac. This tomb was formerly used by Christians for a place of worship and one can see in it Coptic inscriptions and the symbol of the cross. Then we visited the tomb of Rameses VI, in which we saw the double-headed sphinx and astronomical figures on the ceiling. And the tomb of Rameses IX, where is depicted the scarabæus or beetle, the emblem of the resurrection. Most of these royal tombs were open in Ptolemaic times, and were then as now among the show-sights of Thebes. Some of them were previously plundered of their treasures by Persian invaders; and some even before that were robbed by the Egyptians themselves and by the very priests.

All these sepulchral monuments show that the Egyptian mind was full of thoughts about death and a future life. The Egyptians were not a gay and thoughtless race, but a grave and solemn and religious people. They believed in immortality; as is evident from the remains of their literature preserved in many a roll of papyrus, and as is witnessed by the symbols they sculptured upon their walls. "One symbol most

frequently employed is that of the scarabaeus or beetle, which by analogy teaches a new life coming out of death. The beetle lays its eggs in the slime of the Nile; it buries them in mud, which it works into a ball and rolls over and over back to the edge of the desert and hides in the sand. There its work is ended; out of this grave comes in time a living creature." So the Egyptians expected a life hereafter for their dead; not only an immortality for the soul but a resurrection of the body. "They regarded their tombs as resting-places for the bodies of those whose spirits were absent but would some day return. For this reason bodies were so carefully embalmed, and laid away in tombs hewn out of the solid rock or built up of lasting masonry. There it was thought these remains would be secure till the spirits came back."

They believed also in future retribution. The soul passed into another life where it was to be judged for the deeds done in the body by Osiris sitting on his throne. This scene of judgment is constantly portrayed in sculptures on the walls of their tombs. Before Osiris is the scribe who keeps a record of the deeds that have been done, and with him are associated the questioners who examine the soul. The "Book of the Dead," copies of which are found wrapped up with mummies, give the answers to be made to these searching questions and the prayers that are to be said and the hymns sung when the soul enters the other world.

Here are foreshadowings of Biblical ideas, crude and fragmentary and connected with much of error and superstition, yet exhibiting some knowledge of essential truth. No doubt these doctrines are to be traced back to that primitive religious tradition which the early descendants of Noah carried with them when they were scattered abroad after the confusion of tongues at Babel. Most of the nations sinking into gross idolatry and materialism lost sight of these hopes of a future life. The religious nature of the Egyptians clung to them though distorted and obscured by error. But how inferior are they to the full and authoritative and satisfactory teachings of Revelation! How little could they have relieved the doubts of a troubled mind or the sorrows of a heavy heart! It is only in the Bible that we can find God appropriately set forth in His majesty and tenderness, the trust of the penitent and forgiven sinner; or heaven described as the home of the perfected soul joined to a body raised incorruptible. It is only Christ, "who hath abolished death and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."*

* II Tim. 1:10.

CHAPTER VII.

MEMORIAL TEMPLES OF THEBES.

WHEN we had sufficiently gratified our curiosity in the inspection of the royal tombs, we were called to lunch, which was served to us in the entrance to a tomb not yet excavated. Here, screened from the blazing sunshine by the side-wall of the entrance, we sat on stones set each side of a long table-cloth spread on the ground and laden with abundant refreshment, that tasted well in the keen air of the desert. We did not return by the way we came, but climbed the mountain on foot to descend on the eastern side by a short cut. It was quite steep, and the footing was rather insecure in the slipping sands and small stones, and the sun now at noon was very hot. But we achieved the ascent, and were rewarded for our toil by a noteworthy view. Around and behind us were the bare and rocky heights of these mountains. At our feet on the right were the tombs of Dar-el-Bahari, where were found a dozen years ago forty royal mummies piled together for safety in the mortuary chamber of Her-Hor; among them the mummies of Rameses I, Seti I, and Rameses the Great—the Pharaoh of the Israelitish bondage. Close to these tombs was the ruined temple of Queen Hatasu. In the distance on the plain of Thebes the Rameseum or temple of Rameses the Great, and further on the twin Colossi. The Nile flowed like a silver ribbon beyond the green plain; on its eastern bank appeared the village of Luxor and the gloomy mass of Karnak below. It was an impressive picture that we were loath to leave. But we had to break away finally and descend the mountain, which we found nearly as difficult as to climb up; and we reached the temple of Queen Hatasu.

This stands at the base of a steep cliff, and was partly excavated in the rock, partly built of masonry which is now almost entirely destroyed. It was originally approached by a long avenue of sphinxes, which are

altogether demolished. We entered a red granite portal, passed through a ruined court and a second granite portal close to the native rock, and came into a small chamber with a high arched ceiling, which had once been converted into a Christian chapel. We saw also the excavated chambers ascribed to Thothmes III; on the wall a representation of the sacred bull in a boat, and one of the king drawing nourishment from the sacred cow. On the smoothly finished front wall of the temple are particularly well executed bas-reliefs of the queen's fleet on the Red Sea; great vessels rowed by many oarsmen, and the border of the picture below adorned with figures of different kinds of fish. On one side are represented the body-guard of the queen with shields and spears, and next a crowd of men carrying supplies to the ships. Further on are carved trees and leopards, piles of gum arabic and ebony, and large scales in which gold is weighed against bullocks. This temple, like that of Koorneh, was probably connected with the sepulchres as a sort of funeral chapel. It was destroyed by the Persians.

We mounted our donkeys at this point and rode to the Rameseum, a group of magnificent columns and broken statues grand even in their ruin. This was built by Rameses the Great, and was probably the chapel used in connection with his tomb for purposes of worship, as I have already indicated. Two great pylons partly broken down stand in front of the first court, ornamented with sculptures representing battle-scenes in the life of Rameses and his victory over the Hittites. He is seen gigantic in size standing in his chariot, drawing his bow against his enemies. The great court had originally no doubt a double colonnade on either side, but every column has been destroyed and the side-walls and end-wall as well. In this court lies broken in pieces a colossal statue of Rameses, exceeding in weight and dimensions any other statue in Egypt. It was made from a single block of red granite; measures 22 feet across the shoulders, and must have been 60 feet high, and weighed by computation about 887 tons. It represented the king seated on his throne. How this immense block of stone could have been brought from distant Syene or Assouan, how it was raised in place, or how overthrown, are problems we cannot solve. It stood near the entrance to the second court of the temple, which was 140 x 170 feet, and had a double row of columns on either side with capitals in the form of the papyrus-bud, and at either end a row of Osiridean pillars, *i. e.* pillars carved in the shape of statues of Osiris, or rather of deified Rameses bearing the insignia of Osiris. Beyond this second court is

the hypostyle hall 100 x 133 feet, which contained 48 columns in eight rows of six each having papyrus capitals. The elegant proportions of these columns and the ceiling studded with yellow stars on a blue ground make the hall one of the most beautiful structures of its kind. There are two chambers beyond the hall, one of which has been thought to have been a library—the walls decorated with mythological subjects.

It is but a short ride from the Rameseum to the twin Colossi, which are situated further south on the plain of Thebes, and stand quite alone now in the fields 60 feet apart from each other, facing the river and the sun-rising. They were built by Amunoph or Amenhotep III, who is portrayed by both of them, and stood before the gate-way of his temple, whose site is marked by a mound a little north-west of them. Perhaps there were once other statues beside these, and certainly pylons and courts and columns and halls as in other temples. But all have now disappeared except these great statues 50 feet high, exhibiting the king as seated on a throne, while on either side of him and reaching up to his knee are standing two female statues believed to represent the mother and sister of the king. These Colossi are of hard gritstone, monolithic, but were cracked by an earthquake in Roman days. The northernmost of them was called the vocal Memnon, and was celebrated for the musical sounds said to issue from it when the first morning rays of the sun fell upon it. Strange to say, this only happened after it had been repaired subsequent to the earthquake, and ceased after a second restoration. But it is said to have continued some 200 years, and many distinguished persons like Germanicus, the Emperor Hadrian, and the geographer Strabo visited the statue and heard the music. Some think these sounds were caused by the expansion of fissured portions under the influence of the sun's rays. Others think that a priest hid himself in the interior and struck a bell-sounding stone that still exists in the lap of the statue. One of our Arabs climbed up and struck this stone, which gave forth a somewhat melodious sound. Perhaps a more skilled performer with a suitable hammer could have made better music.

But deeply interested as we were in these magnificent relics we should not have been contented to leave Thebes without paying a visit to that remarkable group of buildings to the south known by the name of Medinet Haboo. This is the name given by the Arabs to a town long since ruined that was built in and around three connected temples dating back to the days of the Pharaohs. Perhaps the town was built in late Roman times; we find in it traces of a Christian church; and its

rubbish of bricks made of sun-dried mud and chopped straw as yet only partly cleared away obstructs the older edifices. These consist of a smaller temple ascribed to Queen Hatasu or Thothmes III of the 18th dynasty, a curious building variously regarded as a palace or a fortress and known as the Pavilion, and a large and splendid temple entirely built by Rameses III, of the 20th dynasty, and second only to that of Karnak. They are situated about half a mile south west of the twin Colossi of Amunoph.

We approached first a propylon or gateway built by one of the Ptolemies in the second century B. C. Before it stand two great round columns supposed to have belonged to the colonnade of a ruined court never completed. Upon the pediment of the gateway is sculptured the disk of the sun with wings. Beyond this is a court which had a colonnade on either side; then a gateway, another court, and the chambers of the temple including the sanctuary, ornamented with sculptures of sovereigns of the 18th dynasty including Queen Hatasu. Adjoining this smaller temple is the interesting structure called the Pavilion, which differs from any other Egyptian monument that we saw. Its walls are crowned with shield-shaped battlements in stone, the only specimens of such work in Egypt that have survived. It consists of two lodges or towers connected by zigzag wings with a central tower beyond; the three standing to one another like the points of a triangle. They inclose a courtyard which leads by a gateway under the central tower to the buildings of the great temple. The two lodges are said to contain each three rooms, one above the other, and two more rooms over the gateway between them; making eight rooms in all. Their inner walls are covered with painted sculptures of domestic utensils, etc.

But the external decorations of these two lodges are most interesting. Here we see historical scenes represented; Rameses III, returning victorious from war and presenting his prisoners to the gods, and receiving from Amon-ra the sword of victory with which he slays the prisoners. Below are seen figures of captured chiefs, which the inscriptions tell us are chiefs of the Hittites, the Amorites, the Libyans, the Sicilians, Sardinians, and Etruscans. Each of these figures shows the characteristic features and headdress of his race. Above these groups on the upper walls are some of the most unusual and most celebrated of Egyptian bas-reliefs. They were formerly supposed to delineate the domestic life of Rameses III in his harem entertained and waited upon by female slaves; and in this view they confirmed the idea

that the building was used as a royal residence. But more recent students regard them as symbolic and mythological. In one of them *e. g.* the king is portrayed playing at a game like that of draughts with a lady. This it is thought refers to an ancient legend related by Herodotus. The king, it says, while he yet lived, descended into Hades and there played a game at draughts with the goddess Demeter or Isis, from whom he won a golden napkin; in memory of which adventure and of the king's return to earth the Egyptians instituted a festival still observed in Herodotus' day. The sculpture on the wall may depict this legendary incident; and the whole Pavilion may have been a piece of military architecture rather than a palace—a kind of fortified approach to the temple, utilized to commemorate the exploits of this great king, Rameses III.

Behind this Pavilion, whether fortress or palace, lies the large temple built also by Rameses III, who as a conqueror of many nations and a monarch of wealth and magnificence ranks second to Rameses the Great. We crossed a court full of brick ruins of the late Roman or Coptic town that was once built amid these temples, and passing through a vast propylon some 200 feet wide entered a spacious court 110 x 135 feet. On one side of it stand seven Osiridean columns; *i. e.* colossal statues of the king represented with the attributes of the god Osiris and doing service as columns. These, by the way, reveal the funereal character of the temple. On the other side of the court are eight great round columns having capitals in the form of the papyrus-flower. On the inner walls are engraved the warlike achievements of the king, who rides in his chariot and fights. He appears of heroic size, killing his enemies or leading along strings of captives behind his chariot; then crowned in triumph and sacrificing to the gods.

At the end of this court is a second gateway on whose eastern face Rameses is shown bringing captives of the Teucrians before Amon-ra; and here are elaborately hieroglyphed inscriptions telling at great length the wars and victories of the king. Going through this granite portal we entered a second still larger and finer court 123 x 133 feet; having a single row of columns at the front and on either side and a double row at the end—all of them 40 feet high. The colonnade at the front and the one facing it are each composed of eight Osiridean pillars, while the one in the rear and the side rows consist of pillars with papyrus capitals. The walls here, too, are covered with sculptures. One to which our attention was particularly called was the festival of the

Sophis period held at the appearance of the star Sirius. It portrays the king and the sacred bull and a company of priests with shaved heads going in stately procession to sacrifice. Before the Julian calendar was devised the Egyptians made the year begin with the appearance of this star, and had festivals to celebrate seed-sowing and harvest. But as they did not correct the calendar by inserting an extra day in leap-year, in process of time their festivals would come out of place; until at last they were actually celebrating the festival of harvest before the seed was yet put in the ground. In the lapse of many years however the calendar would right itself by coming round the circle; and this occurred in the days of Cheops, of Rameses, and of Hadrian, and this was called the completion of a Sophis period.

We passed on to another inner court of vast size, which had six rows of columns eight deep; many of them ruined and left only about eight feet high. Then we went outside the temple, and saw on the external lateral wall more representations of Rameses in war with various tribes, while scribes count the number of hands that have been cut from the bodies of the slain. One scene on this wall is the most spirited picture of any. It depicts the king in his chariot as encountering three lions, and having smitten two of them, as turning around to meet the third, which is about to spring upon him. Another drawing excites our indignation; it shows a string of captives dragged on with their arms cruelly chained together in a way to produce torture with every step. We see enough to satisfy us, that this Egyptian hero, so famous and successful in arms like his namesake, Rameses the Great, was like him too an implacable and cruel monarch, vainglorious, boasting, egotistical and despotic. Doubtless he erected this temple, as Rameses the Great erected the Rameseum, in his life-time to his own memory. It was a funeral monument connected in purpose with the royal tomb; as we have seen was the case with the temple of Koorneh, the temple of Queen Hatasu, the Rameseum, the Amenophium—with all the important edifices on the western side of the river. But like them it was ages ago plundered, defaced and ruined. “The day of the Lord of Hosts,” as Isaiah* calls the day of judgment and retribution, has brought low the work of the proud and lofty kings of Thebes. Their splendid city has passed away leaving few vestiges behind. Their massive temples have fallen into fragments, and their colossal statues have crumbled, and their stately tombs have been rifled of their treasures and their

* Isa. 2 : 12.

kingly occupants, and the very race who built these enduring structures has disappeared as completely from the land as the old Romans, who once conquered and ruled the world, have disappeared from Italy. The day of the Lord has indeed been upon Egypt and humbled her in the dust.

CHAPTER VIII.

DENDERAH AND THE BOULAK MUSEUM.

HAVING seen all the wonders of Thebes, and having exchanged calls with the American Consul at Luxor, (who was not an American, but a dignified old Arab, dressed in a spotless white robe and white turban, and who could not speak English, but talked with us through his son, a glib dealer in so-called "antiquities,") we started at length upon our return voyage down the Nile. The sky was as always sunny and bright, and the air pleasantly cool in the shade of our deck-awning; not chilly with dampness, but dry and invigorating, like the air of our great plains. The scenery too reminded me of our western country; it was much like that of the Platte river in Nebraska with its bluffs and broad plains, though of course the Platte is a much smaller river than the Nile. After about five hours' steaming we stopped on the left or western bank, opposite the modern town of Keneh, which is noted for its manufacture of porous clay-jugs and filtering water-bottles, and went ashore to visit the temple of Denderah; the last one that we saw in Egypt, and the last important one that was built there. It was begun by the last of the Ptolemies; was finished by the Roman Emperor Tiberius, 34 A. D., and the decorations were added by the Emperor Nero. It was still comparatively new and gorgeous, when in A. D. 379 the ancient religion was abolished under the edict of the Emperor Theodosius.

We mounted donkeys on the river's bank and rode nearly two miles to the huge pile of masonry, that is surrounded by the ruins of a mud village built over and about it at a later date. We stopped before a handsome pylon that was built by the Roman emperors, Domitian and Trajan, and is adorned with sculptures representing them as engaged in acts of worship before several divinities. Then we proceeded on foot up a long walk between modern mud-brick walls to the portico of the

temple. Twenty feet below the present level of the ground a dromos or avenue once led from the gateway to the portico, but it has not yet been excavated. Nor has this twenty feet of debris been removed from the base of the portico; not more than two-thirds of the actual height of the latter is seen from without, and one must descend a stair-case to reach the floor of the temple within.

Yet the portico seen as it is produces upon the beholder an impression of overwhelming majesty. It is about 135 feet wide, and is supported by 24 round columns in four rows of six each, that are fifty feet high and seven feet in diameter. Their capitals are unlike any we saw elsewhere, having the face of Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, carved on each of their four sides, and above these faces the figure of a house or shrine—the house of Horus. Most of these faces have been hacked and mutilated by the spoilers who ravaged the temple, plundered its treasures, and desecrated its sacred places. But they only marred, they did not destroy, the beauty and grandeur of these columns. Nor did they reach the sculptures on the architrave of the portico, which represent a procession of priests and warriors bearing standards and women playing the harp and tambourine and other musical instruments.

We descended the steps and entered the temple, passing from the brilliant sunshine into twilight, silence and mystery, and into a heavy atmosphere as of a long closed and unventilated building. Viewed from within, the portico appears a roofed hall resting on these ponderous Hathor-headed columns. On its ceiling, smoked black by the fires and torches of the Arabs who occupied the temple before its excavation, is engraved the zodiac. While everywhere on its walls and pillars and doorways are hieroglyphic inscriptions, grotesque figures, hawk-headed, ibis-headed, Hathor-headed, serpents walking on human legs, pictures of gods and kings holding strange emblems and performing strange rites. Back of this portico we entered a roofed hall quite dark, supported by a double row of columns—three on each side; and beyond it a second and third chamber of the same breadth, but shorter, and then the sanctuary. On each side of these chambers are many small apartments, about twenty of them; there are also two side passages to the exterior of the temple and two stair-cases to its roof. Each one of these rooms bears on its walls the pictorial record of the use to which it was put. Thus it is determined that the first hall was the hall of entrance; the second a hall of assembly; the third was the hall where the sacred boats were kept; and the sanctuary contained in a niche in its wall the

golden emblem of the goddess. Some of the side-chambers were laboratories, and their walls show bas-reliefs of flasks and vases for perfumes and unguents. Others were used to store offerings and tribute. Others were for vestments of the priests and sacred utensils. And others were shrines of divinities.

Holding our dim tapers in our hands we went down by long, winding passages into the crypts or subterranean corridors, where the bats have found comfortable quarters, and there we found the walls decorated as profusely with finely cut work as those above ground. Then we climbed one of the stair-cases to the roof; and on its walls we saw a representation of the sacred procession just as it used to mount this stair-case; the king at the head, the standard-bearers, priests, attendants carrying offerings; all seemed to be walking up in ghostly line. Much of the temple worship consisted in these stately processions, when the images of the gods, in costly robes, were paraded along the corridors and around the roof, and were borne through the groves of the temple-inclosure. On the top we entered a small chamber that was the shrine of the goddess Nut; who was portrayed by a gigantic painted figure extending around three sides of the square ceiling; her body from the head to the seat occupying one side, the arms and hands a second side, and the legs and feet the third side—a ludicrous figure. Another roof-chamber was a shrine of Osiris, on whose inner walls were depicted the death and resurrection of the god. Descending by another stair-case we observed on its wall a bas-relief of Cleopatra's face. But we saw a more famous picture of her on the exterior of the rear-wall of the temple—a full-length figure of the queen with her son Cesario and the goddess Isis facing her, and standing in front of her the ruling Ptolemy at the time when the temple was built. Her face is handsome, but whether a portrait or an ideal, we do not know.

This whole temple of Hathor is still in a good state of preservation, less ruined than the temples at Thebes, though not completely excavated from the rubbish of the mud-village that was built around it. There are two smaller temples in its neighborhood, one of which, called the birth-place of Horus, we visited. Then we mounted our patient donkeys and rode back to the steamer; hailed on the way by crowds of children, among them many boys entirely nude, or wearing only crowns and aprons of woven grass, who clamored for backsheesh. This seems to be the first word the children learn; at Thebes we saw one little

fellow, scarcely three years old, who cried lustily for backsheesh as we rode by.

Our experiences on the steamboat, on the return-trip, were so similar to those we had ascending the Nile, that they need not be repeated. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the first day we reached the village of Farshoot, where we anchored for the night; and we all went ashore to see how an Arab village looks. As we walked through the streets we were as much of a curiosity to the natives as they were to us; and after we had passed through the bazaars and seen their pitifully small store of goods and reached the market-place, we had nearly the whole town following us. The streets were narrow and dirty; the houses one-story high, built of mud and chopped straw and thatched usually with a few sugar-canes and reeds. The doors were low, about five feet high, and inside no chairs, no tables, no bedsteads or beds, no floors; a stove, if it might be called such, made of dried mud, but no chimney; but there is little cooking to do. The bread sold in their shops was black-looking rolls or cakes; beside this the people live mainly on milk, sugar-cane, dried dates, split peas, beans and onions. Sometimes they can catch fish from the river, but seldom get meat to eat. The chickens and eggs must be sold by the poor people for the better class and for foreigners to consume. I saw a man buying coffee at a bazaar, and all he bought was a small handful, carefully weighed out by the dealer upon his scales. We gained from our walk through Farshoot a lasting impression of the poverty and wretchedness of the Egyptian masses.

Next morning we resumed our voyage, with the north wind blowing very fresh, which considerably retarded our progress, and was so cool that it was uncomfortable to sit on deck, even with a heavy overcoat on. We reached our destination, Sohag, early in the afternoon, and took a stroll through the town, which is a larger and more important place than Farshoot, though most of the houses are no better. Passing through the narrow, dirty streets and the bazaars, some of which exhibited a respectable stock of goods, we went out to a date-palm grove on the edge of the town, where a market was held that day. It was crowded with people who had come in from the country round about, with their donkeys and camels, which they tethered along-side their stands of business. The goods offered for sale were spread out on pieces of coarse canvass laid on the ground, and the dealers squatted behind them. Here were men making or cobbling slippers, and there others

were mending tins or weaving baskets. In one place beads, bracelets and all kinds of trinkets were sold; in another, vegetables; in another, fruits; in another, cotton cloth, etc. They had also a market for sheep and cattle. Our appearance created a mild sensation, so that we soon had a crowd of children at our heels, clamoring for backsheesh. Most of the women we saw were tattooed between the eyes and on their chin—a fashion that does not enhance their beauty in western eyes. They were modestly veiled, except the dancing-girls, so-called, who were conspicuously dressed in bright colored garments, with many rows of gilded ornaments suspended from the neck, and showed prematurely old and hard faces.

From Sohag we started by rail, at day-break, for Cairo, shivering in the cool morning air, in which one could see his breath. How do these poor people, we asked, who have no beds or blankets, but sleep on cane-rushes or on the bare ground, in only their cotton garments, stand this cold? They must possess a great deal of physical endurance, slender as their figures are and scanty their diet. This seemed the more evident, as we rode north and observed that most of the houses here were built of sugar-canes, interwoven with rushes or cane leaves and thatched with the same, being open towards the south—mere booths, rather than houses. The air grew warmer towards noon, however, and the dust became very thick and unpleasant, as when we came up the river, and the flies were so numerous that we were of the opinion Moses' fourth plague had never been entirely removed from Egypt! About seven in the evening we reached Cairo and drove to our hotel, glad to get back to civilization, after the discomforts of our long journey, though delighted that we had been able to visit the marvellous ruins of Upper Egypt.

Of the sights that we saw upon our return, one had best be mentioned in connection with these antiquities of the upper country, a host of which it conserves, viz.: the Boulak Museum. This museum is scarcely thirty years old yet; it was the creation of the late Khedive Ismail Pasha, before whose time the rulers of the country took little interest in its famous remains, and allowed them to be torn down or dug up and carried away by foreigners, to enrich the museums of Europe. But Ismail Pasha put a stop to this deportation of treasures, and employed the accomplished Orientalist, Mariette, to conduct excavations and make a state collection of relics. The result is a museum now handsomely housed in new buildings at Ghizeh, the richest in the

world in all kinds of Egyptian antiquities, mostly recovered from the tombs. The scholar spends many days of profitable study here; but even the hurried tourist finds it difficult to tear himself away from a place of so much fascination.

The grounds, in which the museum is situated, are adorned not only with trees and shrubs and a miniature lake, but with old Egyptian symbols. Facing the entrance there stands a sphinx of modern construction, and further within one sees a pointed obelisk and a great stone sarcophagus. I will not attempt to describe all that we saw in the building, but the mention of a few things may serve to indicate what treasures it contains. In the first room we entered we saw the celebrated sitting statues of Ra-hotep and Nefert, found in the same tomb, at Médûm, dating back to 2400 B. C.; and a couple of offering slabs, made of alabaster, with two lion-heads at one end and a cup at the other end to receive the libation. In other rooms we saw a small statue of the 4th dynasty, found only last year at Sakkarah; many tombstones of ordinary people; a sitting statue in black marble of Chephren, who built the second pyramid at Ghizeh; the front portion of the tomb of a priest in the 4th or 5th dynasty, in which the red and yellow and black colors of the inscription remain fresh; a small statue of a man sitting cross-legged and grieving; a bas-relief 2500 B. C., representing a company of musicians, of whom one is tuning a harp and another giving the time, and ladies dancing; small figures of men kneading bread; and a wooden sarcophagus forty centuries old, on which the painting is vivid still. In one room were several fine sarcophagi of red granite; in another, ancient wooden boats and figures of rowers in them, of the same shape and style as those we saw depicted on the walls of the temple of Queen Hatasu, at Thebes. Here were colossal heads of Rameses in gray granite; and there a representation of a boat carrying a sarcophagus, both hewn out of red granite. Elsewhere we saw bronze statues of Osiris and of Isis Athor with horns on her head and Horus in her lap, and of the sacred bull that was worshipped. There was an extensive collection of jewelry—gold necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, amulets—taken from the tombs. In one case are 140 pieces of jewelry that were taken from Ra-hotep's tomb. And there are porous clay vessels and vases and lamps and alabaster-boxes for ointment and mathematical instruments and papyrus-rolls and masks and sandals and wooden pillows and chairs and ploughs and rakes and combs and cabinets full of scarabæi or sacred beetles carved in precious stones.

But the most interesting sight of all in this Museum is the mummies of the kings that were discovered in the Her-Hor mortuary chamber at Dar-el-Bahari in 1881, and brought by Brugsch Bey to this place. The beautifully gilded and painted caskets in which these mummies were found are kept in a hall by themselves, and in an adjoining corridor are several other caskets of similar splendor, on the front of which one sees a picture of the soul escaping as a winged creature from the mummy. Thence we passed into the hall of the mighty dead, and paused by the mummy of Rameses the Great—the oppressor of the Israelites, the monarch who reigned 67 years, the father of 119 children, the builder who finished the temples of Luxor and Karnah and Koorneh, and erected the Rameseum and a multitude of other temples, and vast cities as well—the greatest of Egyptian kings. Here lay his blackened and withered corse, stripped of all its gold ornaments and jewels, a shrivelled and loathsome thing. How truly we may apply to him the language that Isaiah uses of the king of Babylon: “They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness and destroyed the cities thereof? * * * All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch.” *

And the same language seemed appropriate when we looked at the mummy of Rameses’ father, Seti I, who was also a great warrior, and whose tomb we saw at Thebes—the most sumptuously decorated of all the tombs. Or when we looked upon Thothmes the conqueror; or upon that brilliant soldier and administrator, Rameses III, who constructed the palace and temple at Medinet Haboo, and whose brown face was the most kingly and impressive of them all. As we passed from one confined form to another, and read the names and recalled what we had read of the careers of these and the other kings who lie there, I could think only of the words of Scripture, “How are the mighty fallen!” † These men who once awed an empire, who were looked upon while they lived as little less than gods, and were deified and worshipped when dead, are now a show for sight-seers. Their land is owned and ruled by strangers; their mighty cities are but mounds of rubbish; their magnificent temples but ruins. The proud and lofty

* Isa. 14: 16-19.

† II Sam. 1: 27.

have been brought low. And we learn anew the lesson, of the vanity of human pomp but the imperishableness of God's word. "All the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever."*

* I Pet. i : 24, 25.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COPTS, AND AMERICAN MISSIONS IN EGYPT.

OF course it was to be expected that Christian tradition would fix upon certain places in Egypt as connected with the visit and residence of the Holy Family in that land.* This it has done. One legend makes the city called by the Greeks Lycopolis, now the city of Siout, on the upper Nile, the abode of Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus during their stay in Egypt. It is however quite improbable that they should have penetrated so far, several hundred miles, from the eastern border of the country where they entered it. More probable is the tradition that they sojourned at Matarea, in the vicinity of Leontopolis, in Lower Egypt. Visitors to Cairo are accommodated by still another tradition, which points out a venerable Coptic church within the bounds of old Cairo, as built over a cave in which Joseph and Mary and the Child rested, when they fled into this land of refuge. It is said that an older church was first built over this cave to preserve the site, and that the present building succeeded the earlier one. When we were in the city we went to see this interesting edifice.

It is situated in a small Coptic village on the edge of Old Cairo and near some great mounds of brick-rubbish, that are on the reputed site of Joseph's granaries. The village is wholly inclosed by a high wall to keep out intruders and protect its Christian inhabitants from the possible outbreak of fanaticism on the part of their Mohammedan neighbors. There is but a single entrance to the village, which we found closed by a thick wooden door covered outside with iron. At our request, and of course upon payment of the usual fees, the door was opened for us; and our attention was directed by our guide to its singular lock. This seemed to be merely a heavy wooden bar running into a slot in a post on the inside; as we often see barn-yard gates fastened in our own

* See Matt. 2 : 13-15.

country. But it was so arranged that the bar once run in could not be drawn out again without the use of a curious key—a piece of wood about eighteen inches long having four iron spikes driven into one end of it. This makes the gate-keeper or key-keeper an important functionary.

The village, we were told, is 1100 or 1200 years old. It is composed mostly of two-story houses with projecting wooden lattices instead of windows on the upper story, and the paved streets are exceedingly narrow and dark—too narrow for vehicles to enter. We left our carriages outside the gate, and walked through winding alleys to the church, a small, ancient-looking building quite devoid of external ornament. The interior is divided off into compartments by high wooden screens; the women occupy one compartment, the men another, and the priests and the altar the inmost compartment or chancel. The wood-carvings on the inner screen that shuts off the chancel from the remainder of the church are finely done; they represent the Virgin Mary and various saints. There are also some quaint old paintings above the screen. We descended into the crypt below the church, which they say was a cave when the Holy Family fled into Egypt. A niche at one end of the crypt is shown as the place where the Virgin rested, and a cross carved in the stone marks the spot. Another niche and cross mark the spot where Joseph rested. In another niche is a representation in stone of the Child's manger. And in another is the baptismal font where they baptize the children of the village, immersing them three times; the boys when forty days old and the girls when two months old. At the head of the stairs where we ascended the attendant showed us a very old picture of the Flight into Egypt; a picture that they value highly.

These Copts are an interesting people for two reasons. One is that they are the descendants of the native inhabitants of Egypt at the time of the Mohammedan conquest; derived partly from the ancient Egyptians, partly from the mixed races that inhabited the country under the Roman empire. Their language is the old language of the tombs and the temples, somewhat corrupted by the later introduction of Greek words and grammatical forms, and is written in the Greek alphabet, to which eight new characters were added from the Demotic to represent sounds of the Egyptian tongue not found in the Greek. This Coptic language is perhaps as much like the language of the Pharaohs as the English language of to-day is like that used by Chaucer. It is

still employed for the most part in the services of the Coptic churches, though unintelligible to the people who speak Arabic like their Mohammedan neighbors, to whom they have assimilated in many respects. Thus they dress like the Mohammedans, and their women veil their faces like the Mohammedan women. In numbers they are less than one-fourteenth of the population and are dwindling, as many of them become converted to Mohammedanism.

The other feature of interest presented by the Copts is that they are Christians, and remain witnesses to the fact that Christianity once flourished greatly in Egypt. Alexandria in the early centuries of the Christian church was one of the patriarchal sees. In its schools Clement and Origen expounded theology and introduced into it the Platonic philosophy. Here Athanasius the champion of orthodoxy thundered against Arianism, and successfully maintained in the creeds of the church the fundamental doctrine of the deity of Christ. Egypt was a centre of Christianity in those days; though as in other countries the people generally did not grasp the vital, spiritual truths of religion, but were contented with its outward forms and observances, into which were brought many practices from heathenism. Christianity soon became corrupt here as elsewhere, and the Coptic church has preserved to this day these early corruptions with its independent organization. For it is neither Roman Catholic nor Greek Catholic nor Armenian, but has its own system of government, doctrine, and worship. Its religious orders are indeed similar to those of the Greek church, and so are many of its religious observances. But its faith is rather that of the heretical sect called Eutychians, Monophysites, and Monothelites, whose doctrine was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon as controverting the orthodox view in regard to the two natures in Christ.

These Copts at present though nominal Christians are in sad need of the gospel. Until enlightened through the labors of our American missionaries of the United Presbyterian church, they and even their priests were with few exceptions ignorant of the word of God. "With them the chief ground of salvation was the keeping of the fifty-five days of fasting and prayer, and the way of salvation was confession to and absolution by the priest. Their only apprehension of the merits of Christ's obedience and sufferings was that these conferred on the church the power of saving souls. They knew nothing about conversion by the Holy Spirit. The worshipping of pictures, confession to priests and belief in their authority to forgive sin, belief in transubstantiation and

in the intercession of the saints, were universal." Their religious services were conducted in a dead language ; they had no preaching, no schools, no literature to instruct them. What wonder that they, though bearing the name of Christians, are almost as destitute of true piety and as degraded in morals as the Mohammedans themselves ? They need the gospel of the grace of God.

And yet while one is constrained to speak in these terms of the religious condition of the Copts, it is true that the followers of the False Prophet occupy an even lower depth of error, superstition, and fanaticism. Some account of these features of Mohammedanism has been given in the chapter upon the Mosques of Cairo ; but we saw an illustration of them at the convent of the Howling and Whirling Dervishes that may be mentioned here as especially striking. On every Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath, at two o'clock P. M., these dervishes or monks give a performance, as we should call it ; though with them it is an observance of religious worship after their custom. We drove to their monastery, which is situated between Modern Cairo and Old Cairo, and found outside a great number of carriages that had brought visitors like ourselves to see the weird exercises. Passing through a court-yard we were shown into a large square hall on the ground-floor, whose roof was a single dome with windows in it. The place was like none of the mosques we had seen ; no apse in the wall pointing toward Mecca, no pulpit, no lamps, no prayer-carpets or mats ; but around three sides of the room were placed chairs, in which the visitors sat, while a clear space of floor in front of the fourth side was covered with matting, on which were spread in the form of a crescent sheepskins for the dervishes to sit on when they should come in.

Presently they came in through a side door, and sat down cross-legged on the sheepskins. There were about thirty of them, varying in age from old men of sixty to youths of eighteen or twenty ; the majority of them appeared to be from thirty to forty-five years old. Their leader was a tall, stout man, about forty-five years of age, having a black beard and moustache trimmed short, who sat facing the others and signalled them with uplifted finger when to stop one exercise and begin another. One man played a flute ; several others at times beat rude drums. The leader started a slow chant, reciting the name of Allah, *i. e.*, God, and bowing forward and back again, in which exercise all joined. Next they chanted while bowing the body to right and left. Then the leader

accelerated the time; the music swelled forth, and the chorus roared more loudly *Lâ ilahâ ill' Allâh*, while they bowed their heads to and fro, right and left, with great rapidity. By this time they were getting warmed up. They rose to their feet, and those who wore caftans or long quilted gowns stripped them off and appeared clad in loose cotton garments, and they settled down to business. They began to bow their heads towards the ground and back again, and to chant louder and quicker till their voices grew hoarse, and they made a barking noise like a dog. They went on, bowing forward till their hands touched the ground, and bowing backward till I feared they would break their spines, and instead of barking made a peculiar noise by drawing in and letting out the breath. Four of them had very long hair, reaching nearly to their waists, and as they bowed it waved up and down in a frantic and ludicrous style.

Then they swung around, facing first the right and then the left, bowing in the same way. Next they wagged their heads to and fro violently till it seemed as though they would shake them off. Then they resumed bowing forward, while the drums were beaten fiercely, and one of them entered the ring and began to whirl round and round with both hands extended, his head inclined on one side and his eyes closed. He whirled for six minutes by my watch, which seemed an incredibly long time to do it without becoming dizzy enough to fall. He came back into the circle, and another tried the whirling; but only whirled about two minutes—the others meanwhile exercising violently and snorting, and the drums beating furiously. Then the performance suddenly ceased at a signal from the leader. The men crowded about him and put a hand inside of his hands; he pressed them, and each took his hand out and kissed it; and all filed out of the room. It was a wild, weird performance, calculated to make a nervous person hysterical; yet the ladies present seemed unmoved and enjoyed it as well as the gentlemen.

But these frenzied gymnastics are offered, as has been stated, in worship. The panting, exhausted dervishes, some of whom at times fall writhing in convulsions, and all of whom seem to have temporarily gone mad, think that they are honoring God by their antics. They are regarded by the Mohammedan people as holy men, saints, because they devote themselves to the culture of this mode of worship. All their strength is given to God, it is thought; their prayers must be peculiarly acceptable to Him, and they must stand high in His favor. Alas!

what religious ignorance and superstition underlie these "vain repetitions" of the name of Allah and these bowings and whirlings! How greatly do these Mohammedans need to be taught, that as Paul says, "Bodily exercise profiteth little; but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."* Nothing but the gospel of Christ can dispel the darkness of fanaticism that enshrouds this naturally intelligent people, and can show them how to "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."†

It is gratifying to know that this precious gospel is being brought to the attention both of Moslems and Copts by earnest missionaries from our own country. To the United Presbyterian Church of America Providence has allotted the privilege of conducting missions in Egypt, the youngest of the great nations thus sending spiritual aid to the oldest. This mission was established in 1854, and during most of its existence has been the only Protestant mission in Egypt. So early as 1826 the Church Missionary Society of England commenced work here, sending out several missionaries, who preached, distributed the Scriptures and tracts, opened schools, and cultivated friendly relations with the Coptic, Greek, and Armenian clergy—seeking to influence them to reform their respective churches. But this effort met with small success; the corpse of the Coptic church could not be galvanized into life; and after the American mission was established the field was practically left to it. More recently the Church Missionary Society has resumed operations, but not in a way to interfere with the United Presbyterians, who rather welcome its assistance.

In Cairo I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Dr. Watson of the American Mission, and he furnished me with some information about their work. They have a force of 31 foreign missionaries, male and female, and 282 native laborers—pastors, licentiates, theological students, colporteurs, harem-workers, and teachers. The foreign missionaries are located at seven principal stations, viz: Alexandria, Tanta, Mansoura, Cairo, Maghagha, Siout, and Luxor, being distributed so as to supervise the work in all the provinces of the country. They have 32 organized congregations and 112 unorganized mission stations, some 4,000 communicants, 6,800 pupils in their week-day schools, and 5,500 Sunday-school scholars. Their woman's work for women in the harems is a deeply interesting branch of their mission, through which they read and explain the Bible to the native women, and teach them to read it

* 1 Tim. 4:8.

† Titus 2:12.

for themselves, inculcate habits of cleanliness and thrifty housekeeping, and by personal influence elevate their sentiments. While their schools are in many quarters the hope of the country. Under the present administration the Egyptian Government schools in the larger cities have been greatly improved, but nothing has been done for primary schools in the villages. The American mission schools remain alone in providing education for the children of the peasant class. At Luxor we were pleased to observe for ourselves the superior air of intelligence and respectability that belonged to the boys educated in these schools ; while the girls share the benefits of Christian instruction, one-third of the pupils being girls.

The Coptic church itself has noticeably felt the influence of this American missionary work. Early in the history of the enterprise the missionaries were convinced that the best way to reform the Coptic church was to work outside of it, and to organize a body of active evangelical Christians, who by their consistent example and modes of Christian effort would stimulate the Copts to do something for themselves. The results already justify this policy. They are seen in the larger use made of the vernacular, instead of a dead language, in the services of the Coptic church ; in the disuse of picture-worship, and in some places the removal of the pictures from the church proper to an adjoining room ; in the establishment of schools, the organization of religious and literary societies, meetings for the study of the Scriptures and prayer, and the introduction of public preaching sometimes in connection with church services. The younger and better educated Copts are on friendly terms with the missionaries and the native evangelical church, and often invite the mission-workers to meet with them and even conduct their religious services. They say themselves, that their desire to reform their own church is the result of the work of the American mission. And so the outlook is hopeful ; there may yet be in Egypt an evangelical Coptic church, such as existed there in the second century of the Christian era.

The next day after my interview with the Rev. Dr. Watson and our conversation about the missionary work in which he is engaged, we regretfully left Cairo, and proceeded by rail to Ismailia, on the Suez Canal. We were to go up the canal to Port Said, on the Mediterranean, and thence by steamer to the Holy Land. It was a little foggy that morning—the first time since we entered Egypt that the air had not been perfectly clear. Our fast express train carried us through a graz-

ing country first, then through a region of grain-fields and cotton, and then one of date-palms. At the city of Zagazig the railroad from Alexandria connected with ours. Half a mile from the station are the excavated ruins of the great temple of Bubastis, the ancient city of Pi-Bast, which we saw from the car-window and were sorry we could not visit, as the mural sculptures there, representing a great festival given by the king, are reported to be particularly interesting. Here we came into "the land of Goshen," as it is called in the book of Genesis, where Joseph settled his father and his brethren with their flocks and herds in a fertile section well adapted to a pastoral people, and in a situation where it would be easiest for them to leave Egypt and return to the promised land when the time should come. While the Hyksos Pharaoh, in whose reign they came in, was no doubt glad to place them where they would be a barrier to any hostile incursions from Asia. We crossed the whole width of the land of Goshen in going from Bubastis eastward to Tell-el-Kebir, and reached its northern border at Ismailia.

At Tell-el-Kebir was pointed out to us the field of battle in 1882, between the British and the revolting forces of Arabi Pasha; after which victory the British cavalry rode hastily to Cairo, and captured the citadel in the early morning, before the people had yet heard of the battle. For twelve years since England has held Egypt under her protectorate, and made it practically a dependency. It was not intended to do this when England interfered to put down Arabi's revolt; but there has never been a day since Tell-el-Kebir when she could have withdrawn her garrison and left Egypt to govern itself without bringing disaster upon the country. It would have been a crime to have interfered at all, had the English retired. The only ground on which the invasion of 1882 can be justified, is the policy of taking a firm hold upon Egypt, reforming the administration, restoring the national credit, and governing the country justly. It is a work for civilization which England has been compelled to do, and which she cannot now abandon, for no substitute for her supremacy can be found.

Beyond Tell-el-Kebir we struck into the desert, where only a little sage-brush and a few stunted and straggling palm-trees broke the monotony of the sands, till we came to Ismailia, a new town that has been built up as the railroad terminus and the point of embarkation on the Suez Canal. It is situated nearly midway on the canal, the distance being 42 miles to Port Said, at the northern end of the canal, and 38 miles to Suez at the southern end. It is built among the torrid sands

but its avenues are gravelled and lined with trees that have grown to a good size since the town was founded in 1862, and named after the Khedive at that time, Ismail. Here we went aboard a little steamer that had been reserved for our party. Though the sun was hot, the breeze blew cool from the north, and it grew cooler and stronger all the way. The canal at first ran through Lake Timsah, which is about five miles long, and after emerging from the lake went through a deep cut in the sand-hills about nine miles in length and 100 feet deep. Here it was narrower than above where it widened out to 300 feet, and in some places was still wider.

Among other stations we passed that of Kantarah, which is on the old caravan route from Syria to Egypt. The ancient road ran in the same direction as the canal, which cuts its western edge, as we could plainly see. This was probably the locality where the people from Asia entered to settle Egypt. It was celebrated as the birth-place of the god Horus. West of Kantarah are the ruins of the city of Daphne, the Taphannes of the Bible, and there are other ruins in the neighborhood. Further up the canal we saw over its high bank on the right, a couple of miles back, a long white line that turned out to be a host of pelicans drawn up in line like a regiment awaiting military inspection. After we had passed they took wing and flew across the canal to Lake Menzaleh to fish for their supper. Towards sun-down they fly this way, and towards sun-rise they fly back to the east side of the canal and stay there during the day. This Lake Menzaleh lies mainly on the west side of the canal and is shallow and marshy, but on the east side the land is also very low, and much of it in Winter is covered with water which dries up in the Summer.

Further on we saw to the left the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, which here flows into the Mediterranean, and crossing it we came to Port Said about half-past six o'clock in the evening. This is a considerable city of 20,000 population, and a great deal of commercial business centres here, as it is on the route to India and all the Indian and Mediterranean steamers touch at this port. It is a modern town, regularly laid out on foundations consisting chiefly of materials excavated from the canal, and it has extensive docks and quays and basins and a splendid roadstead lying between two long breakwaters built of artificial concrete. Here we rested over Sunday, and attended religious service at the English church, a building that looks like a Mohammedan mosque, but with a cross on the top of the dome. A large number of English

sailors in blue shirts, and a few red-coated English soldiers were seated in front of us, and joined reverently in the service. It seemed a happy coincidence, that our first day in Egypt was a Sunday spent in Alexandria and our last day was a Sunday spent in Port Said.

And how much we had seen and enjoyed during those intervening days of sunshine! Surely there is no country in the world where the American visitor finds so much to fascinate him as in this land of the mighty Pharaohs. European countries offer him a host of attractions, but these possess vastly less of novelty and antiquity than the hoar monuments of Egypt. The extreme Orient may equally awaken and gratify his curiosity, but its history is less associated with Occidental interests. Palestine is indeed more closely identified with the progress and the sacred hopes of the race, but that often-ravaged land offers the visitor so few remains of past grandeur to behold that his uppermost feeling is one of disappointment. In Egypt he finds the charm of former potency still lingering, the memorials of the earliest civilization to investigate, a strange social order to study, a history compact with significance and bearing on the destinies of the world. With reluctance he leaves this land of solemn mystery, typified by the Sphinx of Ghizeh, whose stony impenetrable countenance forever after haunts his visions.

PART II.

THE HOLY LAND.



CHAPTER X.

JAFFA.

THE ancient Joppa, or modern Jaffa, has been from early times the sea-port of Jerusalem, from which city it is distant about forty miles northwest. We sailed thither from Port Said in thirteen hours by the splendid steamer Irrawaddy, of the French line, the Messageries Maritimes—a large vessel, some 375 feet long and of 4,000 tons burden—on whose ample deck, covered with awning, and in whose elegant saloons we were very comfortable. Among the cabin-passengers many nationalities were represented; but still greater were the diversities of race and country exhibited among the deck passengers, of whom we had a host on board. There were brown-skinned Egyptians, and black Nubians, and coffee-colored Arabs, and swarthy Greeks and Italians, and olive-complexioned Syrians, and a sprinkling of East Indians, whose straight European features contrast so strangely with their dark skins. Some wore shawls over their heads, and some turbans, and some red fezzes, and some hats. Some were bare-footed and bare-legged; others wore red or yellow slippers, and a few, shoes. With their baggage and bedding they filled the forward deck, while the clamor of their numerous tongues, all alike unintelligible to us, reminded us of Babel.

As we approached Jaffa, it looked very commanding, being situated on a hill a hundred and fifty feet high, that slopes toward the water in terrace after terrace of flat-roofed houses. We anchored a mile from shore; as there is a line of rocks running parallel with the latter, and between these rocks a passage only about a hundred feet wide which admits small vessels to the shallow harbor within, but is not accessible to larger ones. Nor is it safe to anchor near these rocks; since a strong west wind might spring up and drive a vessel upon them. There is a wider entrance to the harbor on the northwest, but that is little used,

on account of its distance from the town. And there is a small bay south of the town, called the Moon-pool, which was probably the ancient harbor, to which were floated the rafts of cedars of Lebanon and other timber from Tyre for the building of Solomon's temple,* and also of Zerubbabel's or the second temple;† but this has long since been closed up by sand and mud brought from the Nile by the current that sweeps along the coast, and that destroyed the ancient ports of Pelusium and Sidon and Tyre, as well as Joppa. It shows the wisdom of Alexander the Great, that in founding his new city of Alexandria, he selected a site for it to the west of all the mouths of the Nile, so as to avoid this danger.

According to one version of the classical myth, it was on this reef at Joppa that the beautiful Andromeda was chained and exposed to the sea-monster, whom angry Neptune had sent to ravage the coasts. Another version of the myth locates it in Ethiopia; but Strabo and Pliny assure us it was here. The story is, that Cassiope, the queen of the country, had boasted herself fairer than Juno and the Nereides, the nymphs of the sea; and at the request of the latter Neptune punished the queen's insolence by sending a huge sea-monster to destroy her people. Nothing could appease him but the sacrifice of Andromeda, the queen's daughter. Accordingly she was fastened to the rocks amid the breakers; but just as the monster was going to devour her, the hero Perseus returning through the air from the conquest of the Gorgous in Africa, saw her, and was captivated by her beauty. He bore in his hand the head of the Gorgon Medusa, which had the property of turning into stone any one who looked upon it. Showing it to the monster, Perseus changed him into a rock, and released Andromeda and married her. Pliny tells us, that in his day they still showed the chains by which Andromeda was bound, and not only so, but that Marcus Scaurus, the younger, who was employed in Judea by Pompey, had the bones of the sea-monster transported from Joppa to Rome, and displayed them there to the public. They were forty feet in length; the span of the ribs exceeded that of the Indian elephant, and the back-bone was a foot and a half in circumference. Some have supposed this to have been the fish that swallowed Jonah, and that his adventures are to be traced in the classical legend. But modern criticism sees in it only a symbolic description of "the first interchange of commerce between the Greeks, personified in their wandering hero Perseus, and the Phenicians who

* II Chron. 2 : 16.

† Ezra 3 : 7.

then occupied Joppa; the beauty of whose climate and location was shadowed forth in the fair Andromeda. Perseus in one version of the story, is said to have plunged his dagger into the shoulder of the monster. 'This it is thought may mean, that he discovered or improved the harbor.'

When we went ashore at Jaffa, in small boats, we thought it would have been well if Perseus had plunged his dagger into the monster a few times more, and had still further improved the harbor. We were favored in having perfectly smooth water for our passage, and were rowed within the reef in safety. But sometimes when the water is rough, passengers have great difficulty and even danger in landing. Only a few months before we were there a small boat, caught by the swell, was dashed against the rocks and upset, and half a dozen passengers were drowned. It often occurs that when a steamer reaches Jaffa the water is too rough for the passengers to be safely landed in row-boats, and they are carried by to Beirut, if going north, or to Port Said, if going south, and they are obliged to come back and try it again. When we were in the Holy Land we heard of one party who were carried by Jaffa four times, and not till the fifth time did these persevering voyagers succeed in effecting a landing. There has always been the same trouble here from the treacherous rocks and breakers. When the Crusaders held Palestine, they built a mole to protect their shipping; but under the rule of the Arabs and the Turks it fell into decay and has long since disappeared.

Having gone ashore under the charge of Mr. Rolla Floyd—the tourist-agent of Jerusalem, with whom travellers make their contracts for dragomen and beasts and camp outfit to take them through the Holy Land—we were quickly passed through the custom-house without much examination of our baggage. We walked half a mile or more up the steep, winding, and filthy streets to the market-place, where we entered rickety old carriages and rode half a mile more to the Hotel Palestine in the German quarter, north of the city. We thought we had seen something of foul streets in Egypt, but no city or village that we saw there could equal Jaffa in the disgusting, unmitigated nastiness of its business thoroughfares. They seem to have been paved once, but the paving-stones are mostly covered with accumulated layers of decayed garbage and dirt, only sticking up here and there enough to make the road rough. Of course there are no drains, sewers, or cess-pools in the city, but the streets are used as the common receptacle for waste. The

weather was fortunately bright and clear, and the streets dry when we were there; when it rains, woe to unhappy tourists who must wade through those unsavory depths!

Our hotel was a plain, two-story building; the lower floor used for offices, dining room, kitchen, store rooms, etc., and the upper floor reached only by an outside wooden stair-case that led to a wooden balcony or piazza extending around the four sides of the house. Our bedrooms all opened on this upper piazza, and had no windows in them, being lighted only by glass in the upper part of the door. On the west side we could look off upon the blue Mediterranean, and on the east side upon the orange groves adjacent to the city. The hotel was kept by Germans, of whom there is a small colony here. They occupy the quarters formerly belonging to the American colony, who went out from our country twenty-eight years ago with enthusiastic hopes to settle in Jaffa, but who came to grief. They were disappointed in their business expectations; could not earn a living, and were reduced to poverty. They were regarded with suspicion by the natives, and suffered petty persecution. Sickness and death invaded their ranks and they became discouraged. The colony was broken up; some returned to America, others scattered. Mr. Rolla Floyd, a Yankee of unfailing resources, became a guide to tourists, and extended his business, till now he is a chief contractor who sends parties through Palestine and Syria, providing everything necessary for their transportation and living *en route*. He is a well-informed man on all matters pertaining to the country, has the Bible at his tongue's end, and is a most genial and entertaining guide. He is a bold rider and a fearless man, and has gained great ascendancy over the natives; even the fierce Bedouins stand in awe of him, and cultivate amicable relations. He is a prominent man now and well off; but retains vivid impressions of the hardships and difficulties encountered when he was a member of the American colony at Jaffa.

Our first excursion from the hotel was a walk through the orange groves, of which there are some two thousand acres bordering the town; and the fruit is of the finest quality, as good as our Florida oranges. A special feature of the Jaffa orange is that it will keep thirty or forty days, and if properly packed for two or even three months. Its cultivation is difficult and laborious, for the orchards must be watered continually, and the water has to be drawn by means of primitive water-wheels from deep wells. The fruit is transported in large quantities to Beirut, Constantinople, and Alexandria, and is the variety mainly used

in Egypt, as few oranges are grown there. It was charming to walk through these extensive groves, and see the golden orbs nestling among the white and fragrant blossoms and the glossy green leaves. There are also groves of lemons, almonds, pomegranates, peaches and apricots in the vicinity, and the citrons and watermelons are of high repute.

Coming out from the miniature forest into a court inclosed by a high wall, we were asked to notice the solid wooden gate, which had a small door cut in it about two feet from the ground—an aperture just large enough for a man to squeeze through. This smaller opening is called “the eye of the needle,” and we were told that we should see the same thing in the gates of Jerusalem, as we afterwards did. This was to us a most interesting and striking illustration of the meaning of the proverbial saying, quoted by our Savior and applied, when He said, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.”* Even an unloaded camel could scarcely get through this smaller door, cut in the gate of a city ; it is meant for belated individuals to get in after the gates have been shut for the night.

On a slight elevation, less than a mile east of the city, was pointed out to us a Russian church, that occupies the traditional site of the house of Tabitha or Dorcas, whom Peter restored to life. The great Apostle was staying at Lydda, a town about ten miles distant on the road to Jerusalem, when this excellent woman died. She was noted for her good works and alms deeds, being wont to make garments for the poor ; and the disciples mourning for her sent to Peter and begged him to come to them in their sorrow. He arrived, and was ushered into the upper chamber, where lay the body ; while the poor widows, whom Dorcas had cared for in her life, stood by him weeping and showing the garments she had made. In answer to his prayers she was restored to life, and the miracle caused many to believe in the Lord.† The church has been built as a memorial of this event and of the pious, useful life of that good woman. But how much finer is the memorial supplied in the multitude of women’s sewing-societies throughout Christendom, that have taken the name of Dorcas societies, in remembrance of this saintly worker at Joppa ! Her modest and unostentatious benevolence has set the example for tens of thousands of her Christian sisters ; and thus, she being dead, yet speaks to us.

We did not go out to visit the church, which is not in itself note-

* Mark 10 : 25.

† Acts 9 : 36-42.

worthy, but walked down into the city and through the bazaars and the market-place, where we stared at the people engaged in their ordinary avocations. What we saw, was very similar to what we had seen in Egyptian cities. Here, *e. g.*, was a water-carrier, bearing upon his back a huge skin-bottle filled with water, not now the skin of a donkey, but of a calf or goat with the hair outside, and tied at the legs and neck. The Arabs wore turbans or head-shawls and loose cotton robes girded at the waist, and were bare-footed, bare-legged and bare-armed, as in Egypt. Their women were veiled; Christian women were not; but they were all tattooed. Greeks wore the red fez on their heads, and their priests the tall, black skull-caps and long black robes, that had become familiar to us. Few Jews were seen; most of them wore a long curl of hair trained down the side of the cheek and well oiled, which makes them look greasy. The bazaars were the same little closet-like shops that we had seen in Egypt, where vegetables and grains and meats and fish and fruits and cakes and sweets were sold to passers-by. Men carried on their trades in these shops or in the open air, tailoring, cobbling, making hats, furniture, harness, or whatever else in full view of the public. Drove of mules and donkeys passed by, or a string of camels, almost lost to view amid the enormous loads piled on them. And porters with two or three great trunks strapped on their backs, or a load of barrels or of furniture, staggered along the steep and slippery streets; exciting our wonder that they who are so slightly built and so insufficiently fed could carry so much heavier weight than men in our own country. It was an impressive illustration of Christ's saying about the scribes and Pharisees, "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders."* Perhaps Christ, when He said this, pointed to some porter going by bending under his load.

Amid these scenes we made our way down to the reputed location of the house of Simon the tanner,† by the sea-side near the south end of the town, where Peter tarried many days and where he had his "vision of tolerance," as it has been happily designated. Of course the house standing there now is not the one in which Peter lodged; it is comparatively modern; but not unlikely it stands on the same site. The waves of the sea beat against the walls of the court yard; and in accordance with the unchanging character of the East, tanning is still carried on in this part of the town. We climbed up to the flat roof of the house by a stone stair-case outside, as Peter probably did when he sought a

* Matt. 23 : 4.

† Acts 9 : 43.

retired place to pray at noon. At the foot of the stone steps and close to the house is a well, from which a boy was lifting water into a stone watering trough, and a large fig-tree hangs over it. The roof is covered with concrete like the roofs of other houses in the neighborhood, and is inclosed by a parapet for safety. In such a spot doubtless Peter received that wonderful vision of the great sheet knit at the four corners and let down from heaven to earth, containing all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things and birds ; by means of which he was taught not to regard any man common or unclean, and was prepared to receive the deputation from Cornelius the centurion, and to go with them to Cesarea to preach the gospel to the Gentiles.* A new conception of the world-wide mission of Christianity, and a mighty stride forward in its propagation, date from that vision of Peter upon the housetop. This alone is sufficient to make Joppa a place of sacred interest to every Christian.

Close by us here was the Latin Convent of the Franciscans, to which however we did not succeed in gaining admission ; but we climbed up four or five flights of steps to the street above and entered the church of the Franciscans—a modern church built only a few years, not remarkable in any respect, yet having a handsome interior. There is also a Greek Monastery in the city, and an Armenian Convent. These institutions afford free shelter to poor pilgrims of their faith, who come in large numbers, every year, on their way to Jerusalem to visit its holy places. An experience of our own, nine days later, when we were compelled by a violent storm to seek shelter in a monastery, profoundly impressed us with the usefulness of such institutions in Palestine in this respect. But while we were in Jaffa, we were much more interested in the Protestant mission-work done there than we were in the religious houses of Latins, Greeks, or Armenians.

We visited Mrs. Arnot's school for girls, on the south side of the city, opposite the new and imposing edifice of the French Catholic Hospital. This Mrs. Arnot, who founded and has largely supported this school, is a Scotch lady. Entering the neat and substantial building, we were ushered into a large room or hall, and the teachers brought in nearly fifty young girls, ranging in age from eight to fourteen years—very bright and attractive looking girls, and all dressed in European style. They board and lodge here at a cost of only fifty dollars a year each. They sang several hymns for us, accompanied on a small organ by a sweet-

* Acts 10 : 5-23.

faced young Scotch teacher. One little girl sang a solo very nicely, and all sang the hymn, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," in the Arabic language. Then they sang in English, "Jack Horner" and "Dickery, Dickery, Dock," with clapping of hands. Six little girls came in wearing blue aprons and paper caps shaped like a baker's cap, and carrying tin pans and spoons, and sang a song about the way to make bread—going through the motions of stirring and kneading, etc. We were also shown some of the embroidery and sewing done by the pupils, which the ladies of our party pronounced very well done.

Thence we went to a Protestant school for boys, conducted by the Church Missionary Society of England. There are about 150 scholars in the school; perhaps 120 were in attendance the day we visited it, ranging in age from six to eighteen years. One of the older boys recited for us in English the Lord's Prayer and the Beatitudes, and another read the first Psalm; and some small boys recited from John's gospel the story of Jesus' miracle of turning the water into wine. Most of these boys are children of Greek parents; there were only a few Mohammedan boys among them. While in the girls' school we were told that there was but one Mohammedan girl. The Mohammedans generally do not believe in female education.

We also visited the Protestant Hospital, founded by Miss Mangan, and presided over by Miss Newton, who kindly showed us through the well-appointed building. We saw some cases in the various wards that greatly excited our pity, but I will spare the sensitive reader a rehearsal of the maladies of these unfortunate sufferers. Diseases of the eye are in Palestine as in Egypt peculiarly numerous and aggravated; but the hospital surgeons and nurses find occasion to treat besides all the ills that flesh is heir to. The previous year they had treated over 16,000 cases, and had over 500 indoor patients.

We were taken out on an upper piazza of the building, where we obtained a fine view of the city and the surrounding country. The hospital is in the Southern suburbs, and all the houses about it are new, this whole section having been built up within the last twenty years, during which Jaffa has grown from 8,000 to 14,000 population. To the north of us lay the city upon its lofty hill; on the west the rippling Mediterranean, and east were the mountains of Judah in the distance, with the plain of Sharon intervening—a plain 28 miles across, and extending 60 or 70 miles north to Mount Carmel. Northeast and southeast of us were strips of desert, and to the south Philistia and its cities. So

pretty is the situation that the town seems well named Jaffa, which means beauty. But so filthy are its streets and its people, that no traveller thinks it a beautiful town. And yet the guide books tell us that the principal manufacture of Jaffa is soap. Unfortunately they seem to export it all; evidently it is not made for home consumption.

The city has had a varied history. In ancient times it belonged to the Phenicians, and though assigned by Joshua to the tribe of Dan,* the latter could not wrest it from the Phenicians, who appear to have held it in Solomon's day, and later in the time of Jonah the prophet, who sought to flee from his duty by taking passage at Joppa in a Phenician ship, bound for Tarshish or Spain.† It was not till the times of the Maccabees that Joppa, conquered by them, became a Jewish city. Then the Romans took it; next the Saracens, and then the Crusaders, and then the Saracens again, and finally the Turks, to whom it still belongs. Let us hope that it will yet be taken for Christ through the humble instrumentality of these mission schools that have been described, and that its name of Jaffa, *i. e.* beauty, may yet appropriately set forth the moral and spiritual beauty to be attained, when evangelical Christianity shall inspire the hearts of its people!

* Josh. 19:46.

† Jonah 1:3.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

WHEN our party of pilgrims started from Jaffa for Jerusalem, we took with us only our lighter baggage, while the heavy trunks were sent by steamer to Beirut, to await our arrival there after we should have completed the tour of the Holy Land. For the most of our tour was to be made on horse-back and our effects were to be transported on mule-back, and trunks would be a nuisance under such circumstances. We might indeed have travelled as far as Jerusalem by carriages, if we had desired to do so, since one of the few carriage-roads that are found in Palestine runs from Jaffa to Jerusalem. But we determined to go neither by carriage, nor on horse-back, nor mule-back, nor as St. Paul and his companions probably went upon his last journey from that other sea-port of Cesarea, on foot; but in a way that St. Paul and his companions never dreamed of—by railroad. For only the preceding autumn the railroad that had been for several years in construction, between the two points mentioned, had been completed; and we thought it would be a pleasant and novel sensation to ride upon it in this land, till now unreached by modern enterprise.

The opening of this railway to travel, in the fall of 1892, was an occasion of great excitement in Jerusalem. A large part of the population crowded about the track and the station, which was covered with Turkish and French flags; the latter in honor of the French company who built and own the line. Turkish soldiers, both cavalry and infantry, were on guard, and military bands were playing. Among the functionaries present were the special delegate of the Sultan of Turkey, the governors of Jerusalem and Jaffa, and an imaum or Mohammedan priest wearing a green turban, who officiated at a peculiar ceremony. "Three rams, two of them white and one black, with their horns gilded, were led out upon the track to be sacrificed. The imaum, surrounded by

the officials, offered a prayer in a high voice, and bent over the animals which were held upon the track ; the bands began to play and the multitude to shout, and the throats of the sheep were cut. When their blood had flowed over the rails, their bodies were removed. The officials entered the train, the people stepped aside, the signal was given, and the train decorated with flags and palm-branches moved out of the station amid the firing of cannon, and passed over the rails wet with the blood of the sacrificed animals." Thus the Holy City was brought into steam communication with the cities of Europe, and the first step was taken towards its modernization.

When we repaired to the station at nine o'clock in the morning, we found that the cars used are of the small and stuffy European pattern ; but the engines were made at the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. Though not large, they are quite strong enough to pull the light trains to which they are attached up the long grades, necessitated by the ascent of 2,500 feet to Jerusalem. Our special car was coupled to a freight train, that made the run of forty miles in about four hours ; not a break-neck rate of speed certainly, but corresponding very well to the slowness with which everything moves there. We rode comfortably, however, in our little car, as the weather had suddenly changed, and while the day before had been as hot in the sun as we had found it in Egypt, the morning was cloudy and cool, and a brisk wind from the Mediterranean foretold a storm.

We proceeded across the fertile plain of Sharon, which with the plain of Jericho and the plain of Esdraelon in the north, and the plain skirting the waters of Merom, includes nearly all the level land that we saw in Palestine, the remainder being hills, mountains, and narrow, deep valleys. The plain extends from Mount Carmel on the north to the wells of Beersheba in the south, and from the sand hills along the Mediterranean Sea to the mountains of Judea and Samaria on the east. Yet it is by no means flat. It is diversified by considerable swells, between which lie stretches of meadow and field and a sprinkling of olive groves, while winding streams find their way through to the sea. It must have been one of the richest portions of Canaan, when the Israelites entered the country, but they were not able to gain possession of it, because, as we learn from the first chapter of the book of Judges, the inhabitants had chariots of iron. The Israelites were foot soldiers, without horses or chariots till Solomon's time, and while they easily overcame the Canaanites of the hills, and exterminated or put them

under tribute, and occupied their lands, they could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley or plain, where the ground was such as to admit the use of armed chariots. It was so not only in the case of the plain of Sharon, but also in the case of the plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon that fell in the territories of Ephraim and Manasseh. The Canaanites held their ground here for a long time, till finally subdued by David and Solomon. Such was the impression of this history, that long after in the time of King Ahab, the Syrians explained a defeat of theirs by the Israelites by saying: "Their gods are gods of the hills; therefore they were stronger than we; but let us fight against them in the plain, and surely we shall be stronger than they." * For this impious boast, however, the Lord delivered the Syrians again into the hands of the Israelites with great slaughter.

One is captivated with the beauty of the plain of Sharon, which is referred to by Isaiah in the familiar passage where he predicts that the desert shall blossom as the rose—"the glory of Lebanon," says he, "shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon. † On either side we saw vast wheat-fields yet in the tender blade, without any division-fences, though in some places hedges of cactus divided the fields. Here and there men were ploughing, holding in one hand the handle of the rude plough and in the other a long wooden goad, whose iron point served to stimulate and direct the sorry-looking oxen. The plough was merely an upright piece of wood fastened at the bottom to another horizontal piece that held the flat-headed coulter, and it only scratched the surface of the ground, making a furrow two or three inches deep. One man I noticed had a camel hitched to his plough instead of oxen. They were getting the soil ready for planting various crops, among which beans and lentils are chief. Further on we saw numerous groves of olive trees, and some almonds and pomegranates, whose foliage is grateful to the eye surveying the generally treeless landscape.

But the principal beauty of the plain was the profusion of wild flowers growing everywhere. Most conspicuous among them was a scarlet anemone, that looks very like a red poppy, and that our guide declared to be the flower called in Scripture the rose of Sharon. This, however, is a doubtful identification. Of course we know that the flower now called the rose was not introduced into Palestine from Persia, its home, until late in Jewish history, and could not

* I Kings 20 : 23.

† Isa. 35 : 2.

therefore have been the flower intended in the name "rose of Sharon." Some think this was the squill; some, the mallow; some, the crocus; others claim it was the narcissus, and this last seems for several reasons most probable—especially as the Hebrew word indicates a bulbous plant. Then we saw pink anemones, and white and blue and yellow flowers of the genus known as *ranunculus*. All these were but an earnest of what we were to see everywhere on our travels through the Holy Land and Syria in a journey of more than 400 miles; for the whole country is so carpeted with wild flowers in the spring of the year that its otherwise rugged and desolate aspect is measurably relieved by the mass of bloom. One is reminded of the words in the Song of Solomon: "Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle (*i. e.*, the turtle dove) is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." * Not, however, that we heard any song birds in Palestine; there is not enough woodland for them, and the doves we found only about the villages, where they are raised for food. The silence of the land is noticeable and oppressive.

Passing the first little village on our way we observed, what we so often observed afterward, the thatched roofs of the mud-walled houses, covered with a growth of grain or grass that had sprung up under the winter rains, but was doomed to die with the increasing heat. And I recalled the words of the Psalmist concerning the wicked, "Let them be as the grass upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." † And the similar language of Isaiah, "They were as the grass of the field, and as the green herb, as the grass on the housetops, and as corn blasted before it be grown up." ‡ Here I gained an explanation of those passages of Scripture, which puzzle the Occidental reader, because he does not see how grass could grow on the tops of houses. Not on our shingled or slated or tiled roofs certainly. But the roofs of these mud-hovels on the plain of Sharon were composed merely of layers of mud over a frame-work of brush, thorns, or reeds, supported by a crooked beam or two; and the seeds that happened to be in this soil had sprouted by reason of the rains, and the warm sun had nourished the vegetation. Of course such roofs are apt to leak badly in rainy weather, and must be constantly repaired, or they will

* Song Sol. 2 : 11-13.

† Ps. 129 : 6, 7.

‡ Isa. 37 : 27.

become full of cracks and holes, and the unprotected side-walls will get soaked with rain and will bulge out and fall. Hence we are prepared to understand the passage in the book of Ecclesiastes (Revised Version), "By slothfulness the roof sinketh in, and through idleness of the hands the house leaketh."* And the passage in Proverbs, "A continual dropping in a very rainy day, and a contentious woman are alike."† Probably the houses of the Jewish people in Bible times were as meanly built of sun-dried bricks, which they had learned to make in Egypt, as are the houses of the Arabs in Palestine to-day.

Our railroad train stopped at a station for Lydda, that lies west over a hill. It was in this town that the Apostle Peter restored to health Æneas, "which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy;"‡ and from this town Peter was summoned to Joppa, on the occasion of Dorcas' death. Lydda is still further noted as the reputed place of the birth and burial of the patron saint of England, St. George. He is said to have been martyred in the province of Bithynia, whence his remains were carried to his native town. There is no reason to doubt that he was a real historic person and a faithful servant of Christ, though we reject the legends connected with his name. The Crusaders built in Lydda, in his honor, a fine church, 150 feet long and 79 feet broad, with a crypt containing what is called St. George's Tomb. It has long been in ruins; a portion of it has been rebuilt for a Greek church, and the remainder is the court of a mosque.

Beyond this point we passed a modern village believed to be on the site of ancient Hazarshual, which means fox-village, and which is by tradition the place where Samson caught the three hundred foxes, whom he tied tail to tail in couples with a fire-brand between them, and set loose in the standing corn of the Philistines with the effect of burning it up.§ Most scholars think these animals were jackals, a wild species of dog very like foxes, but of gregarious habits, which would make it easier for Samson to catch three hundred of them. Jackals as well as foxes are common now in Palestine; we heard them howl around our tents one night in our camping tour.

A little further on we came to the large town of Ramleh, where we went on a switch to wait for the train coming from Jerusalem,—as the railroad has but a single track. The compactly built town is over half a mile from the station on a low hill, but we could plainly see its most interesting feature, a large stone tower 26 feet square and 120 feet

* Eccl. 10 : 18.

† Prov. 27 : 15.

‡ Acts 9 : 33.

§ Judges 15 : 4, 5.

high, which is supposed by some to have been originally part of a Christian church, but it is claimed by the Moslems to have been built by the Arab workmen. There is a staircase within the tower, and its top is a favorite point from which tourists obtain a fine view of the whole plain of Sharon. There is also in Ramleh an old church nearly as large as St. George's church in Lydda, that was built by the Crusaders, but has long since been turned into a Mohammedan mosque. Mr. Rolla Floyd identifies Ramleh with the ancient Arimathæa, the home of Joseph, who obtained from Pilate the body of Jesus, and laid it in his own new tomb hewn out in the rock.* But it is fair to say that the late Dr. Edward Robinson thought the village of Rantieh, ten miles north, to be the site of Arimathæa. While so good an authority as Dr. Cunningham Geikie claims, and in this he is sustained by Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, that Arimathæa is to be identified with Ramah, the birth place and home of Samuel the Prophet, which is still pointed out some miles northeast. When we were in Ramallah, a place twelve miles northwest of Jerusalem, we were assured by parties there that their town was, no doubt, the Arimathæa, whence Joseph came. A good example this of the way in which most identifications of sites in Palestine are disputed. A cautious man soon learns to doubt any identification proposed to him. Happy is he if he does not end by believing that probably none is correct.

After leaving Ramleh we were pointed out on the left the site of Gezer, the Canaanitish town that Pharaoh took and gave to his daughter, Solomon's wife, as part of her dowry.† Further on we saw a mud village that we were told occupies the site of Ekron, the Philistine city to which the captured ark of God was taken after it had produced plagues both in Ashdod and Gath, and whence it was sent back to the Israelites.‡ Soon we reached the locality of the village of Latron, the reputed home of the penitent robber, who was crucified with Christ,§ and we learned that behind the high range of hills on the left was the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the moon to stand still.|| By this time we had entered a rougher country with stony sections used for the pasturage of flocks, and we soon struck the foot hills of the mountains of Judah, around which our iron track ran like a glistening serpent. Here we saw for the first time what we were to see so often, an encampment of Bedouins, consisting of a number of long,

* John 19:38-42.

‡ Luke 23:40-43.

† 1 Kings 9:16.

|| Josh. 10:12, 13.

‡ 1 Sam. 5:10 and Ch. 6.

low tents, made of black goats' hair, which sheds the heaviest rain. That sight illumined for me the words of the fair Shulamite in the Song of Solomon,—“I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar” *—the name of a tribe of Arabs settled on the borders of Palestine. No doubt in the days when this Song was composed, just as now, these wandering children of the desert lived in black tents, which they moved from one place to another when the pasturage became exhausted, or the water failed in a dry time. In such tents too, we may suppose Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to have lived when they sojourned in this land of promise, where as yet they owned no ground but a burial place.

Passing on the right hand the probable site of Bethshemesh, the town to which the two milch-kine drew the cart containing the ark of God when the Philistines returned it, † we saw on the left hand a building on a high hill, where it is said stood the town of Zorah, Samson's birth-place. ‡ A breezy and healthy situation, I thought; where the sturdy lad might well draw in the love of liberty with his native air, and develop into the deliverer of his people from the Philistines, the Hercules of the Hebrews. Now we began to climb the lofty hills, curving around their sides and following the dry water-course called the Wady Salman. It seems they call the Wady by the names of neighboring Sheikhs, so that the same channel bears different names at different points. All the way these rocky hills were overspread with lovely red and pink flowers. Many flocks of black sheep were pasturing here, but nearly all the hills bore evidence of having been once terraced to the top for vines and olive trees. Now they are utterly waste and bare and uncultivated. The trees and vines have disappeared, and the rains have washed most of the soil away, and only the stone terraces and a thin veneering of earth remain. An immense amount of work must have been expended in making these terraces, and vast crops of fruit must have been raised here; and in the time of Christ, when these hills were clothed with luxuriant foliage, they must have looked as charming as now they look desolate. On some of the hills we saw remains of ancient wine-presses where they used to crush the grapes, and ruined vaults where the wine was stored—relics of a prosperity vanished ages ago.

We passed a few small villages perched among the mountains, and stopped at one of them called Bittir—the town known as Bether in the

* Song Sol. 1:5.

† 1 Sam. 6: 10-12.

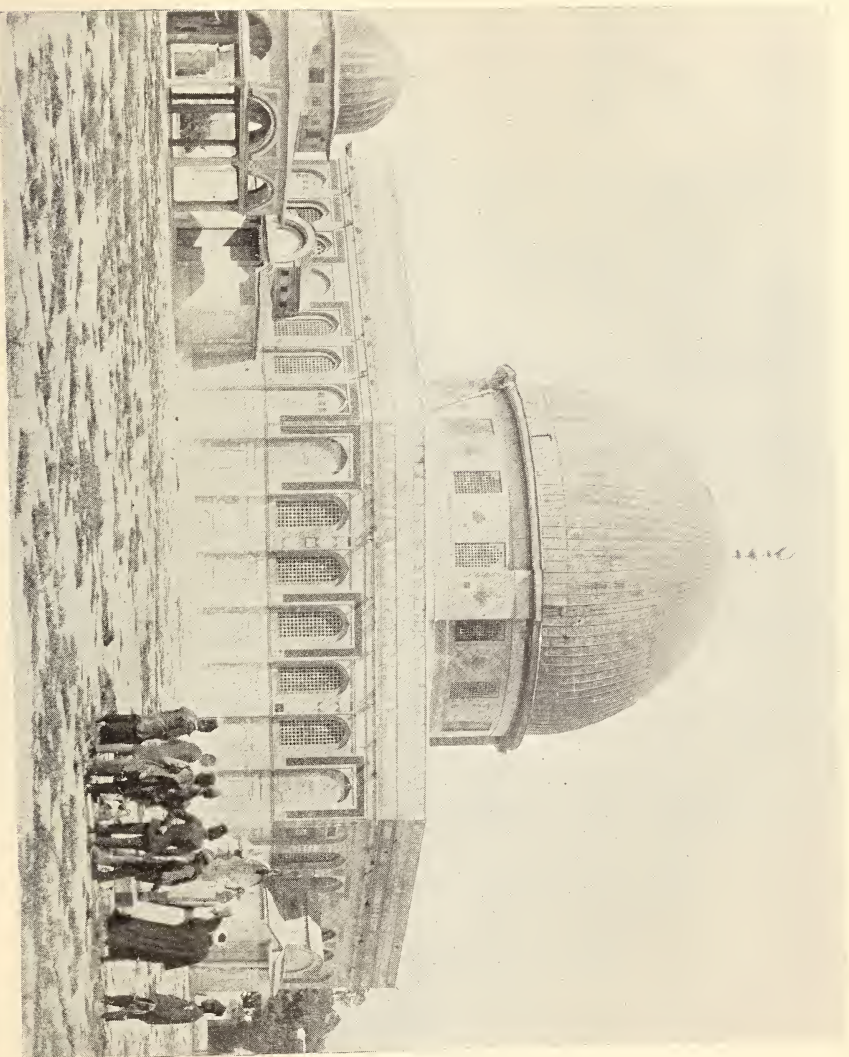
‡ Judg. 13: 2, 24.

days of the Romans, and famous in the post-Biblical history of the country. This was the birthplace of Bar Cocheba, who headed the insurrection of the Jews against the Romans, in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, and here he was crowned king by the Jews, and here in this mountain-fortress they made their last stand against the Romans. For over fifty years after the terrible destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, which involved, according to Josephus, the slaughter of eleven hundred thousand Jews, there had been frequent plots and insurrections on the part of the subjugated people, till even Hadrian, who had showed them some favor at the beginning of his reign, became bitter against them. These disturbances culminated in a general uprising about 132 A. D., when Bar Cocheba announced himself to be the Star that should come out of Jacob, according to the prophecy of Balaam, and should "smite the corners of Moab and destroy all the children of Sheth."* He was accepted by the populace as the long-looked for Messiah and Deliverer, and they flocked to his standard. A fierce fanatic he must have been, for he required every one of his followers to have a finger cut off to prove his courage and resolution. It is said that 200,000 men submitted to this test. They captured Jerusalem, which had been partly rebuilt, and many other places; and it took the Romans three years to subdue the revolt. But at length Bether the last stronghold of the desperate Jews was overwhelmed, and they were all put to the sword. More than half a million perished; while on the side of the Romans the victory was dearly bought by enormous losses.

Beyond Bether we ran down into a valley southwest of Jerusalem, and about one o'clock P. M., our train came to a halt at the station nearly a mile outside the walls of the city, which is situated upon a hill, or rather four hills inclosed by deep valleys. We were transferred to carriages, and drove rapidly over the dusty road towards the renowned city which had been so long the goal of our aspirations and our journeyings by sea and land. As its lofty, mediæval walls came into view, our hearts beat fast with expectation. At last we were to see the city of David and Solomon and the long line of Judean kings; the city whose streets had been trodden by the feet of our Savior and His Apostles; the city of a thousand sacred memories, regarded as the Holy City alike by Jews and Christians and Mohammedans. As we followed the road under its walls and passed the gate known as the Jaffa gate, we were eager to enter it at once and explore its monuments of interest.

* Num. 24 : 17.

But this we were not to do immediately. First we were to go to our hotel, the Hotel Jerusalem, which is situated in the new part of the city that has grown up outside the walls on the west and northwest side. So we turned to our left at the Jaffa gate, and drove a mile further past the imposing religious houses of the Russians and into the German quarter, where we stopped at a group of low, stone buildings that constituted the Hotel Jerusalem, and were to be our headquarters during our stay in the city. Here we refreshed ourselves and rested after our journey—our pilgrimage complete.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

CHAPTER XII.

A GENERAL VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

THE tourist who visits modern Jerusalem experiences singularly conflicting emotions. He admires its commanding situation, upon a mountain 2,500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and surrounded by other mountains still higher, and he is filled with enthusiasm over the sacred associations that cluster about this venerable city. But he is sadly impressed with the decay and dilapidation that he sees on every side,—the wretched interior of the city, the dingy buildings, the narrow and dirty streets, the poverty and degradation and grovelling fanaticism of its inhabitants. On the ocean steamer outward bound, I was talking to a gentleman who had travelled much abroad, and had been through the Holy Land and Syria. “You will be greatly disenchanted,” said he, “when you see Jerusalem.” And I was. It is not the city of one’s dreams and expectations, but a forlorn caricature of them; a city whose pride and beauty have vanished, and whose holy places are desecrated by base superstition and empty formalism. One thinks like the Crusaders of old, to come nearer to Christ in these localities that He once trod; but we find that He is not there—that He is rather to be apprehended in lands like our own, where His spiritual presence is manifested and felt. It seems to me thus that New York is more of a hoïy city than Jerusalem, and that piety has nothing to gain by pilgrimage.

And yet it is exceedingly interesting to a Christian to visit and study these ruins of a memorable past. It deepens his impression of the reality of the scenes and events that Scripture has familiarized him with. He finds fresh confirmations of the sacred narrative on every side. He learns the relative positions of places, the accuracy of Scriptural references to them and to the features of the country and to the customs of the people, and the past seems to live again before him. The land

of Palestine has been called "a fifth gospel," and appropriately so, since a study of it illumines wonderfully the four gospels that we have. And not only them, but it illumines the whole Bible for us, enabling us to understand a thousand things that would otherwise be obscure to the Occidental mind. While chief of all "the city of the Great King,"* as the Psalmist calls it, richly repays investigation of its remaining monuments, though so little has been spared by the vandalism of its successive destroyers.

Our first excursion from our hotel was to an elevated point within the walls, from which we might obtain a complete view of the city and its surroundings. So we were driven in shabby and rattling carriages of an antique pattern, that looked as though they had been in use before we were born, to the Damascus Gate on the north side; where we alighted, as it is not possible for carriages to pass through the very narrow and steeply terraced streets. One must either walk or ride a donkey, and on account of the crowd of pedestrians the latter is the slower method of the two. Outside this Damascus Gate it is believed that Stephen, the first Christian martyr, was stoned to death,† and was buried in the garden of Gamaliel, near by. Entering the gate we saw in the adjoining wall the upper part of the arch of the ancient gate, which now lies buried 28 feet deep. This prepared us for the statement, that the Jerusalem of our Savior's time is overlaid by twenty to fifty feet of rubbish; that the streets of to-day are by no means the streets He walked, and may not follow the same lines; and that there is not a house there now that He looked upon. Jeremiah's prophecy, that "the city shall be builded upon her own heap,"‡ has been literally fulfilled many times. After each overthrow of the city, when it has been rebuilt, there has been no effort to clear away the ruins to the former grade, but the debris has been levelled down and the new city built on top of the old one.

This of course makes it very difficult to identify positively any of the ancient sites, and opens the door to endless controversies. It is commonly said, that there have been at least eight different Jerusalems; and some say eleven. There was first the Jerusalem of the Jebusites; secondly, the Jerusalem of David and Solomon and the Judean kings; thirdly, the Jerusalem of Ezra and Nehemiah and the Maccabees; fourthly, the city of Herod, destroyed by the Romans under Titus, A. D. 70; fifthly, the city built by the Emperor Hadrian and called Elia

* Ps. 48:2.

† Acts 7: 59.

‡ Jer. 30: 18.

Capitolina, and continuing under the Christian emperors; sixthly, the Jerusalem of the Saracens; seventhly, the Jerusalem of the Crusaders; and eighthly, the modern city of the Moslems. Twenty-seven times Jerusalem has been besieged, and often taken and "laid on heaps,"* till there has scarcely "one stone been left upon another that was not thrown down."†

The present walls of Jerusalem are in a good state of preservation; they were built by the Sultan Solyman in the 16th century—the materials used being the remains of the older walls, all hewn stones bedded in mortar. These walls are about 35 feet high, and include 34 towers which gave them additional strength in the warfare of the period when they were constructed; but of course they would be worthless to resist our modern rifled cannon. They are pierced by five gates now in use; the Jaffa Gate on the west leading to Bethlehem and Hebron as well as Jaffa; the Damascus Gate, or Gate of the Columns on the north; St. Stephen's Gate, or the Gate of the Tribes on the east, leading to the Mount of Olives and Bethany; the Dung Gate leading to the Pool of Siloam, and the Zion Gate on the south. The circuit of the walls is only about two miles and a half; in Christ's time a little more than four miles, inclosing the whole plateau that rises from the deep, narrow valleys around, called respectively the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Valley of Hinnom, and the Valley of Gihon. It could always be said as the Psalmist said, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together."‡ It was compact because it had no room to spread out, and in the days of its prosperity must have been very densely populated.

Jerusalem is built on four hills. As we entered from the north at the Damascus Gate, on our right hand was the hill called Akra, and directly south of it Mount Zion. On our left hand was the hill Bezetha, and south of it Mount Moriah, on which the temple was built, and where now stands the Mosque of Omar. The depression between the hills on the right and those on the left is called the Tyropœon, formerly called the Cheesemongers' Valley, and once very deep, but now nearly filled up with the rubbish of centuries. The hill Bezetha belongs to the Mohammedan quarter, which extends to and includes the area about the Mosque of Omar. The space between the Damascus Gate and the Jaffa Gate, *i. e.* the hill Akra, is assigned to the Greeks and the Roman Catholics. And the remainder, or Mount Zion, is divided between the

* Ps. 79: 1.

† Mark 13: 2.

‡ Ps. 122: 3.

Armenians and Jews, the former occupying the more elevated part, and the latter bordering in part upon Mount Moriah, where once stood their beloved temple. Perhaps these statements, which if not mathematically exact are approximately correct, of the various divisions of the city, will help the reader to understand better the localities of the buildings that we visited.

After entering the Damascus Gate we turned to the left and went up the hill Bezetha to a house occupied by a company of people representing different nationalities, but known in Jerusalem as "the Americans," because the original company came from Chicago about a dozen years ago. They founded a community for the cultivation of personal holiness. Some of them have died, and others of various nationalities have joined them, till they number in all twenty-five people,—men, women and children,—but they are still known as "the Americans." We were very politely received by several of them in a large upper room that appeared like a family sitting room at home, and we had conversation with them about their views and purposes. They do not engage in missionary work, further than to talk with any who may choose to come and see them, but they claim to be waiting on the Lord, and waiting for the fulfillment of the promises. They especially insist upon the importance of the fulfillment of Christ's prayer for His disciples, "that they may be one,"* and they say that when Christians are one and harmonious, it will be easy to convert mankind. So they are endeavoring to present an object lesson in Christian unity, and are just waiting.

They kindly took us up on the roof of the house, and from this elevation, above the summit of the hill, we obtained an excellent view of the whole city and its environs. The house stands very near to the north wall of the city and overtops it. Looking northward we saw not far from the Damascus Gate, perhaps a quarter of a mile, a dome-shaped hill, entirely free from buildings or trees, on whose nearer side appeared a natural cave in the rock, which is called Jeremiah's Grotto. Here, according to tradition, the weeping prophet was imprisoned, and here he wrote his Lamentations. This is the hill which is believed by many modern scholars to be the true site of Calvary, rather than the traditional site upon which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has so long stood. But to this subject we shall recur later. This northern or northwestern side of the city is the only side on which it is not bounded

* John 17:21, 22.

by a deep valley ; it has always furnished therefore the most feasible approach for besiegers. On the elevated ground outside once spread the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar ; and there Titus marshalled his Roman legions ; and there was the battle-ground of the Crusaders and the Saracens. Far in the northwest horizon looms up the loftiest mountain within sight, called by the Arabs Neby Samwil, on which the ancient Mizpeh was situated, to which town Samuel called the people together to make Saul king,* and which was one of the towns of Samuel's circuit as judge.† Mizpeh means watch-tower, and this eminence might well have been selected as a post of observation, from which to survey the country and give warning of the approach of an invading foe.

Looking east we saw the Mount of Olives and the hill Scopus, which is the northern peak of the mountain. They are about 300 feet higher than the eastern part of the city, and separated from it by the Valley of Jehoshaphat or the Valley of the Kedron, a little brook at the time when we were there, but a torrent in the winter ‡ and a perfectly dry channel in the summer. On the lower slope of Olivet we could see the dark cypresses of the Garden of Gethsemane, and above them the glittering towers of a handsome Russian church, and groups of ancient religious houses on the summit. To the southeast a more extensive prospect opened away down to the Dead Sea, beyond which rose the mountains of Moab. South of the city we saw the Hill of Evil Counsel and to the west of this the plains of Rephaim and the road leading to Bethlehem, whose rugged outlying hills closed the view in that direction. While on the west of the city's walls was the new part of Jerusalem, extending from the Jaffa Gate northwest and including all the more recent and finest buildings.

It is an interesting fact that this present extension of the city follows the direction and occupies the localities predicted by Jeremiah, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb, and shall compass about to Goath." † The New Hotel, so called, has been built just inside the Jaffa Gate, on the site of the Tower of Hananeel, a part of its foundations resting on the old wall of that Tower. And the improvements extend over the hills Gareb and Goath, as Jeremiah predicted ; business-blocks, churches, hospices, consulates, hotels, private residences ; reaching as Zechariah predicted, "from the tower

* I Sam. 10 : 17-25.

† I Sam. 7 : 16.

‡ Jer. 31 : 38, 39.

of Hananeel unto the king's winepresses,"* which last still exist and have been identified. A remarkable fulfillment of prophecy this, in our own day.

Within the city proper, all the prominent points of interest were pointed out to us from the roof of the Americans' house. In the south-east quarter the graceful Mosque of Omar, or as the Moslems call it the Kubbet-es-Sukhrah, *i. e.*, the Dome of the Rock, standing within its inclosure of thirty-five acres which is called the Haram-esh-Sherif, *i. e.*, the Noble Sanctuary, where once the Temple of Solomon stood. Close by it the Mosque El Aksa, once a Christian church built by Justinian. North of this inclosure and nearer to us the church of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary. On our right upon the hill Akra, the imposing church of the Holy Sepulchre with its immense copper dome, and near it the ruins of the Hospital of the Knights of St. John. Upon Mount Zion, further south, the massive Tower of David, and beyond it the English Church and the Armenian Convent. East of these the Jewish quarter and its two large synagogues, one with a green and one with a white dome. And higher up on the top of Zion, the black dome that marks the Tomb of David. It was a wonderful panorama spread out before us, that whetted our appetites for the feast of exploration; and we descended to the ground and took leave of our eccentric but kind hosts, eager to begin the work of sight-seeing.

* Zech. 14 : 10.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR AND BETHESDA.

PERHAPS most pilgrims to Jerusalem visit first of all the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, believing that here they are upon the sacred ground of the Crucifixion. But we with less of faith in that tradition than they made our first object of approach the so-called Mosque of Omar, that occupies the site of the ancient Temple. Though it is not strictly speaking a mosque, but belongs rather to the class of shrines erected over some sacred spot or tomb. We reached it from the Jaffa Gate by following thence "the street of David," which runs directly from the gate across the city to the court of the mosque. This is one of the most interesting spots in the world; regarded with as much reverence by Mohammedans as by Jews, and with no slight reverence by Christians also. It is to Jerusalem what the Acropolis is to Athens—the centre of its pristine pride and glory. The Mohammedans have guarded it jealously, for hundreds of years forbidding any Christian or Jew to enter it on pain of death. It is only since the Crimean war, less than forty years ago, that these restrictions have been removed; but now the tourist can enter and examine at his leisure everything about the court and within the building, and its custodians, with Oriental graciousness, will show him through, and accept the liberal backsheesh that he is expected to pay. They esteem this the most sacred edifice of Islam next to the Mosque of Mecca, which, of course, stands first; even as they esteem Jerusalem the second most sacred city of the world.

The Haram, or spacious court within which the mosque stands, is an oblong level area paved with marble, and in places ornamented with trees, and inclosed by walls that are built up from the declivities of the hill on three sides,—the east, the south, and the west. On the north, the natural level of the ground is higher than this area, and the native rock has been cut into to form a wall. On that side stood the Tower

of Antonia in the days of Christ and of Paul, where the Roman garrison was stationed, and whence they could look down into the temple-area and keep a watch upon the turbulent Jews. This was "the castle" into which Paul was carried by the chief captain, who rescued him from the mob of Jews that were about to kill him; and from the stairs of this castle Paul addressed the mob.* Some of the stones of this tower, as they are believed to be, we saw lying upon the rock. The walls upon the other three sides of the paved area, while not very high upon the inside, rise from a great depth below. At the southeast corner the wall is 180 feet high outside, above the ancient level of the ground, and though the rubbish has accumulated from 60 to 90 feet deep the effect is still imposing. These walls were originally raised to enlarge the surface of the hill-top for the temple inclosure, by filling up the space within them; and while their upper courses are modern, and the courses below these Saracenic, and those further down Herodian, on the lower foundation-stones recent explorers have found masons' marks in Phœnician letters, which prove their Solomonic origin. These walls are 1,530 feet long on the east side, 922 feet on the south, 1,601 on the west, and 1,024 on the north.

We entered the sacred precincts on the west side at the foot of David street, by a few ascending steps, and walked from one point to another, while our guide tried to reconstruct for us the scene as it appeared of old. On the northwest stood, it is supposed, the quadrangular building where the Jewish priests kept their stores, and where they resorted to warm themselves at the fire in cold weather. On the eastern side was the covert where they slept. On the southeast corner probably stood the House of the Forest of Lebanon, where Solomon kept the rank and file of his wives; and on the southwest stood the palace where he lived with Pharaoh's daughter. Near the southwest corner came in the bridge, or arched way above the Valley of the Tyropœon, that Solomon built from Mount Zion to the temple-inclosure; called in the book of Chronicles "his ascent by which he went up into the House of the Lord,"† that excited the admiration of the Queen of Sheba. On the west side of the Mosque of Omar our guide was disposed to locate the Holy Place, and the Holy of Holies in the rear of the great altar of burnt-offering. Yet an impenetrable cloud of uncertainty, I need scarcely say, rests upon these particular identifications.

Around the sides of the temple-area, within its walls, ran in Christ's

* Acts 21 : 30-40.

† II Chron. 9 : 4.

day those magnificent cloisters, having roofs of carved cedar supported by columns of white marble, called the Court of the Gentiles, where proselytes might enter, and where the money-changers had their tables, and doves and beasts were sold for sacrifice.* The cloister on the east side was called Solomon's Porch; and here our Savior walked and taught,† and here Peter and John addressed the multitude later.‡ Steps led upward from the Court of the Gentiles to an inner terrace inclosed by a stone screen, on which were hung notices threatening death to any foreigner who should pass within. Part of this space formed the Court of the Women; then came the Courts of the Men and the Priests; and on a still higher platform stood the Temple itself, reached by ten gates, nine of them resplendent with gold and silver, and the tenth or "Beautiful Gate" of the temple made of precious Corinthian brass covered with plates of gold. Truly splendid must have been these buildings in the days of Christ.

But wearied with the effort to reconstruct these things in imagination we passed to the Mosque of Omar, that stands on a raised platform of marble and is an octagonal structure—each side 67 or 68 feet long and 36 feet high, while the height of the dome including the platform is 170 feet. The exterior walls are cased with colored marbles to a height of 16 feet, and above that are covered with porcelain tiles, and a frieze of tiles extends around the building on which are written passages from the Koran. There are four entrances facing the cardinal points, and seven round-arched windows on each side, *i. e.*, 56 windows in all, filled with beautiful stained glass. The mosque was built between 688 and 693 A. D. We entered at the east door, having first put on great coarse slippers over our shoes. Within we stepped into a cloister 13 feet wide, inclosed by a wrought-iron screen divided by piers and columns of noticeable beauty. Within this was a space 30 feet wide, and then a second iron screen or railing encircling a mass of rough native rock, the top of the sacred mountain. This second railing was relieved by four massive piers and twelve elegant Corinthian columns of variegated marble with gilded capitals, which support the dome 66 feet wide at its base.

We looked over this screen at the mass of rock with the keenest interest. For it is believed that this was the spot where Melchizedek sacrificed; § where Abraham offered up his son Isaac; || where stood in David's time the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, which David

* John 2 : 14-16.

‡ Gen. 14 : 18.

† John 10 : 23.

|| Gen. 22 : 2.

‡ Acts 3 : 11 and 5 : 12.

by inspiration fixed as the site of the future temple that Solomon actually built there.* We saw in the midst of the rock a hole, over which it is supposed the altar of burnt-offering stood; the refuse and blood passing down through the hole and by a conduit below to the valley of the Kedron. The Moslems have a legend, that this rock descended from heaven and is suspended in the air; that Mohammed ascended to heaven through the hole in the rock; and that the rock following him in his ascent the angel Gabriel laid hold of it and held it down. We were shown several round holes on one side of the rock, two or three inches in diameter, as the indentations made by the angel's fingers. Another legend is connected with a small slab of verde antique set in the fine mosaic pavement of the mosque. This slab is full of nail-holes and has three and a half nails sticking in it. The Moslems say that there were originally nineteen nails in the slab, and that the Devil drove them all through but these three and a half; and that when these disappear the end of the world will come. So they keep the slab in this holy place to preserve it, and prevent the Devil from finishing his work. They showed us also a case in which are said to be treasured up seven hairs from the beard of Mohammed. By touching the case with one's hand, through a hole, the blessing of the prophet is secured. Of course we all reached in and gained the blessing; whatever it might be worth.

Then we descended to a cave below in the rock, where probably Araunah the Jebusite kept his grain after threshing it, to hide it from robbers; as to this day it is the custom in Palestine to hide everything precious. Here comes through the hole from above; and in the centre of the floor of the cave is a slab, covering what the Mohammedans call the Well of the Spirits, into which they say all spirits descend, and whence they will be brought up to judgment by the hair of their heads. Probably this was the passage by which the blood and refuse of the sacrifices offered above passed down to the Kedron. The floor and sides of the cave sound hollow; a proof, the Mohammedans say, that this mountain is hung in the air. Around the sides of the cave they showed us the praying-places of Abraham, David, Solomon, Elijah and Mohammed. At the last day they believe that the Black Stone of Mecca will come to this gray rock of Jerusalem, and the blast of the trumpet will summon all men to the Valley of Jehoshaphat for judgment; and then Mohammed, assisted by Jesus, will sit on a round porphyry column projecting from the east wall of the Haram and will execute judgment.

* 1 Chron. 22 : 1.

Sated with these legends we left the Mosque of Omar, and crossed the court to the Mosque El-Aksa, which stands at its south end. This was originally a church built by the Emperor Justinian, about the middle of the 6th century, in honor of the Virgin; but was enlarged and beautified by the Crusaders, when it became the Church of the Knights Templar, whose residence adjoined. It is a handsome building, 272 feet long by 184 wide. In front of it is a large cistern, into which the water comes by an aqueduct from Solomon's Pools, south of Bethlehem. This is believed to be the place where Solomon's Brazen Sea stood, affording facilities for the ablutions of the priests. Entering the mosque, as it is now, the first thing we noticed was a slab in the pavement marking the grave of a Knight Templar. The lofty roof is supported by 45 columns, most of them being marble, and a dome rises in the centre. The wood-work of the pulpit is exquisitely carved and inlaid with ivory and gold. It was made at Damascus and brought here by Saladin. At the back of it is a stone said to bear the imprint of Christ's foot. The apse looking toward Mecca is lined with colored marbles.

Leaving the mosque we descended a long flight of steps at the southeastern corner of the Haram or inclosure, and came to a small vaulted chamber, where we were shown what the Moslems call the cradle of the prophet Jesus—a hollowed block of alabaster shaped like a shell. Here they say that Simeon * dwelt, and that the Virgin was entertained by him for some days as his guest, when Jesus was brought to be circumcised. From this room we descended to a series of vast underground vaults, where we gazed admiringly upon the substructions of the temple-area—great stone arches and massive columns supporting the platform above that was built to enlarge the space for the temple-courts. These subterranean chambers are called Solomon's Stables, for some think that Solomon kept his horses there. Possibly so; some of the lower stones are bevelled, like the work of Solomon's day; but most of the stone-work seems to belong to the Herodian period, and some is still later. At least there is little doubt that the Knights Templar kept their horses here. In the corners of many of the columns are cut round holes, through which halters to tie the horses could readily be run.

We came up and walked along the east side of the inclosure, on the site of Solomon's Porch, where our Savior walked during "the feast of the dedication," in winter,† and delivered that remarkable discourse recorded by John, in which He so distinctly claimed divinity. And

* Luke 2 : 25.

† John 10 : 23.

there we saw the famous Golden Gate in the solid wall; once the chief entrance to the temple-court from the east, and in the time of the Crusaders open on Palm Sunday to allow the Patriarch to ride in amid a great procession, bearing palm-branches and strewing the ground before him with their clothes, in imitation of the entry of Christ. Long since it has been walled up by the Mohammedans, who have a tradition that when this gate is opened Moslem power will be destroyed. As we passed we put up a silent prayer, that the time may soon come when this gate shall be wide open; when Islam shall fall, and the Divine King shall have His own.

Leaving the Haram or court of the mosque by its northeastern gate we went to see the Church of St. Anne, in the immediate neighborhood. This is a modern restoration of an old church of the Crusaders, that was found here in a good state of preservation, when the ground was excavated, which had been given by the Sultan to Emperor Napoleon III of France, at the close of the Crimean war. It is said that a nunnery was connected with it in the time of the Crusades, and that here Baldwin I compelled his wife to take the veil. But it is interesting not merely as a fine specimen of the pure Gothic architecture of that period; rather because it is supposed to be on the site of the house of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary. This it is claimed was the birth-place of the Blessed Virgin, and on this spot she lived before she became a resident of Nazareth, when the angel Gabriel made annunciation to her of the dignity divinely conferred upon her.*

Near this church there is a very large pit or basin, mostly excavated from the native rock, which has long been believed to be the Pool of Bethesda, where Jesus healed the impotent man who had an infirmity thirty and eight years.† At least the tradition to this effect runs back to the 12th century. The measurements of this basin are stated to be 360 feet long, 126 feet wide, and 80 feet deep; but it is so far filled with rubbish that the depth is not realized. The north wall of the Haram borders it. If the Revised Version of John 5:2, which states that the Pool of Bethesda was by the sheep gate, is correct, and if the sheep gate is to be identified with St. Stephen's Gate, then this basin is in the locality of the ancient Bethesda. And its style of construction shows it must have been made for a reservoir of water. But its great depth would seem to forbid the idea that cripples and blind and diseased persons were wont to step down into it to be healed.

* Luke 1:26-28.

† John 5:1-3.

It has long been disputed whether this or the Fountain of the Virgin in the Kedron valley was the pool of Bethesda ; but recent discoveries have offered a more probable identification than either. Not far away from this great basin the remains of another old church on a lower level than the Church of St. Anne have been unearthed, and we went down by a flight of steps to see the ruins, which probably date back to early Christian times. From the level of the church a stone stair-case leads down to extensive vaults below, where there is a pool of water in a basin cut out of the native rock with five stone arches over it. I walked down the slippery steps and saw this pool and the five arches, and felt satisfied that this was probably the original pool of Bethesda. The five arches correspond in number to the five porches that John mentions as connected with Bethesda, and the depth below the present surface of the ground, some thirty or forty feet, indicates the antiquity of this construction. Doubtless the early Christians built the old church, whose ruins lie above, to preserve the site of Bethesda as a place made sacred by the Saviour's miracle. And the church was in turn covered by the mass of ruins and debris, till revealed by recent exploration.

Perhaps this discovery may be taken as an illustration of the importance of those excavations that are now being carried on in Jerusalem and elsewhere in the Holy Land. Modern research has by no means exhausted its usefulness there, but we have reason to expect from it valuable additions to our present knowledge of localities, buildings and relics, and aids to the solution of some of those problems that have long perplexed archæologists. In our day the spade and the pick have become commentators.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

AT the Church of St. Anne and the supposed pool of Bethesda we were not far from the reputed site of Pilate's Judgment Hall. We were near the eastern end of the Via Dolorosa, that starts at St. Stephen's Gate, on the east side of Jerusalem, and runs past the Judgment Hall and to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The site of the Judgment Hall is usually identified with the Serai, or mansion of the Pasha of Jerusalem, and the Turkish barracks on the northwest corner of the Haram or Temple inclosure. Here stood the Tower of Antonia in Christ's day, occupied by Roman soldiers keeping watch over the riotous Jews. Some of the old stones of the Tower remain built into the present structure, which is comparatively modern and is a square tower some forty feet high. Now "the palace," as the Revised Version has it, or "the hall of judgment," as our Authorized Version calls it*—in Greek the *prætorium*—was in all probability connected with the Tower of Antonia. Some have thought that Pilate occupied the Palace of Herod on Mount Zion, inferring this from a general statement of Josephus that the Roman governors of Judea, when they were in Jerusalem, converted the palace of Herod into a *prætorium* or official residence. But if Pilate did so, where did Herod Antipas dwell who had come to Jerusalem to keep the Passover at the time of Christ's arrest? The word *prætorium* meant originally the tent of the general in the Roman camp; then it came to signify the residence of the prætor or provincial ruler, where the court of justice was held. It would naturally be connected with the soldiers' barracks and the state prison. And so we find that when the Roman soldiers led Christ into the *prætorium* to mock Him, they "called together the whole band," which would seem to imply the garrison rather than a few guards. Hence it

* John 18: 28, 33.

is most probable that Pilate's residence and Judgment Hall were in or adjoining the Tower of Antonia. And so Christian tradition has always held.

In front of the prætorium Christ was cruelly scourged by Pilate's order, and in memory of it has been erected the Chapel of the Flagellation. The stairs by which our Saviour descended from the prætorium to be led to the crucifixion have been removed, according to tradition, to a building adjoining the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome. They consist of 28 marble steps cased with wood to prevent them from being worn away. No foot is ever allowed to tread these steps, but people climb up them on their knees, repeating a Paternoster or Ave Maria on each step. There is always a number of pilgrims, both men and women, toiling up these stairs and often bowing down to kiss them. They descend on foot by other staircases parallel to the sacred one. The story has often been told, how Martin Luther, when he made his pilgrimage to Rome, went up this Holy Staircase; and while doing so recalled the words of Scripture, "The just shall live by faith,"* which showed him the folly of the superstitious practice. There are two notable statues at the foot of the staircase on either side; one represents Judas betraying Jesus with a kiss; and the other Pilate presenting Jesus to the people with the touching words, *Ecce Homo*, Behold the Man!

Christian art has indeed been busy in portraying our Saviour in connection with Pilate's Judgment Hall. Who, that has seen that wonderful painting by the Hungarian artist Munkacsy, entitled "Christ before Pilate," which was exhibited in New York a few years ago, will forget the overwhelming impression it produced on the mind? What a masterpiece was the figure of Pilate sitting upon the judgment-seat! his round military head bent in deep thought, his eyes downcast, the perplexed and irritated expression upon his face, while he pondered how to get rid of the case—to satisfy the enraged multitude, yet to avoid shedding the blood of the innocent. Even the very twisting of his fingers showed the concentration of his mind upon the disagreeable business before him. Then the faces of the scribes and elders and Pharisees were perfectly studied, and expressed the mingled haughtiness and subserviency, the hatred and envy and fear, of Christ's enemies. The unreasoning prejudice of the Jewish crowd, the stolid contempt of Roman soldiery, the pity and curiosity of some spectators; all found suitable portrayal on the canvass. Only the face of our Saviour was unsatisfactorily exe-

* Rom. i : 17.

cuted. Here the artist failed, as all delineators of our Saviour's face have failed, and must fail. So too one may speak of Gustave Doré's celebrated painting of "Christ leaving the Prætorium," of which so many reproductions have been made. Admirable as is its conception of the scene and its pictures of various characters in the crowd, it fails adequately to set forth the Divine Man who is going to His sacrifice.

Opposite the site of the Prætorium, across the narrow Via Dolorosa, or Sorrowful street, stands the Roman Catholic Convent of Our Lady of Zion. Here is seen the half of a great stone arch spanning the alley, the remaining half of the arch running inside the wall of the convent. This arch, apparently a piece of Roman work, was discovered some years ago, when they were excavating for the foundations of the convent. It is called the Ecce Homo Arch, because it is believed to have been a part of Pilate's Judgment Hall, and the very portal where Pilate showed Jesus to the Jews and said, "Behold the man."* Some however dispute this, and think that the arch dates only from the time of the Emperor Hadrian. We entered the Convent of the Sisters, who keep an orphanage. They took care of the children of those who were massacred by the Druses in Syria, and have now about a hundred orphan girls there, whom they educate. Among other things they teach the girls to mount wild flowers very prettily on cards, and to make needle-work for sale to visitors. One of the Sisters conducted us into their chapel, built parallel with the street, where we saw behind the altar the missing section of the great arch running within the chapel-wall, and alongside of it a smaller and lower arch. Of course there must have been originally another small arch on the other side of the large middle arch, and this would have been on the other side of the present street. There could be no doubt that these round arches were ancient Roman work; and it is not unlikely that they belonged to Pilate's time.

At the further end of the Chapel stood an old stone pedestal found there when the convent was built, such as was used in Roman times for an officer to stand on when making proclamation of decrees and judgments. On the side of this rear part of the Chapel was a piece of old Roman wall which the modern builders allowed to remain *in situ*. Leaving the Chapel we descended into the basement, where we saw another similar pedestal or a section of it used for the proclamation of edicts. And here we walked over a long piece of ancient Roman pavement, which is believed to have been just outside Pilate's Prætorium,

* John 19: 5.

and to have been the Pavement referred to by John when he says that Pilate "brought Jesus forth and sat down in the judgment-seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha." * We were much impressed with the probability that here we were treading upon the very stones once pressed by our Savior's feet. We went below this floor to a sub-basement and saw the substructions of the pavement—massive supporting piers and an arched way leading to similar arched ways under the temple area and the Mosque of Omar. How solidly they built in those days of yore!

We came up and passed out into the narrow street; called the *Via Dolorosa* or Sorrowful street, because believed to be the road by which Christ carrying His cross, went from the Pavement to Calvary. But, as already explained, the original road must have been at least twenty to thirty feet below the level of the present street, and there is no possible proof that it followed the same lines and turns as the latter, which dates back only to the 14th century. These facts however have not hindered pious invention from identifying and designating every point on the street at which the various incidents recorded in the Gospels, or asserted by tradition, took place. There are fourteen stations for prayer in the *Via Dolorosa*, for so many times they say Christ stopped on the way to Calvary. These Fourteen Stations of the Cross, as they are called, we often see pictured on the walls of Roman Catholic churches or wrought into the stained-glass windows; and the faithful are wont to pray before each of them in turn. They are such as these: the place where Christ sank under the cross; that where Simon the Cyrenian was compelled to bear it; that where Christ turned to the mourning women and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children;" † the spot where Christ halted a moment to lean against the wall, and was rudely repulsed by the owner, who was thereupon doomed to wander homeless till the end of the world; and the spot where Veronica wiped the brow of our Savior with her handkerchief, and His features became imprinted upon it! All these traditional localities were pointed out to us as we went along; and also the reputed site of the house of the Rich Man of the parable, and the stone on which the beggar Lazarus sat at his gate. Needless to say that we had no faith in any of these identifications.

The street has many turns and zigzags, and is arched over in places

* John 19: 13.

† Luke 23: 28.

and houses built above it, so that one seems to be walking through a tunnel. It leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which has been for ages the most interesting and sacred spot in Jerusalem to Christians of every name. Built by Constantine, it is especially associated with the long continuing wars of the Crusades from 1095 to 1274, in which the Christian nations of Europe fought with the Saracens for the possession of the sepulchre of Christ and the city of Jerusalem and the Holy Land in general. To us this seems to have been a visionary and crack-brained undertaking, in which an immense amount of blood and treasure was uselessly lavished. But to the semi-barbarous and superstitious warriors of Europe, it appeared a noble and holy mission to rescue what they believed to be the tomb of their Lord from the polluting hand of the infidel. After incredible hardships and losses the Christian armies gained Jerusalem and erected a Christian kingdom there, which endured in various forms for a hundred and fifty years till finally swept away by the Moslems.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was remodelled by the Crusaders in the 12th century, who built its impressive front that looks down into an open paved space—a favorite resort of sellers of mother-of-pearl and olive-wood souvenirs. There were once two great round-arched doorways into the church; but one has been walled up entirely, and the upper part of the other has been filled in so that one enters by a low door under the carved work. The first thing seen within is somewhat surprising; a guard of Turkish officials and soldiers stationed near the door to keep the peace between the rival Christian sects, who have joint possession of the building, and who, if it were not for the presence of these infidel guards, would soon fly at one another's throats. Fearful riots between these sects have taken place there at times, and the Turks are present to prevent bloodshed. A sad commentary this upon the lack of unity or even fraternity in Christendom.

The immense church is about 350 feet long and 280 feet wide, and includes a large number of chapels and sacred places. In fact there are within it thirty-seven stations, at which the different sects—Greeks, Roman Catholics, Armenians, Syrians, and Copts—hold services. I will not attempt to mention all of them, only those we visited. The first we observed on entering was the Stone of Unction, where they say the body of our Savior was laid and anointed when taken down from the cross. The original slab however is not seen; being covered by another stone slab, which the faithful devoutly kiss upon their knees. This part

of the church is the property of the Armenians, and here we saw them holding service as we came out. Next we saw an iron cage to the left, said to mark the spot where the Virgin Mary stood to see what would be done with the body of Christ. A few steps further is the little wooden chapel of the Copts, about as large as a good-sized closet, built directly in the rear of the Holy Sepulchre, that stands in the Rotunda. This most ancient sect was the last to get a chapel here, and was given this place nearest to the Sepulchre, because all the other space was taken up. West of this we visited the very plain chapel of the Syrians, out of which open several tombs cut in the native rock. Two of them are said to be those of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathæa. At any rate they are believed to be ancient Jewish tombs; confirming the tradition that this spot was in Christ's time outside the city walls, though now so far within them.

On the north of the Sepulchre, in the Rotunda, we saw in an open space the spot where it is said that Mary met our Lord and supposed Him to be the gardener. Going up a few steps to the Chapel of the Latins or Roman Catholics, we saw the Chapel of the Apparition, so called because here they claim that Christ appeared to Mary after His resurrection. In the Latin Chapel we found an altar upon which lay a stick, called the Rod of Moses; and doing as the others did, I poked the rod through a round hole over the altar and touched with it a piece of stone column, to which they say Christ was bound when scourged. The faithful afterwards kiss the end of the stick that touched the column. Near this is a sacristy where we were shown the long, heavy sword and spurs and necklace of Godfrey, the celebrated Crusader. Coming out we learned that the Greek Bishop and clergy had just passed from the Sepulchre into their chapel to render the daily service, and we followed them into the chapel, which is directly in front of the sepulchre and is much the largest and handsomest of all the chapels. A column in the floor marks, it is asserted, the centre of the world, and from this spot the earth was taken to make Adam. A great number of lamps and candles illumined the scene, and the Bishop, a venerable man with long white beard and moustache and wearing spectacles, sat on an exalted throne at one side, while the clergy and choir read prayers and rendered the chants.

Tiring of the elaborate service in an unintelligible language we withdrew from the crowd in the Greek chapel and went to the Holy Sepulchre itself, that stands under the great dome 67 feet across. It is a

structure of red marble, 26 x 18 feet, decorated on the outside with gilt nosegays and pictures, and countless lamps of silver and gold that on festival days are lighted with brilliant effect. It consists of two chambers. The outward one, called the Angel's Chapel, has in the centre of it a stone that is said to be a piece of the stone which closed the door of our Lord's sepulchre, and which the angel rolled back and sat upon. Pilgrims are wont to take off their shoes before entering this sacred place, and to kiss the stone, but we kept our shoes on and were content to touch the stone with our hands. From this chamber we passed through a low doorway about four and a half feet high into a little room only six by seven feet in size, cased with shining marble and illumined by 42 golden and silver hanging lamps kept always burning. Only three or four of us could stand here at once with the attendant. The reputed tomb of our Savior is covered by a marble slab—six feet long, three wide and two high—much worn by the lips of pilgrims and cracked through the middle. The attendant opened in the rear wall a door made by a painting of the Virgin Mary, and showed us behind it the native rock from which the tomb was excavated. Then he sprinkled our heads with holy water scented with rose before we went out.

In the side wall, near the entrance to the Angel's Chapel, we saw the hole through which the so-called "Holy Fire" is given to an immense crowd on the day before the Greek Easter. After special services the Greek Patriarch enters the sepulchre alone and presently passes out a lighted torch through this hole, and the fire is said to be miraculously given from heaven. The expectant and enthusiastic concourse of people, who have been struggling with one another to get the nearest places to the scene of the miracle, light their candles from this torch, and the fire is carried through the city and the land. It is the most thrilling event of the whole year in Jerusalem, travellers tell us who have witnessed it; we unfortunately were a fortnight too early for the spectacle.

But we saw some other sacred places in the church; such as the Chapel of the Prison, where Christ was kept bound, and that of the spot where the executioners cast lots for His garments. We also descended a flight of 29 steps on the east side of the building to the Chapel of St. Helena, the mother of the emperor Constantine, who in the year 326 A. D., when she was nearly eighty years old, visited the Holy Land and built a church at Bethlehem on the spot where she believed Christ was born, and another on the Mount of Olives to mark the spot whence He ascended to heaven. She is said to have discovered in a cave below

the original cross on which Christ was crucified. The story is, that she sat where the chapel has been built in her honor directing the workmen in their search; that three crosses were found below with the nails, the crown of thorns, and the superscription written by Pilate; that they did not know which of the three was the true cross of Christ; that by suggestion of the Bishop Macarius a noble lady of Jerusalem, who was dying of an incurable disease, was touched by each of the three crosses in turn, and as soon as the third touched her she was immediately cured; and thus the identity of the true cross was established. The cavern where the crosses were found according to this story has also been made into a chapel, called the "*Chapel of the Invention of the Cross*"—very appropriately named, we should say. It contains an altar, a cross sculptured in the stone, and a statue of St. Helena, and is thirteen steps below the chapel called by her name. The latter is really a church, 51 x 43 feet, with carved pillars, lofty arches, and glittering lamps. Some say it was built by her son Constantine 337 A. D. Others, that it is on the site of his church. It contains two altars, one to Helena and one to the Penitent Robber.

We returned to the level of the aisle and then ascended by another flight of steps about fifteen feet to what is called Mount Calvary or Golgotha, over which a chapel has been built. In its eastern end, under the altar, they showed us through an opening in the pavement faced with silver the spot where they say Christ's cross was sunk in the native rock, and on either side of it the depressions where the crosses of the two malefactors crucified with Him stood. A few feet to the right is a brass slide in the floor, which they draw aside and display a rent in the rock, which they say was made at the time of the Crucifixion. Further to the right is another altar, over which is a picture of the Virgin Mary decorated with diamonds and costly stones. Pilgrims are often greatly moved here, believing that they stand upon the very place of their Savior's crucifixion. But to me there was an atmosphere of unreality about everything I saw in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; it was but a museum of religious curiosities, a collection under one roof of too many localities and relics to secure belief. "The thing is overdone," I thought, as we left the Calvary and by a flight of stairs went down into the Chapel of Adam under the Chapel of the Crucifixion. Here we saw the tombs of Godfrey of Bouillon and of Baldwin, the famous Crusaders, and an altar standing, it is claimed, over the tomb of Mel-

chizedec; and here they say Adam was buried under the spot where the cross afterwards stood.

Decidedly there are too large demands made here upon credulity for a Protestant to meet them. He is inclined to doubt seriously whether Christ was crucified and buried in this locality. He remembers that the tradition to this effect goes back only to the time of Constantine and Helena, prior to whom all knowledge of the situation of Calvary was lost by reason of the repeated destructions of the city. Eusebius, the church historian and contemporary of Constantine, asserts that the latter discovered the sites of Calvary and the Sepulchre by a miracle, and that he built a church over them, which was dedicated in presence of a council of bishops, among whom was Eusebius himself. But he says nothing about the discovery of the true cross by St. Helena; this story was started a full century later, when the building of the church was also ascribed to her. Such conflicting traditions and the introduction of miraculous agency have led many modern scholars to doubt whether the Church of the Holy Sepulchre contains the real sites of Christ's crucifixion and burial. The more so, since the gospels assert that these events took place outside the city's walls, and the proof is not satisfactory that these sites were outside the walls in Christ's day. We were shown indeed, in Christian street, the remains of an ancient arched gate, which is supposed to have been a gate of the old wall, and to prove that the wall formed a loop here, leaving the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre outside. And we visited a new Russian Convent near the church, which incloses portions of an old wall and gate, from whose positions the same conclusion is drawn, confirming the traditional view. The best scholars, however, are not yet satisfied upon these points. Some think the site of Calvary to have been outside St. Stephen's Gate, on the east side of the city. And some think it to have been on that rounded hill north of the Damascus Gate, to which reference has already been made. But is it not better that we should not know the precise spot? Does not the idolatrous reverence paid to these supposed holy places inclosed in the Church of the Sepulchre show us that God has wisely hidden from us the true Calvary, that instead of worshipping relics we may worship Christ risen and enthroned in Heaven?

CHAPTER XV.

ON MOUNT ZION.

THE sacred historian tells us how David, who had reigned in Hebron over the tribe of Judah seven years and a half, when he was made king over all the twelve tribes of Israel sought a new capital. Hebron was too far south and too much at one side to be the capital of united Israel, nor was it politic to give that honor to his own tribe of Judah. On the other hand David seems to have been averse to the selection of a town among the northern tribes; perhaps he felt safer to be in the vicinity of Judah. He very shrewdly and successfully solved the problem by fixing upon Jerusalem; a town belonging to the territory of Benjamin, which was the tribe of his predecessor King Saul, but just on the northern border of Judah, and a natural stronghold that was eminently fit to be the capital of a warlike king. Moreover, it had never been taken by the Israelites from the Jebusites, the original inhabitants of the land; and hence its capture now would give reputation and strength to the new reign—would be a brilliant stroke of policy at the outset.

David therefore and his men marched against Jerusalem. But the Jebusites who occupied it scorned his attempt; and secure, as they thought, in their impregnable position upon steep and lofty Mount Zion, sneeringly said, "Except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither."* That is, they intimated that the blind and lame were sufficient to defend the walls against David's forces; perhaps in derision they actually brought out the blind and the lame, and set them on the walls. David however carried the place by storm, and "dwelt in the fort, and called it the City of David."† This new name adhered to the stronghold on Mount Zion through the reigns of all his descendants; while David himself gained no small prestige by his con-

* II Sam. 5 : 6.

† II Sam. 5 : 9.

quest of Jerusalem. Here he established his capital ; fortified it by new walls and towers ; enlarged and beautified and enriched it as his power increased. And his son and successor, Solomon, did still more in these directions than did David.

But this bit of ancient history makes Mount Zion, the southwestern hill of Jerusalem, a very interesting part of the city to a modern tourist. It is the part most closely associated with the name of David. And it seems very fitting to the visitor, that when he has entered the city by the Jaffa Gate on the west side, he should be told that the street in which he is walking is called David street ; that having walked a block he should turn to the right, and be told that he is in Zion street ; and that then he should see on his right hand a massive quadrangular tower, now the citadel, which he is informed is the Tower of David. It stands on a great substructure rising at a slope of about 45 degrees from the ditch below. Above this, the tower for twenty-nine feet in height is a solid mass of stone, and above this the superstructure contains several chambers. The stones of the substruction are large blocks, many of them ten feet long, and have a smooth surface. Those of the solid part of the tower are rough-faced. I was not surprised to be told by the guide that the former date back to the time of the Jebusites ; that the middle part of the tower is to be ascribed to David ; and that the upper part is modern. The best authorities however do not so hold. They assure us that the structure bears the name of the Tower of David only because of a tradition that David's Palace stood on this spot ; that it was in fact one of three great towers that Herod built on the north side of his palace and pleasure-grounds ; and that it alone survived the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman Titus. This is probably the correct view ; the lower parts of the Tower are Herodian, the superstructure Moslem.

But even so, how interesting it is to think that this Tower, in part at least, was standing here in our Savior's day. That He often looked upon it, and that probably He walked by it more than once the last night He spent on earth, when He went to the upper room further west, on Mount Zion, where He kept the Last Passover Supper with His disciples, and went thence across the city to the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane ; and then having been arrested was dragged to the house of Caiaphas on the hill, and thence to Pilate's Judgment Hall, and back to Mount Zion to Herod's Palace, and then again to the Judgment Hall. However differently the streets may have been laid

out in those days from what they are now, our Savior must at least have passed within sight of this Tower upon that fatal night. Could these time-worn stones speak, what stories they could tell of all that they witnessed then and since then, through centuries of war and blood-shed and repeated sieges and overthrows. Certainly there is no sight in Jerusalem more memorable and impressive than this so-called Tower of David.

A short distance further, on the opposite side of Zion street, stands the English Church, Christ Church, where I attended service the Sunday that we spent in Jerusalem, and heard from the Rector a sermon appropriate to Palm Sunday. The church was well filled with both English and American people, and prayer was offered for the President of the United States, as well as for Queen Victoria and the Royal Family of England. Zion street runs on to Zion gate on the summit of the ridge, and near the gate we found the Armenian Convent, a cluster of large buildings, including not only the Monastery and the Church of St. James, but the residence of the Armenian Patriarch and his attending priests, and a Hospice said to accommodate 8,000 pilgrims, and several shops and a printing office. There are also extensive gardens connected with the Convent—the finest in Jerusalem. Perhaps it should be stated just here that the principal buildings in modern Jerusalem are these great Convents and Hospices erected by the different Christian communions, to represent them in the Holy City and to be headquarters for their pilgrims. The imposing edifices of the Russian Greek Church on the northwest side of the city, outside the walls, have already been mentioned. And the Latins and the Syrians and the Copts have similar establishments.

We entered the Church of St. James, which is said to be built on the site where he was beheaded by King Herod. The lower portions of the columns supporting the roof were covered with quaint tiles, made formerly in Damascus, but the art of making them has long been lost. On the left side of the church we were shown a little chapel that marks the very spot of the beheading. Its doors are beautifully inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl and silver. In front of the altar stood the chair of the first Patriarch of Jerusalem, who they say followed St. James, and who was also named James. He was slaughtered here by the enemies of Christianity, while he was celebrating service, and his blood ran down on the handsome mosaic pavement before the altar. The spot is inclosed by a rail in front of his chair. Not even the Patriarch can sit in this chair,

but occupies another alongside of it. This is said to be the richest church in Jerusalem, possessed of many jewels which they display on the altar at Easter. The altar was covered with a curtain, but they removed it for us to see the gilded work on the altar, and a beautiful silver lamp kept burning before it. On the right side of the church we visited the chapel of the Three Holy Stones, which are seen inclosed in a case near the altar. One of them was taken from Sinai, where Moses received the law; one from the river Jordan, where the Israelites crossed it; and one from Mount Tabor, the traditional scene of the Transfiguration. A portion of these stones can be reached through a round hole in the grating over them, and the faithful kiss them devoutly, supposing that some spiritual benefit is thus obtained.

When we came outside the church we were shown two sounding bars, one of iron and one of wood, that were formerly used to call the people to service, when the Mohammedans would not allow Christians to use church bells. Opposite us was a garden, believed to be on the site of Herod's palace and gardens, and two old pine trees growing there looked almost old enough to have been planted by Herod himself. We passed out of the city by the Zion Gate, and having walked a short distance, entered through iron doors into what they call the city of Zion, that is outside the present walls of Jerusalem. Here we visited an old church now in the possession of the Mohammedans, the successor of one built by St. Helena, on what was believed to be the site of the room in which our Lord and His Apostles partook of the Last Supper. We ascended a flight of steps into a large upper chamber 50 x 30 feet, that is commonly called the Cœnaculum, or Supper Chamber; though, of course, this is quite apochryphal, as the Jerusalem of our Lord's day lies buried under thirty or forty feet of ruins. It is a plain, bare room, with vaulted ceiling, divided in the middle by pillars that are said to have been taken from Solomon's temple.

Traditionally it was in the room of the Last Supper that the Disciples were assembled on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost came upon them. Hence as we went up a short flight of steps from the Cœnaculum, and visited a room called the Tomb of David, below which it is claimed that David and the other kings of Judah are buried, we saw the significance of Peter's reference to the Tomb of David in his sermon on the day of Pentecost: "Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried,

and his sepulchre is with us unto this day."* Very naturally and appropriately would Peter have said this, if he and the other Disciples had been holding their meeting alongside of the Tomb of David. We merely looked into the room that is over the Tomb, but the Mohammedans allow nobody to go below. Once only a lady, the daughter of Dr. J. T. Barclay, was permitted to visit the cave below, where she saw three sarcophagi with the names of David, Solomon and Rehoboam upon them. So sacred indeed is held to be the room above the tombs, that we could only look into it; we could not step within. They say that twice a year a man goes into the room after bathing seven times, and sweeps it, and the dust is then sent as a present to wealthy Mohammedans, who give gold in return for it.

From the Tomb of David we passed to a chapel also outside the present walls of Jerusalem, that is said to be built on the site of the palace of Caiaphas. In the back of the altar are incorporated several pieces of stone asserted to have been taken from the top of our Savior's tomb. On the right of the altar as we stood before it there is a low door leading into a little closet-like chapel, about 5 x 4 feet, lined with blue tiles, where they say Christ was imprisoned in the house of Caiaphas. Small as the chapel is, we found an altar there with an Armenian prayer-book lying on it, and a picture of Christ above. In a court outside the building stood an altar on the identical spot where Peter denied his Master! and we even had pointed out to us the place where the cock stood and crew to call Peter to remembrance and penitence! This court is surrounded by a cloister containing tombs of the Armenian Patriarchs who have died in Jerusalem, and of bishops and monks, for it is esteemed holy ground, in which it is a great honor to be buried. Going down a flight of steps we came to another court on a lower level, in which a rich Armenian ordered that he should be buried, and in excavating here they found a piece of Roman mosaic flooring, that proves there must have been a fine mansion on this site in Roman times. This discovery, it is held, confirms the tradition that the house of Caiaphas stood here. We examined this mosaic pavement, which is undoubtedly Roman work, and we saw the Armenian's handsome tomb built in 1885. There are two finely sculptured figures in marble, one each side of the monument, representing his son and daughter mourning for him.

From this point we went back into the city through Zion Gate, and

* Acts 2:29.

retraced our steps on Zion street till we came to David street, which we descended a little way and turned off to visit the Pool of Hezekiah. Going up a staircase and passing through an upper room we came out upon a balcony from which we looked down into the great pool, 240 feet long and 144 feet broad. It was filled with water, which comes in winter by a drain from the Upper Pool, west of the Jaffa Gate. This is believed to be the reservoir king Hezekiah constructed, who, as we read in Second Kings, "made a pool and a conduit and brought water into the city." * Or, as we read in Second Chronicles, who "stopped the upper water-course of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David." † The pool is surrounded with houses and is never cleaned out, and the water is very foul. It is no longer used for drinking, only for washing.

Not far from the Pool of Hezekiah we visited the ruins of the Muristan or Hospital of St. John, kept during the Crusades by the Knights of St. John, for the entertainment and relief of pilgrims. The institution was started in the 11th century, and the monks who undertook to nurse the sick and poor pilgrims were called Brethren of the Hospital. After Jerusalem was captured by the Crusaders these Hospitallers were raised to the dignity of a separate Order, which was sanctioned by the Pope, and a few years later by a fresh oath they became military defenders of the Cross. They were endowed with rich possessions in all parts of Europe, and to collect their income commanderies were formed there which became branch establishments. The Knights of St. John grew to be the most famous and the most long-lived of the Orders of military monks. The magnificence of their buildings in Jerusalem is attested to-day by the extent of their ruins. In 1869 the Sultan gave these ruins to the Crown Prince of Prussia, and excavations have been made, uncovering the old church and the cloister and the hospital. Some parts of the ruins it is dangerous to enter; but there one can get an idea of the amount of rubbish underlying much of the present city, for we could look down fifty feet into the old courts and streets of ancient Jerusalem. While the massive and finely sculptured stone pillars and arches strewn about convinced us how splendid must have been this monastic pile, when the Hospitallers or Knights of St. John rivalled that other celebrated Order of military monks, the Knights Templar, in wealth and power.

On the eastern slope of Mount Zion and down in the Tyropœon

* 2 Kings 20 : 20.

† 2 Chron. 32 : 30.

Valley is situated the Jewish quarter; which it was our misfortune to visit in the rain, when the indescribable filth of the narrow, winding streets was aggravated by being mixed with melting snow and mud. We first stopped at an old Jewish Synagogue that dates back to the time of Titus. Entering a low door on the street, we descended a long flight of narrow stone steps to the floor of the synagogue, which is very small and plain. On one side there is an upper gallery, where the women sit behind a wooden lattice on Sabbaths; for there is a company of Jews calling themselves the *Karahim* Jews who still worship in this underground place. They showed us manuscripts of the Hebrew Scriptures, 600 years old, and the rolls from which they read at present. They are few in numbers and very poor in resources.

From this place we proceeded through the lower part of the city by nasty alleys, in one of which we saw a dead dog lying, whom nobody had thought it worth while to remove; till we came to the Jews' Wailing Place, at the foot of the great wall of the temple inclosure. Near this point we turned aside to see what is called Robinson's Arch, because the late Dr. Edward Robinson discovered it. This is believed by some to be one of the arches of the viaduct or bridge that Solomon built from Mount Zion across the Valley of the Tyropœon to Mount Moriah, by which he went from his palace to the house of the Lord. The remains of this arch lie 39 feet north of the southwest corner of the wall, and its stones are very large—some of them from 19 to 25 feet long. In the wall itself are some immense stones; one of them a little above the present surface of the ground but 75 feet above the foundation is 38 feet long and 7 feet wide. And the masonry is so fine, the blocks of stone so nicely fitted to one another without mortar, that a knife can hardly be thrust between them.

A short distance north of Robinson's Arch is the Jews' Wailing Place, to which the Jews resort especially on Friday afternoons to lament the destruction of the Temple and of the city and the sufferings of their race. It is at the base of the lofty wall that formed part of the Temple inclosure, and they think this point is nearest to the spot where the Holy of Holies once stood. The lower courses of stone in this wall are certainly ancient—great blocks of limestone, some of them 15 feet long, with a rough surface and smooth bevelled edges. These stones the Jews kiss and wail over, and recite from their prayer books supplications for favor to Zion. Sometimes they read aloud the 79th Psalm, beginning: "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance;

thy holy temple have they defiled ; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps." And sometimes they chant this touching litany :

" Because of the palace which is deserted—
We sit alone and weep.
Because of the Temple which is destroyed,
Because of the walls which are broken down,
Because of our greatness which is departed,
Because of the precious stones of the Temple ground to powder,
Because of our priests who have erred and gone astray,
Because of our kings who have contemned God,—
We sit alone and weep."

This at least is what the books say that the Jews do at the Wailing Place. But although we and a number of other Christian visitors were there at the right time Friday afternoon, there was no company of wailing ones present. Only one solitary Jew stood with his face to the wall, reading aloud from his prayer book in a perfunctory and sing-song fashion. Perhaps the rain and the horrible walking had kept the mourners at home, but we were sadly disappointed in the meagreness of the performance.

We returned through the Jewish quarter, visiting on the way the Polish synagogue, the largest synagogue in Jerusalem, though it is by no means a great building, and is quite plain. The interior arrangements are not at all like those of a church. In the centre is a raised platform with pillars at the corners, which represents the altar of burnt offering in the ancient temple, while another structure at the upper end of the building, a sort of facade with columns either side, represents the holy place, and has the seven-branched candlestick engraved on it, and seven lamps in front of it. Beyond this, in the extreme end of the building, are kept behind a curtain the manuscript-rolls of Scripture, from which they read at their services. This last receptacle represents the most holy place and the ark of the covenant. There is a large blue dome above the room with a gallery round its base, and there are plain wooden benches for the people to sit on,—the men on one side of the room, and the women on the other side.

The number of Jews in Jerusalem and in Palestine has much increased by immigration of late years, yet has been exaggerated in contemporary publications. Dr. Selah Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, having investigated the matter has come to the conclusion that the number of Jews in the city cannot be over 25,000, and the number in Palestine not far from 42,000.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROUND THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

ONE of the most instructive experiences of the sightseer at Jerusalem is gained by making the circuit of its walls on horseback.

Fulfilling the exhortation of the Psalmist, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof,"* one is impressed not only with the city itself as "beautiful for situation,"† but with various surrounding localities that are famous for their historical associations. We had been so unfortunate as to encounter severe storms of rain and snow during our stay in the city for three successive days. The day we visited the Mosque of Omar and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre it rained heavily and continuously; the rain turning to snow at night, so that next day, March 23, we had ten inches of very wet snow on the ground, and were confined to our hotel all day; as it was impossible to wade through the deep slush, and carriages could not be procured for any money, to take us even so far as to the gate of the city. Our cold, damp rooms with stone floors were comfortless as the cells of a monastery; but in the sittingroom of the hotel we had a little stove with a fire of olive roots, where we managed to keep warm and whiled away the time as best we could. The third day we resumed sight-seeing in the slush and mud and rain; and on the fourth day we mounted for the first time the horses that were to carry us through the Holy Land, and still in the rain started upon our ride around the walls of Jerusalem.

From the spacious yard of the hotel we rode northward through the new part of the city to visit first the so-called "Tombs of the Kings," that are situated in a valley a half mile or more north of the Damascus Gate. This region is full of ancient sepulchres, and seems to have been the chief Jewish cemetery in the time of our Lord. A few yards east of the road we left our horses, and walked down a flight of broad steps

* Ps. 48 : 12.

† Ps. 48 : 2.

cut in the rock into a large, square excavation, which was a sort of ante-chamber leading by a slope into a great court, hewn out of the rock and open to the sky, and about 90 feet square in size. This was perhaps thirty feet below the surface of the ground. The sides were perpendicular and hewn smooth. Turning to the west we saw the portico of the tombs, once richly ornamented with pillars and sculptured in the Roman style; a piece of the frieze over the tombs still remains *in situ*. This great court is supposed to have been a temple and meeting place of friends of the departed.

The entrance to the tombs is on the south side of the portico; and here we were greatly interested in observing before the entrance a huge round stone shaped much like a mill stone, which was rolled into a socket one side to give us access. We saw at a glance what was meant by the rolling away of the stone from the door of Christ's sepulchre, and how difficult if not impossible it would have been for the women to roll away that heavy stone.* Evidently this was such a rock tomb as was that of our Savior; and the Roman ornamentation outside showed that these could not be the tombs of the old Jewish kings, who indeed were buried far distant, in the City of David, on Mt. Zion. Some have thought that this might have been an Herodian mausoleum; but the present belief is that it was the tomb of a royal lady named Helena, who having embraced Judaism in her own country, a province of Assyria, came to Jerusalem with her family A. D. 48, and was buried here according to Josephus. The door of the tomb was only three feet high, through which we crawled, and found ourselves in a large chamber excavated out of the native rock. Opening from this were two other chambers, and in the sides of each were low doors leading into the actual tombs, where the bodies probably reposed on shelves cut in the rock. One of the chambers had nine such doors leading out of it into tombs; and through some of the doors we could see by the light of our candles three tombs cut, one behind the other; so that a large number of bodies could be accommodated here.

Coming out from this sepulchral place into the great court again, we climbed the stairs, and having remounted our horses rode down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, along the course of the brook Kedron. This flows between the city of Jerusalem on the west, and the Mount of Olives on the east; the latter rising nearly 300 feet higher than the city, and over 400 feet above the level of the valley. The mountain has three peaks.

* Mark 16: 3, 4.



THE TOWER OF DAVID.

The northern, called Scopus, was the headquarters of the Roman general, Titus, when he besieged the city, A. D. 70. The middle peak, the Mount of Olives so called, is traditionally the spot from which Christ ascended. And the southern peak is called the Mount of Offence, because here it is claimed Solomon built his high places for Ashtoreth and Chemosh and Moloch, the abominable idols whom his heathen wives worshipped. The mountain once no doubt covered with verdure looks desolate now. Titus, it is said, cut down all its trees in the siege, and there are but a few scattered olive-trees on it at present, and a few cultivated patches, and the churches and other buildings that have been referred to.

On its western slope, a little above the valley, is situated the traditional Garden of Gethsemane, which we visited with painful interest. It is about one-third of an acre in size, an irregular square in shape, and is inclosed by a modern stucco-wall. Just outside the door, which is on the eastern side, is pointed out the spot where they say Peter, James, and John slept during our Savior's agony; and near this the spot where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss.* Within the garden are eight very old and gnarled olive trees, which the Franciscans who own the place claim to be 2,000 years old, and to have been there when Jesus prayed in the garden. But this we cannot believe, because if Titus cut down the trees generally about Jerusalem, he would scarcely have spared these. Even the trees that sprung from the roots of those originally in the garden, were probably cut down for timber or fuel during later ages. The present trees, however, must be several hundred years old, if we judge from their appearance, and it may be that they stand on the ground of Gethsemane. They are divided off from each other by wooden picket fences, and there are flower beds between, and black cypresses and trim artificial walks.

One walk runs along the four sides of the garden, within the high wall that incloses it, and following this we found on the east side a small structure in front of a little cave, which is called the Chapel of the Agony, because it purports to mark the spot where Jesus prayed. It was filled with blossoming geraniums and other flowers, and within was a marble bas-relief, representing Jesus in prayer and the angel who appeared to Him. Further along this walk we saw fourteen shrines with pictures of the fourteen Stations of the Cross, and it was touching to observe the affectionate devotion and earnestness of some Russian Pil-

* Matt. 26:40, 49.

grims, both men and women, clad in sheepskins with the fleece turned inside, who kissed the gratings over these pictures and crossed themselves, and uttered prayers with moistened eyes. One could not doubt their zeal and faith, that had brought them perhaps a thousand miles travelled on foot, and as much further by water, to visit these sacred places. These poor superstitious peasants, I thought, are thus affected because they believe they are standing on holy ground. But I, who have little confidence in tradition, who mentally challenge every identification of site,—I am not so affected. These olive trees are to me no more than other olive trees, and Christ seems not so near in these garish surroundings as in the still hour of spiritual worship. I could not help uttering these sentiments to my companions, as we stood there, and shocked one of them by my lack of responsiveness to the scene. But I told him that my faith was expressed in that sweet hymn of Cowper's:

"Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home."

We left the Franciscan Gethsemane, and only glancing as we passed at the rival Gethsemane, which the Greeks have arranged upon another slope, we walked a short distance north to the so-called Tomb of the Virgin. Flights of steps lead down to an open space in front of the chapel's entrance; then one descends 47 marble steps further to the floor of the chapel, which seems to be a natural cave enlarged and adorned with churchly pillars, arches, and vaulted roof—the work of the Crusaders in the 12th century. On one side, as we went down the stairs were pointed out to us the tombs of Joachim and Anne, the parents of the Virgin, and on the other side the tomb of Joseph her husband. Her own tomb was in the chapel below, lighted by numerous lamps, where a service was being chanted by priests and their assistants, in a high nasal tone. Tradition makes this the spot where the Apostles, miraculously gathered from various parts of the world upon Mary's death, buried her body; but says that her body was directly raised by her Son to be with Him in glory; so that the Apostles coming to pray

at her tomb found it empty of its occupant and filled with flowers. This is called the Assumption of the Virgin. In Italy one sees many beautiful paintings, representing the scene of the Assumption; for this has been one of the favorite subjects of Roman Catholic art.

From the Tomb of the Virgin we rode down the narrow valley southward, along the foot of Olivet; whose whole side here is covered with Jewish tombs from the bed of Kedron to the top of the mountain. These are marked by plain flat stones. But in striking contrast to them are four large monuments that have been cut out of the native rock. The most stately of these is called the Tomb of Absalom, 47 feet high and 20 feet square, ornamented with Ionic pillars, over which are a Doric architrave and frieze, and a dome shaped like a water-caraffe. These features of course show that the present monument could not date back to Absalom's day; yet it may be that it stands upon the site, not of his grave, but of the pillar that he in his lifetime reared for himself, in the king's dale, to keep his name in remembrance.* To this day children still throw stones at the monument, and curse the memory of Absalom. Near it are the reputed tombs of Jehoshaphat, of St. James, and of the prophet Zechariah, who was stoned by order of King Joash,† the latter a miniature temple of imposing appearance. Passing these we rode by the village of Silwam, the ancient Siloam, built above us on the southern summit of the Mount of Olives or the Hill of Offence. The houses of the village are mostly hovels; many of the people live in caves and old tombs, and the place is difficult of access, both from above and from below.

Beyond this we came to the Fountain of the Virgin, where, it is said, Mary washed the Holy Child's clothing, and where, when falsely accused, she drank of the waters and established her innocence. There is a connection under the rock a third of a mile long between this Fountain and the Pool of Siloam, that gushes from the rock at the foot of the hill Ophel, and a connection with another basin that was once included within the walls of Jerusalem. These tunnels must have been excavated at a very early date, as they are irregular and winding, and they were invaluable in furnishing water supply to the city. A nimble Arab can readily walk or crawl through the wet tunnel, from the Fountain of the Virgin to the Pool of Siloam, and travellers sometimes do so, but we preferred to ride down to the Pool of Siloam. It was to this Pool that our Savior sent the blind man ‡ to wash and be healed. There

* II Sam. 18 : 17, 18.

† II Chron. 24 : 20, 21.

‡ John 9:7.

was an upper and a lower Pool of Siloam in Bible times, and we saw what we took to be the lower one alongside the road, now only a cess-pool, while the other lay above, surrounded by the ruins of an old church once built there.

The next point of interest we reached was the Well of Enrogel, a little south of the point where the Valley of Hinnom connects with the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The Arabs call it Job's Well, though of course Job had nothing to do with it. The well is associated with the tragic histories both of Absalom and Adonijah. By it staid Jonathan and Ahimaaz, the messengers by whom Hushai was to send tidings to the fugitive King David of what Absalom proposed to do; and a woman carried to them Hushai's dispatches.* Near this well also, Adonijah slew his sheep and oxen, and fed the people who conspired with him to make him king in David's old age; a feast to which he invited all the king's sons, but Solomon; but in which he was interrupted by the news that David had made Solomon king, and all his guests abandoned him.† The well is 125 feet deep, and is much resorted to from Jerusalem and from the village of Siloam.

From Enrogel we retraced our steps a little way and turned westward up the Valley of Hinnom, once the border between Judah and Benjamin, and famous as the locality where the idolatrous Jews offered their children in sacrifice to Moloch.‡ It is another deep ravine like that of Kedron, and separates Mount Zion on the north from the Hill of Evil Counsel on the south. The latter gets its name from a tradition that the house of Caiaphas, where the death of our Savior was plotted, stood there. The rocky sides of this valley also are full of ancient tombs. A little further up the valley on the south side is the traditional site of Aceldama, or the field of blood, where was "the Potter's Field," bought to bury strangers in, with the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed our Lord, and which in remorse he returned.§ Now all this Valley of Hinnom is filled with fruit trees and cultivated fields, and is a quiet, peaceful spot; through which we paced leisurely till we passed into the Valley of Gihon, that turns northward inclosing Jerusalem on the west. Here we came to the lower pool of Gihon, where Solomon was anointed king at the very time when Adonijah and his friends were feasting merrily by the Well of Enrogel and anticipating the success of their conspiracy.|| It is a large reservoir between five and six hundred feet

* 2 Sam. 17:17.

‡ Matt. 27: 3-8.

† I Kings 1: 9, 10, 49.

|| I Kings 1: 38, 39.

‡ II Chron. 28: 3.

long and over two hundred feet wide, with a depth of thirty-five or forty feet ; but there was little water in it when we saw it, and much of the year there is none. It is believed to date from the time of King Hezekiah, and perhaps to have conveyed water to irrigate the gardens lower down the valley.

At this point the bridle path that we had followed passed into the fine carriage road that extends from the Jaffa Gate to Bethlehem ; and we soon reached the gate that was becoming so familiar to us. To complete the circuit of the walls we had only to ride around to the Damascus Gate on the north side of the city, near which we had passed down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Two more interesting localities were to be visited here. Going a little way east of the Damascus Gate we found under the city wall a cave in the native rock on which the wall is built. This is the entrance to Solomon's Quarries so-called. We lighted each one a candle, and penetrating the low mouth of the cave, we found ourselves in a wide and high excavation, a grand gallery that conducted us a long way and from time to time opened out into vast subterranean chambers. We could see on the walls the marks of ancient workmen's tools, and evidence that great blocks of the soft limestone had been cut out and dressed here, before they were removed for building purposes. The stone is white and easily worked when freshly cut, but hardens and darkens with exposure to the air. We walked on till we were tired, and still the vast quarries opened before us. They are said to extend to Mount Moriah and indeed under three-quarters of Jerusalem ; and it is probable that they furnished stone not only for Solomon's splendid edifices and massive walls, but for the building operations of all the kings who succeeded him. The air was very warm within, nearly 70 degrees, we judged ; in marked contrast to the raw, chilly air outside, where it was still raining with spiteful vigor.

But notwithstanding the rain, when we came out from the quarries some of us walked up to the neighboring hill, north of the Damascus Gate, which, as has been stated, many modern scholars believe to be the true Calvary, rather than that inclosed within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This spot, according to Rabbinical tradition, was once "the House of Stoning," *i. e.*, the place of public execution under the Jewish law. And near it, according to Christian tradition, Stephen the first martyr was stoned ; a punishment that would naturally have been inflicted at the usual place of execution. Besides this, the name Gol-

gotha or "Place of a Skull" might have referred to the shape of the ground, rather than to the fact that it was the spot where the death-penalty was inflicted; and if so, this dome-shaped hill from its resemblance to a skull fulfills the conditions. Moreover, this hill was certainly outside the walls of the city in Christ's time as now; and it was close by the great thoroughfare leading north, so that those passing by would see there the Crucified One, as the gospels intimate was the case.* Add to these considerations, that the fact that Joseph of Arimathæa buried Christ's body in his own tomb, in a garden outside the city, requires that Calvary should be found near the great Jewish cemetery in Christ's time, and that this hill was certainly near such cemetery, as is shown by the numerous tombs about it; and the probabilities that this was the true Calvary are very great. So careful a scholar as the late lamented Dr. Philip Schaff believed this to be the place where Christ was crucified.

I approached the hill therefore with profound interest. At its western base we were shown an ancient rock-tomb, evidently dating back to the Roman period, that some believe to have been our Savior's tomb. We were not able to gain entrance to it; but the particular descriptions that have been given of it indicate that it was excavated from the native rock at considerable expense, and must have belonged to a rich man. We climbed the hill, bare of buildings or trees, partly covered now with Mohammedan graves, and I gathered from the top some of those blood-red anemones that grow luxuriantly there. The stillness of the scene, the wildness of nature about me, and the presence of the memorials of death, brought far more of solemnity to my mind than did the gorgeous surroundings and the monkish inventions that in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre cluster about the traditional site of Calvary. Here, I thought, it might well be that our Savior died; the guilty city outspread before Him, the magnificent walls and pinnacles of the Temple that were wont to glitter in the afternoon sun now shrouded in that strange darkness that was over the landscape, proud Mt. Zion with its palaces grown dim and shadowy, but all heaven above filled with radiant angels watching with intense sympathy and loving adoration that mysterious transaction—

"When God, the Mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin."

* Matt. 27 : 39 and John 19 : 20.

And with hushed and reverent feeling I drew away from the spot ;
thankful that I could say with an appropriating faith, He "loved me,
and gave Himself for me."

CHAPTER XVII.

BETHLEHEM.

SMALL and insignificant in itself, as the city of Bethlehem seems always to have been, by its association with our Savior it has become invested with transcendent importance and interest to the Christian world. Its earlier fame as the birthplace of King David has been quite eclipsed by its fame as the birthplace of David's greater son. That it should enjoy this honor was predicted by Micah, some 700 years before the event took place; "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."* This prophecy was so well understood among the Jews, that when upon the arrival of the Wise Men in Jerusalem, King Herod assembled the chief priests and scribes, and demanded of them where Christ should be born, they replied without hesitation, "In Bethlehem of Judæa."† And in proof of their assertion they quoted this language of Micah.† Hence it was that the Evangelist Luke so particularly related the circumstances that led to our Savior's birth in Bethlehem, that there might be no doubt He fulfilled the prophecy and was the destined Ruler. The Christ might indeed grow up in Galilee and even in Nazareth, but He must be born in Bethlehem.

To this town accordingly turn the thoughts of countless Christians as to one of the sacred spots of earth that they would fain visit; and certainly nobody who goes to Jerusalem would fail to make the short journey of six miles from that city to see the place of our Savior's nativity. It was with eager anticipation that we vaulted upon our horses, and clattered down the street to the Jaffa Gate with this purpose in mind. The rain had now ceased, and the sun shone out at intervals, making

* Mic. 5 : 2.

† Matt. 2 : 4-6.

our ride a pleasant one. Our road below the Jaffa Gate crossed the Valley of Gihon, over the lower dam of the lower Pool of Gihon; as the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools, near Bethlehem, crosses the valley over the upper dam of this same Pool, once conveying its pure waters into the cisterns on Mount Moriah. A fine carriage road has been constructed all the way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem,—one of the very few carriage roads in Palestine,—so that we ascended from the Valley by a long easy grade on the south-west side.

On our left hand we passed the traditional tree on which Judas hung himself, (believe it who can), and then on the right hand the buildings of the German Colony clustering about the station of the railroad by which we came from Jaffa. Already a considerable settlement has sprung up in this locality. Then we rode nearly two miles across the sloping plains of Rephaim, which have witnessed many a hotly fought battle between the Israelites and their heathen foes. Here it was that the Philistines came up to seek David when they learned that he had been anointed king over Israel, and spread themselves in the valley to fight him; and here, by the help of the Lord, he twice defeated them with great slaughter.* There is now no grove of mulberry trees there as in David's time, whose rustling leaves told him that the Lord had gone forth before him to smite the host of the Philistines; but we saw a peaceful pastoral scene of growing grain fields and pasturing flocks of sheep.

Before reaching the summit of the long, gradual rise in the ground, we came to the "Well of the Star," where tradition says that the Wise Men, going from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and stopping to draw water, caught sight again of the Star that had drawn them from their Eastern homes, and it conducted them to the place where the child Jesus was.† On the top of the hill, to the left, there is a Greek Convent called Mar Elias, or the Convent of Elijah, because it is claimed that here Elijah rested in his flight from Jezebel.‡ Just across the road from the building is a large smooth rock, having in it a depression a little larger than a man's body. On this rock the Greek monks say that Elijah slept one night as he fled through Judah to Horeb, the mount of God, and that he left in the stone the mark of his body. So they built the monastery opposite. Unfortunately, however, for belief in the legend it is known that the original building was erected by a Bishop Elias, at

* 2 Sam. 5:17-25.

† Matt. 2:9.

‡ 1 Kings 19:2, 3.

an early period, for whom the monastery was named; so that the story told now is uncommonly flimsy.

From this ridge of Mar Elias we had a fine view of Bethlehem, built on a hill in the distance, and surrounded by terraced vineyards and olive and fig groves, and also of the outlying villages; and far in the south we saw a truncated mountain—sometimes called the Frank Mountain, because held as a fortified place by the Crusaders many years, and sometimes called the Herodian Mountain, because they say that King Herod's body was brought from Jericho and buried there. On the south side of this mountain is the famous cave Adullam, where David hid from King Saul, and whither resorted to him all his kinsmen and every one that was in debt or discontented, till his retainers numbered 400 men.* Turning our horses around, we had a splendid view in the opposite direction, looking towards Jerusalem and the mountains about it as far as Neby Samwil, on the northern horizon. This is the first glimpse one gets of Jerusalem in coming from the south, and here on this ridge Abraham journeying sadly from Beersheba must first have sighted Mount Moriah, on which he was to offer up by divine command his only and beloved son, Isaac.†

Descending the hill we passed on the right the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, called Tantûr, and presently we reached the reputed Tomb of Rachel—the beautiful woman who inspired the selfish and scheming Jacob with a flame of undying love. Concerning her death the Scripture says: "And they journeyed from Bethel; and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath; and Rachel travailed, and she had hard labor. * * * And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem."‡ Most touchingly did Jacob, in his old age, tell the story over again to Rachel's son, Joseph;§ his early love undimmed, though full forty years had passed since he lost her. The Scripture says: "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."|| Doubtless the identity of the spot was preserved down to the time of Matthew the evangelist; who quotes from Jeremiah the beautiful figure of speech representing Rachel as weeping for her slaughtered descendants, and applies it to the slaughter of the Innocents in Bethlehem.¶ Nor is there any reason to doubt the identity of the spot now known as Rachel's Tomb. Jews, Mohammedans and Christians agree upon it. The pres-

* 1 Sam. 22:1, 2.

‡ Gen. 48:7.

† Gen. 22:2, 4.

§ Gen. 35:20.

‡ Gen. 35:16, 19.

¶ Matt. 2:17, 18.

ent building dates back only to the middle ages, and appears to be a Mohammedan structure, consisting of four square stone walls, 23 feet long and 20 feet high, surmounted by a dome about ten feet high, and having a flat-roofed modern annex about thirteen feet high, which forms a covered court where the Mohammedans pray, for it is one of their sacred places.

At Rachel's Tomb a road turns off to the right, leading to Solomon's Pools, a half hour distant. These are three immense reservoirs of undoubted antiquity, and may, very likely, have been Solomon's work; perhaps they are referred to in Eccl. 2:6. The carriage road keeps on directly to Bethlehem, which is reached in about fifteen minutes, and one climbs the hill on which the square, flat-roofed houses of yellowish-white limestone are compactly built. The town once fortified is now without walls, but its situation on a ridge has held it within its ancient limits. On its northern edge we visited the celebrated Well of Bethlehem, for whose water David longed when he was in a stronghold, and the garrison of the Philistines was in Bethlehem, and to gratify his wish three of his mighty men broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well and brought it to David.* A fine illustration this of the devotion of his men to him, that they would lovingly risk their lives to indulge his lightest whim. No wonder that they were invincible in war.

From the Well we rode through the narrow, filthy streets, full of mounds and gullies, and of garbage that the scavenger dogs had not eaten,—streets almost impassable to carriages,—and observed the workmen in their little shops making carved rosaries of date-stones or olive wood, and all sorts of souvenirs from the asphalt of the Dead Sea, and from mother-of-pearl shell, for sale to tourists. This manufacturing industry is the main support of the town of five or six thousand inhabitants, mostly Christians. The Bethlehem wine, too, is of considerable reputation in the country, and enjoys an extensive sale, though it does not please the Occidental taste. The Bethlehemites themselves appear to be generally prosperous; fewer beggars are seen here than in some other towns of the Holy Land, and the rivalry between the different Christian sects is not so bitter as in Jerusalem.

Of course the chief point of interest in the town is the Church of the Nativity,—a confused pile of stone buildings that look like a fortress, and include besides the various chapels the Latin, Greek, and Arme-

* 2 Sam. 23:13-17.

nian Convents. The original church was built by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, 327 A. D., on the site of the khan or inn where Christ is believed to have been born. Partly destroyed by the Moslems, and restored by the Crusaders, it is the most venerable church in Palestine, perhaps in the world. The arched gateway into the church was long ago filled up with square stones to resist attack, and we entered through a low door, only four feet high, into the nave of the church, called the chapel of St. Helena, and belonging to the Armenians. The roof is supported by 44 marble pillars, said to have been taken from the temple on Mount Moriah, and was once richly painted and gilded, and the walls were covered with mosaics that have disappeared. A high partition has been erected across the nave and aisles, shutting them off from the choir and transepts, which are made into three chapels; the whole building being in the shape of a Latin cross. The central chapel, *i. e.* the choir, belongs to the Greeks, and is handsomely adorned. The right transept belongs to the Latins, and the left to the Armenians; and these are quite plain.

By a flight of steps from the Greek chapel, we descended to the Grotto of the Nativity, a natural cave now paved and walled with marble, hung with draperies and rude pictures of the infancy and childhood of Jesus, and lighted by many lamps hanging from the ceiling. It is about 40 feet long by 16 wide and 10 feet high. At the further end of the chapel under the altar, which is a projecting shelf of marble, is a silver star in the floor, bearing the inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." In the centre of the star is seen a portion of the native rock; above it sixteen gold and silver lamps are kept burning day and night. Pilgrims kneel down and kiss this silver star, and many are affected to tears. In a low recess on the right, three or four steps down, is shown the spot where the manger stood, in which our Savior was cradled. The walls are cased with marble, but around the base of the recess the native rock is exposed to view. The wooden manger said to have been taken hence is in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. That story, of course, is quite mythical, but the tradition which makes this cave our Lord's birth place runs back to the second century, and is variously confirmed, and is regarded by the best authorities as probably true. Caves were often used in those days as adjuncts of the houses for store rooms, or work shops, or stables, and it is not unlikely that the stable to which our Lord's

parents resorted, "because there was no room for them in the inn,"* was such a cave as this.

Two Turkish soldiers stood on guard with swords and muskets in this sacred place to keep the peace between the rival Christian sects,—just as in the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. We left them looking grim and unsympathetic, and passed by a long subterranean passage to other little chambers cut in the native rock. We came to an altar dedicated to Joseph, said to be the place where the angel commanded Joseph to flee into Egypt. Next, to the Altar of the Innocents, asserted to be over a pit into which the little children murdered by Herod were cast. Then to the tomb of Eustochium, a pupil of St. Jerome, and to the chapel and tomb of St. Paula and her daughter, who took care of St. Jerome, and finally to the chapel and tomb of St. Jerome himself, who lived here for thirty years, close to the birth place of his Savior, praying, fasting, studying, and preparing his famous Latin Version of the Scriptures, known as the Vulgate. Then we ascended to the large new chapel of St. Catherine, and passed out of the building.

Following a dirty street south of the Convents, we visited the chapel ten feet underground, called the Milk Grotto. The legend is that a drop of the Virgin Mary's milk fell on the floor of the cave, and ever since the rock has had the power of increasing the milk of women who visit the place. Even those who cannot go there in person may obtain the same benefit by drinking in water the pulverized stone, and little round cakes made of its dust are sold at a low price by attendants in the Grotto. There were many young women there on their knees praying to the Virgin, doubtless with entire faith in the legend.

Going still further east upon this street, or path, we came out upon a side hill, from which we saw below us the village of Beit Sahur, where, it is said, the Shepherds, mentioned in Luke, second chapter, lived. Beyond the village was an inclosed olive orchard, claimed to mark the spot where they were watching their flocks by night, when they received the annunciation of our Savior's birth, and heard the glorious overture of the angels. It is even now a sweet landscape, backed by the lofty mountains of Gilead and Moab on the east, with the Herodium or Frank Mountain on the south; a fit place for the utterance of angelic praises on that Holy Night, when heaven and earth were brought into such wondrous relations of sympathy. Surely those simple shepherds, to whom was vouchsafed so high a privilege, must ever after have cher-

* Luke 2:7.

ished a profound impression of the unseen and spiritual, that raised their lives above their previous commonplace level.

To the north of the shepherds' pastures extended, it is supposed, the fields of Boaz, where the lovely Ruth gleaned in the barley harvest, and won the gentle, noble heart of her rich kinsman. No more beautiful idyl was ever written than the book of Ruth, and from no book of the Old Testament do we gain a better insight into the life and manners and character of the Hebrew people of those early days. Standing on the hill side and looking over those verdant slopes, one could easily see in imagination the scene painted by the inspired writer—the fields of golden grain, the sturdy reapers at work, or resting in the heat of the day, and partaking of the frugal lunch of parched corn; the stately but gracious Boaz exchanging courtesies with his men, and the charming Ruth industriously gathering the generous portion left her, respected and admired in her virtuous poverty. The whole region, inclosed by low hills and lighted up by the afternoon sun, was pleasing and picturesque, and seemed still to whisper of the love that had glorified it—love human, but most of all love divine. For the story of love is one of eternal freshness and interest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MOUNT OF OLIVES, BETHANY AND JERICO.

NOW, as in the days of the solitary traveller of Christ's parable, whom the Good Samaritan befriended, a journey from Jerusalem to Jericho involves a long descent. For Jerusalem is built, as we have said, upon the mountain ridge that runs north and south through Palestine, and forms the backbone of the country, some 2,500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. While Jericho lies in the plain of the Jordan, but a few miles above the point where the river flows into the Dead Sea, and the latter is 1,312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Hence we "went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," * nearly 3,800 feet, in a distance of about 18 miles. Though first we had to climb the Mount of Olives, which is nearly 300 feet higher than Jerusalem, and affords the best point of observation from which to view the city and the surrounding country.

We constituted a party of thirty-three tourists, besides our accomplished guide, Dr. Crunden, and two Syrian dragomen,—the slender, energetic Abdallah, and the tall and trusty Salah,—and a guard of two Bedouins, armed with long muskets, who were furnished on our payment of a fee by the Sheikh of the Jordan, to protect us by the way. For the road is as much infested by robbers now as when the man described in the parable "fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." * The Bedouins are the robbers, and in the lonely ravines that must be traversed they do not hesitate to attack small parties as well as individuals. So it is the safe way and the custom of tourists, to buy off these fellows by paying for their escort and protection—a species of blackmail that is not confined to the semi-barbarous Turkish Empire, but seems to flourish *mutatis mutandis* in our own boasted metropolis.

* Luke 10:30.

† Luke 10:30.

It was in the midst of a pouring rain that we rode our horses out from the yard of the Hotel Jerusalem, and took the street leading to the city; then turning to our left went along under the wall and past the Damascus Gate and Solomon's quarries and the Modern Calvary, down into the Valley of the Kedron, and up the slope of Olivet to the Garden of Gethsemane. Here our party divided, some going by the easy carriage road skirting the mount to Bethany, and others of us climbing by a steep path directly up the Mount of Olives to get the view of Jerusalem from the top. Our road was stony and slippery, as well as steep, but our horses were trained to climb anywhere like goats, as we afterwards learned when they took us over vastly worse mountain trails, and they carried us up in safety. Every step here was historic ground. Over this very path, probably, walked King David in his flight from his rebellious son, Absalom; for the historian says, "David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot, and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." * Over this path frequently passed our Savior between Jerusalem and Bethany, where He visited Lazarus, Martha, and Mary. And from the summit of this hill, perhaps from the spot where we stopped to take a last view of Jerusalem, our Savior when He made His triumphant progress from Bethany, escorted by multitudes, "beheld the city and wept over it." †

As we lingered there we could imagine how splendid and imposing must have appeared from this hill, in the days of Christ, the Temple and its marble courts, and the palaces on Mount Zion, and the solid walls and lofty towers that constituted the defences of the city. How unlikely to be fulfilled may have seemed to some of His hearers the doom He pronounced upon the guilty capital; "Thine enemies shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee, and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." ‡ Yet we had seen for ourselves how literally this prediction had been accomplished. The city we gazed at was an entirely different one from that which our Savior saw; was every way inferior; a wretched, filthy place, as we had found; yet from this distance and this height it looked large and strong and venerable, even impressive. While the handsome Mosque of Omar with its spacious area, the slender minarets shooting up amid the low domes and flat

* II Sam. 15: 30.

† Luke 19: 41.

‡ Luke 19: 44.

roofs of the houses, the great dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the proud towers of the citadel, offered some elements of beauty that were added to by the setting of green hills about the city.

The middle summit of the Mount of Olives is covered with buildings; among which was pointed out to us the Church of the Ascension, originally built by St. Helena on what was supposed to be the place from which Christ ascended. But this tradition of course contradicts the narrative of Luke, who expressly says that He led His disciples "out as far as to Bethany"—which is over a mile further east—and there "it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven."* One church has succeeded another upon this traditional site; while the Mohammedans have built a mosque here, and claim that its dome is over the exact spot from which Jesus ascended; in proof of which they show a mark in the rock, which they say is the footprint of Jesus. Not far away has been erected a church upon the locality where, it is asserted, the Master taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer. And near this is a chapel commemorating the composition of the Apostles' Creed, according to the old tradition, that the twelve Apostles met and formulated it by each one offering an article; a tradition that has long since been exploded, as it is known that this Creed gradually grew out of the life of the church ages after the Apostles.

We descended the Mount of Olives on the southeastern side, by a narrow and slippery track, and passed on towards Bethany. On the way was pointed out to us the ground where it is supposed stood the village, to which Jesus sent two of His disciples to find the ass and her colt "tied by the door without in a place where two ways met"—with orders to unloose them and bring them to Him for His last and triumphant entry into Jerusalem in the declared character of the Christ.† Just outside of Bethany, on the side toward Jerusalem, are several rock tombs; some one of which is much more likely to have been the tomb of Lazarus than is the underground cellar in the village, reached by 26 steps from the street, that is reputed to have been the sepulchre from which Lazarus was raised by our Savior.‡ Yet a church was at an early date built over the latter excavation, in memory of what was perhaps the greatest of all our Lord's miracles. We saw also the ruins of a church built by the Christian emperor Justinian and destroyed by the Saracens upon the supposed site of the house of Simon the Leper;§

* Luke 24 : 50, 51.

† Mark 11 : 1-10.

‡ John 11 : 43, 44.

§ Mark 14 : 3.

and adjoining this was indicated to us the site of the house of Martha and Mary.* Of course no value is to be put upon these particular identifications; but so sweet and precious are the associations of Bethany with our Savior, as the place where He displayed so much of the human side of His character, where He found a home and realized an ideal friendship with Lazarus and Martha and Mary, that this village is exceedingly interesting. Though it is now a dirty and forlorn hamlet of mud hovels, inhabited by about 300 Mohammedans, whose scantily clad children begged for backsheesh as we rode through, we thought of the deathless love that once glorified this locality, and we mused in silence.

Our rude path here struck into the carriage road, by which the other members of our party had come from Gethsemane, and we rejoined them. The road is wide and smooth and well constructed; a recent improvement that is said to have resulted from an accident which befell a Wallachian Princess, who to save poor pilgrims from stumbling and falling in the rough path formerly used, gave a large sum of money to make this new thoroughfare. It constantly descended, winding among the bare and desolate hills, and led us into a deep valley, where there is a well with a small basin—the only one on the way between Bethany and the Jordan plain. This is believed to be “the waters of Enshe-mesh,” mentioned in the book of Joshua as one of the boundaries of Judah.† Beyond this point we rode some distance through a wilderness of hills covered with bushes and loose stones, where there was no human habitation in sight, till about noon we came to the new khan, to which the Good Samaritan carried the wounded traveller.‡ But let none fancy this to be anything like a hotel or inn with us. It is only an open court yard inclosed by a high stone wall, within which travellers can take their horses, mules, or camels, unload and rest and feed them, and eat their own provisions in a place where they are safe from sudden attack. As may be supposed, the place was very filthy; and we were glad to find our lunch tent pitched outside in a clean spot, where we dismounted, rather stiff and sore from our ride, left our horses to the grooms or muleteers in attendance, and threw ourselves down upon the piece of carpet spread under the tent to enjoy the excellent luncheon, to which our appetites did full justice.

We stopped here an hour, and at one o'clock were in the saddle again, still descending amid bare and stony hills, though finding every-

* John 11 : 1.

† Josh. 15 : 7.

‡ Luke 10 : 34.

where beautiful wild flowers growing by the wayside—red and yellow and purple and white—among them flowers closely resembling our own daisies. The road from the khan onward to Jericho was still in process of construction; much of it was only a bed of stones as yet uncovered with crushed stone and earth, but it will be a good road when completed. We came to a point where we turned off from the road to our left and climbed a little hill, from which we looked down into the deep canyon of a brook, then a foaming torrent on account of recent heavy rains and melting snow, though in summer the channel is quite dry. This has been identified with the brook Cherith, where the prophet Elijah staid at God's command during the first part of the three years and a half drought in Israel, and where the ravens brought him bread and flesh both morning and evening.* Of course the identification is disputed; some scholars believe that the brook Cherith was on the east side of the Jordan and further north, opposite Samaria. But the Greek Christians have built a monastery in honor of Elijah in this narrow gorge at a most romantic point, and at a great expense they have cut in the side of the precipitous bank a road leading to their monastery from the plain of the Jordan. The depth from the hill on which we stood to the brook below was about 2000 feet; sharp rough peaks rose on either side in wildest shapes—treeless, rocky, seamed by torrent beds; and I thought that I had seen nothing so grand since I travelled through the Royal Gorge and the Black River Canyon of Colorado.

We rode on our way, and soon caught a glimpse through the hills of the modern town of Jericho or Riha, as it is called, in the distance; and then a bit of the Dead Sea to the south came into view, and part of the plain of Jordan. A little further on we could see far away a line of verdure marking the course of the brook Jabbok east of the Jordan—the stream upon whose banks Jacob wrestled that memorable night with the Celestial Stranger.† While on our left hand we saw a jagged peak of Quarantania, the traditional mountain of our Savior's temptation. Still we followed the course of the brook Cherith but along the top of the canyon, and glorious indeed were the changing scenes it presented to us. At length we began to descend more rapidly, we took our last turn among the mountains, and as we escaped from the pass a magnificent view burst upon us. At our feet stretched a great plain apparently level, treeless, barren and brown; but on the further or eastern side of it a broad ribbon of luxuriant green marked

* 1 Kings 17:1-6.

† Gen. 32:24.

the course of the river Jordan where it flows amid willows, oleanders, and reeds. To the south gleamed in the afternoon sun, which was now shining between the clouds, the north end of the Dead Sea. On both sides of us and behind us a tumbled sea of mountains, the so-called hill country of Judah and Benjamin. And directly in front of us east of the plain the lofty mountains of Moab and Gilead rising like a great wall against the sky; among the former the highest peak Mount Nebo associated with the death of Moses the grand Hebrew leader. To our left on the west side of the plain was the Valley of Achor, where Achan the troubler of Israel was stoned; and beyond it the site of the ancient Jericho. While between this and the Jordan lay the village of Riha or modern Jericho, and just this side of it our camp of white tents near the spot where the aqueduct that conveys water to the village crosses the brook Cherith. It was a beautiful landscape, and looking at it I did not wonder that Lot when he separated from Abraham "chose him all the plain of Jordan," which at that time "was well watered everywhere even as the garden of the Lord." *

It had not rained since lunch, and now the sun was out to welcome us to the plain, and the cold air of the mountains gave way to genial warmth. We soon covered the two or three miles that separated us from camp, and fording the swift brook Cherith, rode in exultantly to take a cup of afternoon tea and rest an hour or so on an easy camp bed. Our seventeen tents, including the large dining tent, were pitched in the form of an ellipse, all facing inward upon the inclosed parade ground, whose centre was adorned with a pile of camp chests that transported the utensils of the dining tent and the kitchen. The chests were utilized, while in camp, as a table on which to serve afternoon tea, and as seats and lounging places for talkers in the evening after dinner. Our tents were wall-tents with flies to shed the rain, and were fitted up with single iron bedsteads, a double wash stand of iron, and a heavy rug spread over the earth floor. Camp chairs we captured for ourselves from the dining tent, when dinner was over, and surrendered them to the waiters in time for breakfast. Altogether the arrangements were much more comfortable than I had expected, and the meals were well cooked and well served. On that first evening the cook having had plenty of time for preparation, furnished us a table d' hôte dinner, better than any we had had at the Hotel Jerusalem. Afterwards we had a great bonfire of thorns in camp, and nine Bedouins came in and per-

* Gen. 13: 10, 11.

formed for us the Bedouin sword-dance ; eight of them clapping hands and chanting a monotonous refrain, while the chief capered about slashing at imaginary foes with a long sword. It was quite novel and amusing ; but when our bonfire burned low, we were content to dismiss them with their well-earned backsheesh, and retired early to bed to be ready for the fatigues of another day.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.

FROM childhood, all that I read in the Bible or elsewhere about the Dead Sea provoked my curiosity to see that unique sheet of water, about which such strange tales have been told; and our excursion thither, about eight miles from camp, was therefore undertaken with eager interest. All the others of our party seemed to share the interest, for none staid behind. But some of them were disappointed in reaching the goal. Four of our ladies, who did not relish horseback riding, were conveyed in heavy clumsy palanquins; a single-seated vehicle with a top and side curtains, but without wheels; being supported upon two long shafts, between which a mule was harnessed in front and another mule behind the vehicle—each sedate and reflective mule tended by a man to prod him on. These palanquins excited great mirth among us, and we assured each occupant that she looked like the Queen of Sheba riding in her chariot. They were told however that the mud would be too deep for the palanquins to go through to the Dead Sea; so they went directly to the Fords of the Jordan to await the remainder of us there.

The day had opened brightly; but we had not gone far when it began to rain, and we encountered showers till afternoon, when the sun came out. Our route to the Dead Sea was across the desolate plain, quite uncultivated and growing only thorns and sage-brush. One species of thorn was especially noteworthy as bearing the so-called "Apples of Sodom," or "Apples of the Dead Sea." The shrub grows from three to five feet high, and is thickly set with short spikes; the blossom is purple with a yellow centre and looks like a potato flower, and the fruit is dark yellow in color; when ripe, soft to the touch, like a tomato or persimmon, which it resembles in shape and size. When broken open it is found to contain only a row of black seeds in a pod and a few dry filaments.

Very fitly the apple of Sodom is used as a figurative expression for anything that promises fair but disappoints bitterly on trial.

We had to ford the winding brook Cherith three times at the beginning of our ride, splashing through the swift current of water above our horses' knees; and at the latter part of the ride we found considerable mud, especially when we had descended the bluff and came upon the mud-flat about two miles wide on the northern end of the Dead Sea. Here the mud was full six inches deep and very sticky; and the rain poured hard upon us. But we waded obstinately through till we reached the level pebbly beach of the Sea, upon which a considerable surf was breaking; and we dismounted for a few minutes to gather some of the pebbles and to put our hands in the surf. Some of the party were exceedingly desirous of bathing, to test the truth of what they had read about the specific gravity and saltiness of the water; but our guide did not think it best that any should go in on account of the storm. Yet the water looked very attractive near by as it did at a distance, clear and pure and blue, no noxious gases or odors arising from it, as some say; but as pretty a sheet of water to look at as any great inland lake, and picturesque in its setting. As we looked down it southward, there were bold, steep cliffs inclosing it, 2000 feet high on the west and 4000 feet high on the east, mostly bare and serrated rocks, but relieved here and there by spots of verdure at their base where streams ran down to empty themselves in the Sea. The sight was by no means so forbidding as it has been rhetorically represented by some writers, who would make us think that this was a mouth of Hades like the Acherusian marsh of classic geography. Nor is it true, as they say, that there are no signs of life here; that no bird ever flies over the Dead Sea or rests upon its bosom or its shores. On the contrary swallows, storks, and ducks have often been seen flying over the water, and the latter swimming contentedly upon it.

However, it is true that there are no fish in the Dead Sea; fish brought down by the Jordan die on entering the Sea, and no shell-fish have been found there. The water is too highly charged with mineral salts for them to live in it. For while ocean water contains a little less than four per cent. of salt, the water of the Dead Sea contains over 26 per cent., nearly eight per cent. of this being common salt, and the remainder consists of the salts of various minerals. Hence the specific gravity of the water is greater than that of any water known—two per cent. greater than that of Salt Lake in Utah, and the body floats on it

like a log of wood. Swimming is easy there; but it is said that while a bath is at first refreshing, it is irritating to the skin, which needs to be thoroughly rubbed off after bathing, as otherwise a crust of salt is formed on the person. The spray is also very painful if it gets into the eye, and in the mouth is bitter and strangling. This excessive saltiness of the water is no doubt due to the fact that the Dead Sea has no outflow but by evaporation. Hence while it acquires an infusion of salt from its constant feeders, the Jordan which pours into it six millions of tons of water daily, and four or five other tributary streams, besides torrents and springs some of which are brackish, it throws off by evaporation only fresh water, leaving all the saline particles behind which accumulate continually. This evaporation too is very great; because the Dead Sea being so much below the ocean-level and shut in by hills from any cooling winds the tropical heat is intense, and raises an unusual amount of vapor. Scientific observers say, that the water of the Dead Sea evaporates faster than it flows in, and that the level is lowering. But the Arabs who live near it say the lake is deeper than it used to be.

The Dead Sea is about forty-five miles long and ten miles wide at its greatest breadth. Its upper or northern part is much the deepest; the extreme depth measured is 1,308 or 1,310 feet. While the southern end is quite shallow, only twelve or thirteen feet deep. Its shores are crusted with salt, and considerable sulphur, bitumen, pumice-stone and volcanic slag are found upon them. The geological formations of the eastern cliffs show that there was once a sudden fracture made by some mighty convulsion, and then a sinking of the rock west of the fracture, forming the deep cavity in which the sea lies. This, however, occurred in the remote geological ages; it was not probably such a catastrophe that overwhelmed Sodom and Gomorrah and their sister cities, whether they stood at the southern end of the Dead Sea, or, as has been more recently thought, at the northern end. The argument is pretty evenly divided between the two views; we will not enter upon it here. But the means by which the cities of the plain were destroyed was not an earthquake, of which no hint is given in the narrative of Genesis; it is more likely to be found in the stores of bitumen and sulphur in this region, which fired by lightning caused the mighty conflagration. Sir J. W. Dawson, the eminent geologist, has propounded a theory suggested by his observations in Canada of inflammable gas and petroleum escaping from the ground through a bored hole and taking fire, when the air

flowing towards the eruption caused a whirlwind, which carried the dense smoke aloft and threw down burning bitumen all around. "Now if it is supposed that such accumulations of inflammable gas and petroleum existed below the Plain of Siddim, their escape through the opening of a fissure might produce the effects described in Genesis, viz. : a pillar of smoke rising to the sky, burning bitumen and sulphur raining on the doomed cities, and fire spreading over the ground. The attendant phenomenon of the evolution of saline waters implied in the destruction of Lot's wife would be a natural accompaniment, as water is usually discharged in such eruptions, and in this case it would be a brine thick with mud and fitted to encrust and cover any object reached by it."

There have been no facilities for navigating the Dead Sea, a fact much regretted by tourists. But since we were there it is reported that two sailing boats, one rather large and heavy, intended for cargo, and the other smaller and lighter for passengers, have been conveyed from Jaffa to Jerusalem by rail, and thence by road to this sea. The boats belong to the Sultan, as does the sea, which forms part of the crown-property, and it is said to be Abdul Hamid's purpose to turn to good account the salt, bitumen and sulphur that abound on its shores. Thus does modern enterprise penetrate the stagnation of ages in this desolate region.

Leaving the Dead Sea we rode over the barren plain about four miles to the Fords of the Jordan, where we rejoined the other portion of our party, and lunched with them on the bank of the stream. The sight of the famous Jordan was disappointing. We found it a small and muddy stream, at this point perhaps 90 feet wide and 8 or 10 feet deep ; being swollen by the rains beyond its usual size and depth, and overflowing its mud-banks, that are overgrown with thickets of willows, acacias, tamerisks, oleanders, and reeds. The current was very swift ; as would naturally be the case, since the river falls 3,000 feet from its source to its mouth, a distance of about 105 miles in a straight line, though its tortuous channel makes its length much more. Thus the actual distance between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea is only 60 miles, but the river by its windings makes it 200 miles. Its rapidity gives it its name, which means "the Flowing" or "the Descender." Of course it is not a navigable stream for traffic, nor is it much resorted to for fishing. It does not appear to have been bridged anywhere till Roman times, but was crossed at fords ; though David's household,

when he returned to Jerusalem after the defeat of Absalom were ferried over on a raft.*

The ford, where we took our view of the river, is said to be the place where the Israelites crossed on dry land, when the waters were divinely held back for their safe passage.† Some modern scholars have supposed that the stoppage of the waters was due to a landslide in the upper part of the valley, which formed a dam across the river and held the waters back till all the people had passed over! This is also said to be the place where Elijah and Elisha crossed, having smitten the waters with Elijah's mantle so that they parted and yielded to the prophets a passage on dry land.‡ And this is the traditional spot where John baptized the multitudes; and where he baptized our Savior, when the heavens were opened and the Spirit descended upon Him like a dove.§ This last sacred association of the spot has made it for ages the favorite bathing place of pilgrims, who come here in immense numbers on Easter Monday to plunge in the river, and to carry away in bottles and vessels some of the Jordan water to be used at home for baptismal purposes. As the date of Easter differs in the Roman and the Greek churches, the rival crowds fortunately come at different times; so that no collision takes place between them. The caravan starts from Jerusalem under protection of Turkish soldiers, and sometimes there are thousands of people who come together, men, women and children of various nationalities; all eager to bathe in the Jordan. We were there a week earlier; but we saw a large number of Russian pilgrims coming out of the water as we rode up.

From the Jordan we paced back half a dozen miles to camp, passing on our way great patches of luxuriantly blossoming wild flowers and some cultivated fields that belong to the Arab inhabitants of Riha or modern Jericho. We rode through the squalid village, where a half ruined tower is pointed out as the house of Zacchaeus, but the Jericho of our Lord's day was probably two miles west nearer the mountain. Most of the houses of Riha were built of rude walls of stone plastered with mud, and capped with roofs of brush wood and mud. The site is believed to be near that of ancient Gilgal, where Joshua had his headquarters after the crossing of the Jordan, and where he set up the twelve stones taken from the bed of the Jordan,|| and where he saw the angelic Captain of the Lord's host with his drawn sword in his

* II Sam. 19 : 18.

‡ Matt. 3 : 6, 13-16.

† Josh. 3 : 14-17.

|| Josh. 4 : 19, 20.

‡ II Kings 2 : 8, 14.

hand.* Here the Israelites first ate of "the old corn of the land," and the manna on which they had subsisted for forty years in the wilderness ceased to fall on the morrow after.† Henceforth they were to live by natural means; miracle ending when it was no longer needed. Here the generation of Israelites that had grown up since their fathers came out of Egypt were circumcised at God's command.‡ Here the tabernacle of worship containing the ark of the covenant was set up and remained till the land was divided between the tribes at Shiloh, when it was removed thither.§ This Gilgal was one of the towns to which Samuel came in circuit every year to judge the people.|| Here Saul was confirmed king of Israel after his victory over the Ammonites; and here he disobeyed God later in offering burnt-offerings, and lost his kingdom by divine appointment.¶ Here too he met Samuel after his victory over the Amalekites and was rebuked by the prophet for his vainglorious disobedience in sparing Agag the king of Amalek, whom Samuel then and there hewed in pieces before the Lord.*

All these historical associations made the locality an interesting one to us. But we were glad that we did not have to stop at the uninviting hotel in the village, but could go to our clean camp; where after dinner we sat in the mild evening, and watched the brilliant stars come out and the lights twinkling in the hermits' caves on Mount Quarantania, till tired nature suggested repose.

* Josh. 5 : 13.

† Josh. 5 : 11, 12.

‡ Josh. 5 : 2-7.

§ Josh. 18 : 1.

|| I Sam. 7 : 16.

¶ I Sam. 11 : 15 and 13 : 8-14.

* I Sam. 15 : 12-23.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM JERICHO TO AI AND RAMALLAH.

WHEN we broke up camp at Riha or Jericho we intended to make our way northwest through the wilderness to Bethel, and thence north to Singil, where we expected to find our camp the same evening. We had no thought of seeing Ai except from a distance ; but we made, like Joshua's men, a somewhat intimate and disagreeable acquaintance with it, on account of a terrible storm that overtook us in the mountains. We took an early start that memorable morning, though we had not slept very well because the jackals howled so mournfully about our tents during the night. And while we had a guard of Bedouins watching our tents to protect us from robbers, we had some apprehension lest our guards should themselves rob us, as they often pilfer from their employers. Our guide warned us to keep our clothes and valises in the centre of the tent, lest one of the Bedouins should creep up outside and raise the side of the canvas and steal something. And two of our own men were kept on watch all night to have an eye upon these Arab protectors.

Under these circumstances we did not sleep very soundly, and having been wakened at daybreak and breakfasted at quarter past five o'clock, we felt somewhat demoralized as we stood around or sat upon camp-chests, while the tents were quickly taken down, and they and their furniture and our baggage and the dining and kitchen utensils were packed up and loaded on mules. At half past six we rode away over the plain northwestward, through the thickly-growing thorn trees, and passed through the Valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned to death at Joshua's command for his trespass in purloining silver and gold and a goodly Babylonish garment at the capture of Jericho—a trespass that cost the Israelites their bitter defeat at Ai.* A little beyond this we

* Josh. 7 : 1-6.

came to the site of ancient Jericho, which is marked by a few large mounds covered with soil. At their foot we found the Sultan's Spring, or the Fountain of Elisha as it is often called, because it is believed to be the source whose waters Elisha healed by casting salt therein.* It is a large spring, filling a considerable reservoir and sending forth quite a stream, and the water is of the best quality to this day, as the writer can testify, for we had it on our table to drink while in camp at Riha. Several brooks flow from this fountain, affording irrigation to the fields of grain and beans found in this part of the plain. The soil is evidently fertile; all that it needs is water to make it fruitful as in days of old, when Jericho was called "the city of palm trees,"† and cotton, honey, and balsam were among its valuable articles of commerce.

We skirted the mounds which contain in their rubbish all the remains of the once famous city. Fragments of cut stone and pottery and glass show Roman occupation once, and seem to confirm the theory that the Jericho of our Lord's day was in this neighborhood on or near the site of the Jericho of Joshua's day, rather than at Riha, as some think. Doubtless it stretched out both north and south, under the lofty western hills; for Herod the Great spent much money here in building palaces and fortresses and a circus for games. In this city the monster died; having left a command with his sister Salome, that after his death she should kill all the chief men of the Jews, whom he had summoned to Jericho and imprisoned there, in order that there might be mourning at his death. But his brutal order was not carried out. Pleasanter associations are those which connect our Savior with this city; His healing of blind Bartimæus and another blind man who sat by the wayside begging,‡ and his gracious interview with Zacchæus, the rich publican who had climbed a tree to see Him, and secured the unexpected privilege of entertaining Jesus at his house.§

Of the more ancient Jericho we know from the Scripture that it was a fenced city, whose gates were shut at dark as is the custom still throughout the East, and whose walls were so large and strong that Rahab's house was built on them, with a projecting window.|| It was not a very large city, because the Israelites were able to march around it seven times in one day, the seventh day that they compassed it bearing the ark and blowing trumpets.¶ And it was on high ground, because when the walls fell the Israelites "went up into the city."* It was a

* 2 Kings 2: 21, 22.

† Judges 1: 16 and 2 Chron. 28: 15.

‡ Matt. 20: 29-34.

§ Luke 19: 1-10.

|| Josh. 2: 5, 15.

¶ Josh. 6: 15.

* Josh. 6: 20.

rich city for those days, since we read of oxen and sheep and asses within it, and of gold and silver and vessels of brass and iron and goodly garments.* It was utterly destroyed by Joshua, who pronounced a curse upon any one who should attempt to rebuild it, *i. e.*, to fortify it.† For the city seems to have been occupied again in the days of the Judges by Eglon, king of Moab, and it is mentioned as existing in David's time, in connection with his embassy to the Ammonites;‡ but the fulfillment of Joshua's curse upon the rebuilders is recorded as occurring long after in the reign of Ahab, when it fell upon Hiel the Bethelite, who undertook to fortify the place.§ After this we find a company of the sons of the prophets living at Jericho, who witnessed Elisha's miraculous crossing of the Jordan after Elijah's translation.|| And finally it was to Jericho that King Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, fled, when Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem; but he was overtaken in the plain by the Babylonians, and was made a prisoner and brought before Nebuchadnezzar, who put his eyes out and carried him in chains to Babylon.¶

As the mounds of ancient Jericho lie very near the hills and mountains, we could see how easily those two spies, whom Joshua sent to view the city and whom the believing Rahab befriended, could, when she let them down by a cord through her window outside the city wall, escape to the wild fastnesses of the mountain; where they staid three days till their pursuers, who were searching the plain for them and watching the fords of the Jordan, returned. Then the two spies descended the mountain and passed over the Jordan, and made their report to Joshua.* Possibly, as we rode into this wilderness of hills by a narrow valley, we were on the track taken by these spies. More probably we were on the track taken by the men whom Joshua sent after the capture of Jericho to Ai to spy out the latter place.† Certainly we were riding along the base of the lofty mountain Quarantania, which is believed to have been the scene of our Savior's Forty Days' Fast and Temptation by the Devil after His baptism in the Jordan.‡ From an early day the numerous caves in its limestone cliffs were tenanted by Christian hermits; a few Greek monks still live in some of these caves, whose twinkling lights it was that we saw from our camp the previous evening.

* Josh. 6 : 21, 24.

§ I Kings 16 : 34.

* Josh. 2 : 15-24.

† Josh. 6 : 26.

|| II Kings 2 : 15.

† Josh. 7 : 2.

‡ Judges 3 : 13 and II Sam. 10 : 5.

¶ II Kings 25 : 4-7.

‡ Matt. 4 : 1-11

Our path through this valley was wet with the recent rains, and bordered on either side with wheat fields, above which frowned the rocky hills and the dark, overhanging clouds that threatened heavier rain than we had already experienced in the early morning. After a mile or two we came out into a wide, grassy valley, in which Bedouins were pasturing their sheep and cattle on the hillsides ; and we saw their black tents arranged in a circle near by. Then we began to climb a mountain bare and bleak, where the trail grew very steep as it wound along the edge of precipices, and so narrow that we were obliged to go in single file. As we rose higher, the wind blew more and more violently ; till we looked back anxiously at the palanquins that were following us a considerable distance behind, and feared lest they and their occupants would be blown over the precipice. We saw inky black clouds driving towards us from the north, ever and anon riven with jagged lightning, while the thunder roared and rattled from one mountain peak to another, as it does in our own Catskills. We knew that a severe storm was close upon us, and there was no possible shelter from it ; not a house nearer than Jericho, that we had left miles behind ; not so much as the protection of a great rock or a clump of bushes on that perfectly bald mountain.

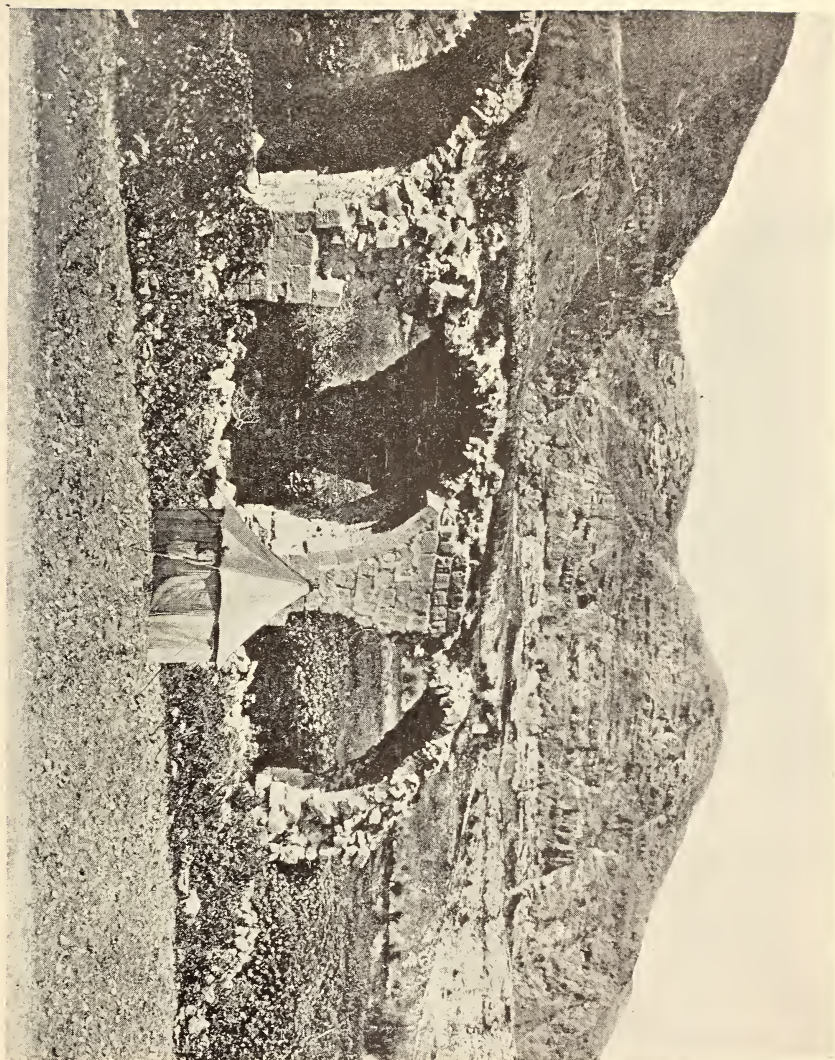
So we pushed on in the gathering darkness, but we had only reached the first summit when the storm burst furiously upon us. Our horses could not face the pitiless blast and the ice-cold rain. They would not go on, but stood still and turned tail to the storm. The wind was too violent for us to hold up umbrellas, and we had to sit on our horses and take the rain and the accompanying hailstones on our backs. Nearly all the party wore water-proof coats or cloaks, but they were soon wet through and afforded no more protection than the heavy cloth overcoats of others. Two men wore genuine English mackintoshes, and they were the only persons who did not get thoroughly wet. Most of us men wore rubber or leather leggings and rubber overshoes, but they were of little avail in such a terrific gale. After half an hour of drenching the rain slackened a little and the wind quieted somewhat, and the four palanquins, having joined us in safety, for which we felt truly thankful, we went on our toilsome way.

Presently our trail led us into a level basin, where the mud was so deep by reason of this sudden downpouring of rain that the foremost of our party narrowly escaped being stuck fast in it. We were obliged to leave the path and circle around the side of a hill covered with loose

stones. Here our guide and the dragoman decided to abandon the route they had intended to take, because they knew it would be impassable on account of the mud, and to lead the party by a rocky and rarely used path over the mountains towards Bethel. We proceeded over places so frightful that description could not make one understand how steep and rocky and slippery and dangerous they were, whether we were ascending or descending. It seems now to the writer like an awful nightmare to recall that ride. All day long it rained, steady rain alternating with terrific showers, each one of which drenched us afresh and chilled us to the bone. The water poured in streams down the sides of the hills, making the rocks slippery as ice, and forming torrents in the ravines that we had to ford. How our horses managed to keep their footing was a marvel; but the strong, hardy little creatures bore us bravely on to our admiration. Then in many places the loose stones were mixed with mire a foot or more deep, where we feared we should be stalled; but still our horses pulled us through. Up one mountain we would climb wearisomely, and then at the top would wonder how we should ever manage to descend it in safety; and having reached the bottom would begin directly another ascent. So mile after mile we traversed that lonely wilderness; not a human habitation anywhere to be seen—not even a tree to break the melancholy monotony of rocks and stones and mud.

Our guide had impressed upon us at the start the importance of keeping together; had told us that if one went astray in this wilderness it meant death; for one would easily fall into the hands of the Bedouins, who prowled about seeking to find people to rob. So I determined at all hazards to keep in company with my sister, who, like myself, was ill-mounted on a slow-walking horse. We found that we were steadily falling behind the other horsemen, and even the mules who carried the palanquins. We pushed on as fast as we could, and at length passed one palanquin that had come to grief. One of the mules had fallen in the mud and could not be gotten up, and the guide and the assistant dragoman and one of our young men went back to assist the lady who had been riding in that palanquin. A little further on we found another palanquin that was similarly stalled. The lady in this vehicle was taken out and put on a spare horse that was a good one, and she soon passed us and joined the horsemen before us. We kept them in sight as long as we could, but continued to fall behind, and at last they disappeared.

Through the deep mud we waded on after them till we reached a



QUARANTANIA, THE MOUNTAIN OF TEMPTATION.

steep rocky descent, where the trail seemed to lose itself, and the precipitous decline looked utterly impassable. Our horses trembled, and refused to go down. I dismounted and tried to lead my companion's horse down; but he would not go. We rode back a little way, and tried to descend the rocks at another point where fresh tracks seemed to indicate that some of the party had gone, but again we failed. I shouted for help, hoping that some of those who had preceded us might hear; but they had passed out of hearing, and we realized that we two were alone in that horrible wilderness. We thought that we might have wandered from the right road, and so we rode back some distance to see if any other path forked from the one we had taken. We found none, but we lingered to see if help would not come. Presently we saw two natives and a loaded mule approaching, and hoped they would assist us. But when they came up and I appealed to them, they could not understand, but went stolidly on their way. As we did not know that they were our own men but feared they might be Bedouins, we did not venture to follow them, and they soon vanished down the precipice, jumping like goats from rock to rock.

All this time the rain was pouring, and the wind blew very hard and cold. My fingers were so stiff that I could not unbutton my overcoat to see what time of day my watch might show. We rode back to the rocks and made a third attempt to descend, but failed again. So I said, "It is useless to try further; we had better ride back a piece and wait for the guide and his party, who are certainly behind us." We rode a little way and sat on our horses in the soaking rain for perhaps half an hour, till at last, to our joy, we saw the little company slowly approaching. We fell into the procession; and when we came to the precipitous rocks, dismounted and went down on foot, leading our horses. In the ravine at the bottom of this hill we found a raging torrent knee-deep, which we had to ford. On the other side of the brook rose another steep hill, on whose side we saw a third palanquin, which had been abandoned also, and the lady who occupied it, as we afterwards learned, had been put on a horse, though she had never ridden in her life. We clambered up this precipitous hill on foot, over the broken stones mixed with mire, down which the water ran in streams. At the top my companion and I mounted and rode through several fields, where the mud was about fourteen inches deep, while the others plodded on foot through the mire.

Ere long we overtook the two men and the mule, who had previously

passed us, and found that they belonged to the party. The luncheon was packed on the mule; but the poor beast had fallen in the mud and could not be gotten up by any amount of beating and kicking, and the luncheon was hopelessly submerged. The guide decided to send Salah, the assistant dragoman, on after the remainder of the party to get help from the village of Deir Dewan, which we could now see on a hill in the distance; and as my companion and I could be of no assistance there, and were too much chilled to stand still longer, we followed Salah on the trail through the mud. After riding a mile we met Salah, who had dashed on ahead, coming back with the report that the party had sent a man who was following him. So we determined to push on to Deir Dewan and rejoin the main party. We rode what seemed a long time, and were caught in another heavy shower, before we reached this Arab village very near the site of ancient Ai. It was surrounded by extensive groves of olive trees and cultivated fields, and looked attractive to us as a shelter from the storms we had encountered in the wilderness. We entered the village and found our friends huddled together in a large, dark and dirty room, called the khan, through whose roof the water dropped on us, making yellow stains on our clothes, and on whose dirt floor the Arabs had kindled a little fire of embers that filled the room with smoke but gave out scarcely any heat. It was half-past three o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived, having been nine hours in the saddle without a morsel to eat. The foremost of the party had arrived nearly two hours earlier, others had straggled in like ourselves.

About thirty minutes after we came in, the guide arrived with the rear guard who had met with so many difficulties; and we silently offered prayers of thankfulness that the whole party now re-united had escaped alive and unhurt from the perils of those frightful precipices. Abdallah, the chief dragoman, brought in some of the thin, flat, flabby cakes of bread, that the Arabs make from unbolted flour, brown in color and having a coarse half-baked taste; no dainty food, but we were hungry enough to eat our scanty portion. He and the guide held a council, and it was determined that we should seek refuge in the Latin Convent at Ramallah, two and a half hours' ride west; for we could not spend the night standing up in this comfortless khan, and nothing was known of the whereabouts of our camp—only that it could not possibly have gotten through the mud, and must be miles away in the wilderness. So at 4.30 P. M. we paid the greedy Arabs their extortionate charges and mounted again our jaded horses who had not had a mouthful all day, and fol-

lowed another rude path over rocks and through loose stones and mud, glad enough to leave Deir Dewan and ancient Ai behind us.

At dusk we reached Bethel situated on a bleak, stony hill; the place where Jacob on his way as a fugitive to Padan-aram tarried one night, and "took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down to sleep",* and dreamed his wonderful dream of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. I thought as I looked around, that if Jacob had had a thousand men with him that night, they could all have gathered off the hill stones enough for their pillows and left sufficient stones to pillow Esau's forces besides, if the latter had followed them. Not even the hills of New England can show so many loose stones of assorted sizes as does Bethel. It was between Bethel and Ai, whence we had come, that Jacob's grandfather, Abraham, had once built an altar;† and here he afterwards lived awhile with Lot his nephew;‡ and here he and Lot agreed to separate, and from this hill Lot saw the plain of Jordan and chose it for his portion.§ From those days Bethel became a sacred place; and hence King Jeroboam after the division of the tribes set up here one of the golden calves by which he ensnared the Ten Tribes into idolatry.|| It is a wretched village now consisting of a few stone hovels and two or three better houses and a high square stone building that must be a relic of former prosperity. At the foot of the hill we saw, by a fountain, a camp of five tents, occupied by an English party who had just come from Jerusalem, and we almost envied them their comparative comfort.

From Bethel we rode on in the twilight past another fountain, noted as the spot where the old prophet of Bethel overtook the man of God who came from Judah to predict the destruction of King Jeroboam's altar; and by falsehood induced the man of God to go home with him for refreshment—an act of disobedience to the divine command on the part of this man of God, which resulted in his being killed by a lion.¶ At this point we passed some Russian pilgrims tramping wearily along the rough path, bound like ourselves for Ramallah where they would find refuge in a Greek hospice. Their condition was even more pitiable than ours, for they had no horses nor mules to ride. At last after seven o'clock in the evening we reached the Latin Convent, and perhaps we were never before so glad to find a shelter. It was a large stone building, occupied by two monks, and affording in the lower story room for

* Gen. 28:11.

† Gen. 12:8.

‡ Gen. 13:3, 4.

§ Gen. 13:5-11.

|| I Kings 12:28, 29.

¶ I Kings 13:11-25.

a school for the village children taught by a couple of nuns. The sisters were invisible to our party however; and women are not allowed to stop in the monastery except in circumstances of distress such as had overtaken our company. But the good brothers cordially welcomed our whole party, and put at our disposal a large upper room with a stone floor and having divans around its sides and ornamented with pictures of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. They gave us a charcoal brasier to warm us; but as only five or six could gather around it at once, it did not help us as much as did the brandy and arrack they brought us, which we all took gratefully. As soon as possible they made a quantity of hot tea, and three or four cups apiece of the steaming liquid brought back life to our exhausted systems.

Presently it was announced that our cook had arrived and gone into the town to buy provisions, and would serve us a dinner later. By nine o'clock that genius had accomplished what seemed a miracle when we went down to the kitchen and saw the little charcoal stove on which he had cooked the meal. We had hot soup and curried rice and roast veal and coarse Arab bread, with a limited supply of bitter Bethlehem wine from the stores of the monastery. We voted our cook a fairy, a priceless treasure, a Syrian Delmonico; and wet and chilled as we were we took fresh heart. After dinner we went up stairs and prepared beds for the night. The kind monks gave us three bed rooms, in which our eleven ladies were lodged; and for us men the divans in the large room were arranged and quilts laid on the stone floor, and taking off our overcoats and rubber leggings we turned in with all our wet clothes on to sleep as best we could—twenty of us in one room! Of course our luggage had not arrived; we did not know where it was, nor whether we should recover it. We were like shipwrecked mariners rescued from the wreck and lodged in a life-saving station, but we were thankful that we were saved and had shelter and food. The Lord had preserved us amidst the dangers and exposure of that awful day; and we rendered praise to Him.

CHAPTER XXI.

RAMALLAH AND SINJIL.

WE lay in our novel quarters in the monastery till nearly eight o'clock next morning in order to keep warm, and upon rising found we had dried our clothes on us. Meanwhile our energetic guide had been stirring, and had dispatched men in search of the baggage and the camp equipments, and Abdallah, the chief dragoman, had gone to Jerusalem, about twelve miles distant, to bring Mr. Rolla Floyd, the contractor, to consult with us about the reorganization of the expedition. We obtained such breakfast as could be furnished, and spent the morning walking up and down the long corridor, or hanging over the brasier of coals to try to get warm. Then reports began to come in, that many of the Russian pilgrims, who had been visiting Nazareth and were returning on foot to Jerusalem, to keep the Greek Easter, had died by the road side exhausted in yesterday's terrible storm. That three hundred of them had been given shelter in the Greek church and hospice here in Ramallah, of whom several had since died. In all seventy-two deaths were reported. The sad fate of these poor creatures made us feel that we ought not to complain of any hardship we had suffered or had still to endure. Compared to theirs how easy had been our experience and how comfortable were now our quarters.

Early in the afternoon Abdallah returned from Jerusalem, bringing with him Mr. Rolla Floyd to our great satisfaction. He told us that he had sent a fresh force of men and mules from Jerusalem to hunt up our camp and baggage, and assist the men in charge of them and recover the palanquins, and that he would himself stay with us and reorganize the expedition, and accompany us to our first camping ground at Sinjil. His presence and confidence inspired us with some degree of hope, and while many of the party had talked of abandoning the horseback tour and returning to Jerusalem, the sentiment began to change in favor of

going on. Word came to us also that the camp-equipment had been heard from and was safe, though stalled in the mud miles away, and that our personal luggage was intact and would arrive before night. Of this we were very glad, as we had had neither brushes nor combs nor soap to use since our unexpected arrival in this Convent.

Cheered by these tidings several of us visited a Mission in the neighborhood, maintained by some American Quakers and called the Friends' Mission, whose ladies had come in the morning to see our party, and invited us to their home to get our clothes dried and to lodge there if any would like to do so. These excellent ladies keep a school for the instruction of the native children, and are doing a noble work. We found them very cordial and kind, and their cheerful sitting room warmed by a wood stove looked more like home than anything we had seen since we left America. They actually had a carpet on the floor, and a sofa, and rocking chairs, and American books and newspapers on their table. For the first time since we left Jericho I got thoroughly warm, and dreaded to return to the cold, damp, cheerless Convent. But Abdallah came after us to see us home, as a fight had broken out in the village between two factions of the Mohammedans, and stones and other missiles were flying furiously. They were fighting, it appeared, over the spoil taken from the bodies of two of the dead Russian pilgrims, and it was rumored that these pilgrims had been first murdered and then robbed. From the windows of the Friends' sitting room we could see the fight in the distance. Abdallah brought us safely to our quarters by a back way, and then we went up on the flat roof of the Convent and watched the conflict. There were scores of men hurling rocks at one another from roofs and along the streets, and shouting curses in their to us unintelligible language, till at length the village officials succeeded in quelling the riot.

Our luggage reached us, to our great joy, before six o'clock, considerably wet and dirty, as it had lain in the mud so many hours, but we could now make our toilets for dinner. Eight or ten of our party went afterwards to the Friends' Mission to stay all night, which made more room for the remainder of us in our limited lodgings and afforded us a larger supply of quilts to cover us. So that night we ventured to take off our boots and our coats before we retired! The second day was not wet and showery as the preceding day had been, but the sun came out bright and warm. It was not thought best, however, that we should resume our journey till the morrow on account of the uncertainty of

the weather. So we spent a second day in the monastery, most of it on the flat stone roof, where we walked up and down or sat in the sunshine reading and talking, and had our photographs taken by an amateur photographer of the party. From this point of observation we could plainly see Mizpeh on a high hill south, where Saul was chosen king,* and at the base of the hill nearest us Gibeon, where the Lord appeared in a dream by night to young king Solomon and offered him the choice of gifts.† We had the sorrow of saying good bye to two of our ladies, who had decided to return to Jerusalem and to go from Jaffa by steamer to Beirut, and await us either there or at Damascus. From the roof we waved our farewells to them, as all the rest of us had determined to continue the ride to Damascus.

We noticed during the morning a number of Russian pilgrims passing into the town by the road we had come in from the north, some of them walking, the feeble riding on donkeys that had been sent out to bring them in. They were headed by the cavass of the Russian Archimandrite at Jerusalem. A cavass is an attendant or body-guard of an official, who precedes the latter and clears the way for him, carrying in his hand a huge truncheon loaded at the bottom, as a policeman with us carries his club. Later some of us followed these pilgrims through the filthy street and through a crowd of wild-looking villagers to the hospice adjoining the Greek church, where the poor creatures were cared for. Most of them were women of coarse features and shabby dress, some wearing men's boots and heavy coats, and they were in all stages of exhaustion. A young Greek priest with long, yellow hair and yellow beard, and his attendant, were distributing among them great wooden bowls of soup made with rice, which the famished pilgrims ladled into their mouths with wooden spoons. Meanwhile the Russian Consul from Jerusalem was in the Greek church holding an inquest on the bodies of twelve more persons who had died, thirteen having already been buried in Ramallah. Of these twenty-five it was stated that twenty-two were women and three men; the latter it was believed had been murdered by the Moslems for the sake of robbery. Some of the women, too, it was reported, had been robbed after they fell exhausted in the storm. A great sensation had been excited among the Greek Christians by these reports, and a thorough investigation was being made by the Consul. After the inquest the dead were brought out from the church wrapped in sheets, and were all buried in one large grave with the rites of the Greek church.

* I Sam. 13: 17-25.

† I Kings 3: 5.

The next morning we breakfasted early, bade adieu to our kind hosts with a new feeling of respect and gratitude for monastic institutions that we had never felt before, and started upon our ride to Sinjil, where Mr. Floyd reported that our tents were set up and everything ready for us. The day was cloudy and cool, but no rain fell by the way. We retraced our steps towards Bethel, passing through El Bireh, the ancient Beeroth, a city of Benjamin, and noted as the home of Baanah and Rechab, the murderers of King Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul.* This is supposed to have been the place where Joseph and Mary missed the child Jesus, when they were returning from Jerusalem to Nazareth; as it is often made the first stopping place on the way.† It is now a forlorn hamlet of stone hovels, but still boasts a fine spring of water and the ruins of a mediæval church and of an old khan. An hour further on we reached Bethel, whose name, meaning "the house of God", was given it by Jacob in commemoration of his wonderful dream there. In the glare of day it did not look any more inviting to us than it did when we passed through it in the dusk of evening three days before. At this point we came into what they call the high road to Samaria; once in Roman times no doubt a good road, but now a mere bed of loose stones and rocks mingled with mud that was quite deep in places, though the road was not nearly so bad as the trail we had followed through the wilderness. A little further we saw in the distance Ophrah, the birth-place of Gideon and the scene of his interview with the angel and of his experiences with the fleece.‡ It became a centre of idolatry afterwards in consequence of the ephod which he made and put there.§ Some suppose this to have been the city called Ephraim, to which Jesus resorted for privacy and safety from His enemies after the raising of Lazarus from the dead.||

We rode still through a rough and barren region, till we descended a precipitous way over sheer rocks and reached the Wady el-Haramiyeh or Robbers' Glen, a deep valley between lofty hills that in crusading times were crowned with forts now in ruins. This narrow valley is planted thickly with olive trees and fig trees, presenting a grateful contrast to the desolate country we had traversed. It is a lonely place, containing no houses, though there are villages in the neighborhood, whose thieves find it a favorable spot for marauding operations—and hence its name. It was in this glen that most of those Russian pilgrims, whose

* II Sam. 4:5-8.

‡ Judges 8:27.

† Luke 2:41, 45.

|| John 11:54.

§ Judges 6.

sufferings I have mentioned, were overcome by that terrible storm ; and some were swept away by the flood that swelled the brook flowing through the glen ; and here their bodies were robbed by the Arabs. We stopped and took lunch at the Ain Haramiyeh or Fountain of the Robbers at the upper part of the valley ; where our refreshment tent was pitched in a most picturesque locality, near the foot of a wall of rock, 20 or 30 feet high, covered with growing plants of all shades of green. The water trickles through the rocks and produces a thick growth of grass on the level ; and we were so delighted with the rare verdure that we rested there a couple of hours.

We had but a short ride further—three miles—to our camp at Sinjil, and the sun came out so warm that for the first time in Palestine I rode without my heavy overcoat on, having strapped it behind the saddle. We were now approaching the territory of Samaria, whose abundant streams and pastures and grain fields and fruit trees afford a marked contrast to the rocky, uncultivated hills of Judaea. This was the portion assigned to the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, Joseph's sons. And well did the dying Jacob prophesy : " Joseph is a fruitful bough ; even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall."* Travelling through this region, I could readily understand how, with such natural resources, Ephraim became so rich and powerful a tribe. But how Judah in its isolation from the other tribes, and with the natural disadvantages of its territory, could have developed so much of strength and prosperity as it did, seemed to me a mystery. How could the country ever have sustained so great a population as the Scriptures represent to have belonged to Judah? I asked myself. Doubtless all these sterile and rocky hills must then have been covered with soil, and been highly cultivated, or afforded pasture for countless flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. And still upon this supposition it is difficult for the traveller of to-day to see whence Judah's prosperity came. It can only be explained as wrought by the special blessing of Providence, given in reward to Judah's loyalty to the divine worship and the divinely appointed government.

Our road ere long brought us by a steep ascent on the side of a hill to our camp, that was pitched in a sightly place close by and overlooking the village of Sinjil. From the higher ground in the rear of the camp we obtained quite an extensive view. Below the hill on which we stood, the valley widens into a fertile plain some four miles long,

* Gen. 49 : 22.

and perhaps a mile and a half wide, in which we saw a large village called Turmus Aya. In this plain, probably, the hosts of Israel were wont to assemble when they came up before the Lord at Shiloh, whose site was pointed out to us on the range of hills rising on the opposite side of the valley. Here Joshua divided the land by lot between the tribes, and here the Tabernacle was set up and remained till the Ark of God was captured by the Philistines in the last days of Eli.* During that period Shiloh was the centre of worship, and practically the capital of the country. Here was celebrated that annual feast of the Lord, at which the Jewish maidens danced, and here occurred the event related in the book of Judges, when the remnant of the tribe of Benjamin that survived the civil war were permitted to carry off the maidens to be their wives.† This narrative, by the way, describes so particularly the location of Shiloh, that Dr. Robinson, in 1835, was able to identify it, although the site had been forgotten since the time of St. Jerome. Shiloh, the historian says, is "on the north side of Bethel, on the east side of the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem, and on the south of Lebonah."‡ That was exactly the situation pointed out to us as we stood on the hill behind our camp. We could see the highway winding over the hills towards Nablous, the ancient Shechem, and the village of El Lubban or the ancient Lebonah east of it, and a little south of this village the ruins of Shiloh. With a glass we could see the small ruined mosque that stands there, and the tumbled low walls that some suppose to have been the foundations of the Tabernacle. We could also see from this point Mount Carmel on the west, and the range of Mount Gerizim on the north.

Our stay in camp at Sinjil was a quiet and pleasant one; nor did we fail to hold religious service in one of our tents to give thanks to God for His merciful preservation of us amid the dangers we had lately encountered. This service, like that which we held on our steamer on the Nile, and like the service we held in the sitting room of the Hotel Jerusalem that rainy Sunday evening, seemed to unite us as one Christian family, though representing many different denominations, and we rejoiced to resort to a common mercy-seat.

* Josh. 18: 1, and I Sam. 4: 11.

† Judges 21.

‡ Judges 21: 15.

CHAPTER XXII.

JACOB'S WELL AND NABLOUS.

OUR ride from Sinjil to Nablous was not an eventful one ; indeed we were quite willing to be spared a renewal of thrilling experiences. We returned over the road by which we had come down the hill into the valley, and skirted the western border of the valley till our path wound into the rocky hills northward, which we crossed, and then passed through the valley of Lebonah, green with fields of wheat. We crossed another range of steep hills, where our horses had to climb step above step of rock, and then descend on the other side over rocks that looked like the bed of a mountain torrent. So we came slowly down to the plain of El Mukhnah, called in the book of Genesis the plain of Moreh, the first place in Canaan to which Abraham came from the east and where he built his first altar to the Lord.* From hence he moved to Bethel,† and afterwards to Hebron.‡ The plain is nine miles long from north to south and four miles wide, and when we saw it was just a succession of luxuriant wheat fields, the grain being about a foot high. Men and women were busy in the fields on either side of the road pulling out weeds to be carried home for fodder, and here and there cattle tied by short ropes were allowed to eat what was within their reach.

Here on the soft ground we made more rapid progress than on the stony steeps of the mountains, and we were soon within sight of Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. On our right hand were pointed out to us two domed monuments on rising ground, one of them reputed to be the tomb of Eleazar, the son of Aaron, and the other that of Phinehas, Eleazar's son. So we read in the last verse of the book of Joshua : "Eleazar, the son of Aaron, died, and they buried him in a hill that pertained to Phinehas, his son, which was given him in Mount Ephraim." §

* Gen. 12:6, 7.

† Gen. 12:8.

‡ Gen. 13:18.

§ Josh. 24:33.

Both Jewish and Mohammedan traditions concur in fixing these sites, and there is no reason to dispute them. At the foot of Mount Gerizim we came to Jacob's Well, a little off the road to the right and fronting the valley that opens west from the plain and runs between Ebal and Gerizim, the valley in which the town of Nablous is situated. Close by the well our lunch tent was pitched, and here we rested and satisfied our hunger and drank of the excellent water of this famous well. Over it the Emperor Justinian once built a small church, which lay in ruins for ages and has but recently been excavated. Formerly visitors could see the well only by looking down through a hole in the roof of this ancient building. But we descended a flight of steps that had been laid bare, and passed through a door into a small vaulted chamber that incloses the well and was a part of the church. Around the mouth of the well is a curb, and letting down a couple of candles to the water, whose surface was not more than twenty feet below on account of the reservoir being filled up by recent rains, we could see that the sides were regularly built up with blocks of stone and that the well was about eight or ten feet in diameter. Its depth is said to be seventy-five feet now, but it was probably much deeper in our Lord's day as considerable rubbish has been thrown into it.

This was to me one of the most interesting spots I visited in the Holy Land, because there is no doubt in regard to the genuineness of Jacob's Well. Jews, Samaritans, Mohammedans, and Christians are all agreed upon the identity of the site. While the features of the landscape to-day fulfill the description that John gives of it in Christ's time. The Well is a natural resting place for one travelling on the highway from Jerusalem to Galilee, as Christ was then doing. It is "near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph", * and that contains Joseph's tomb. All about lie the wheat fields, of which Christ said to his disciples,—“Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest”. † On the southwest towers Mount Gerizim, of which the woman of Samaria said to Jesus—“Our fathers worshipped in this mountain”. ‡ And between Mounts Gerizim and Ebal one catches a glimpse of Nablous, the Old Testament Shechem and New Testament Sychem, generally believed to be the same as Sychar—whence the woman came and whither Jesus' disciples had gone to buy food. § (Though some think that the village of Askar nearer to the Well is the ancient Sychar). All these coincidences profoundly impress-

* John 4: 5.

† John 4: 35.

‡ John 4: 20.

§ John 4: 7. 8.

ed me with the truthfulness of the tradition, that this is the well on whose curb the wearied Jesus sat and talked with the Samaritan woman, about that living water which he would give the thirsty soul. * How appropriately was the discourse timed to the occasion and the hearer. But how well adapted to our own spiritual wants also we find it now.

The earlier patriarchal associations of this Well, though less precious to us than those which connect it with our Savior, cannot be forgotten. To this place, where Abraham and Lot had once pitched their tents, and pastured their flocks and herds,† Jacob returning from the east with his wives and children and servants and possessions had come, and prudently “bought a parcel of a field where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem’s father, for a hundred pieces of money.”‡ Here he erected an altar to God;§ and here he dug his well, though in a region of springs and streams said to be 70 in number, in order, probably, to be independent of his heathen neighbors, whose friendship was uncertain, and with whom his sons were soon at war, in consequence of which the family removed by divine direction to Bethel.|| But the purchased land remained Jacob’s, though he seems never to have returned to it himself; and here several hundred years later the bones of Joseph, his favorite son, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, were buried.¶

We rode from the Well to Joseph’s Tomb, about a third of a mile north. It stands in a little yard inclosed by a stone wall, and close to it is a small oblong stone mosque, that had become ruined and was restored by the English Consul at Damascus, about twenty-five years ago. The building, however, needs to be restored again, as it is somewhat dilapidated. The Tomb looks like an ordinary Mohammedan tomb—an oblong of stones built up a couple of feet high, and two low pillars or slabs at the head and foot of the Tomb, whose hollowed tops are blackened by the burning of incense in them. Jews, Samaritans and Christians, as well as Mohammedans, believe this to be Joseph’s burial place, and there is no reason to doubt it. Here where his light-hearted boyhood was spent, reposed at last the remains of the mighty statesman who had ruled Egypt so long, and whose venerated mummy had been carried about with them by the Israelites during their forty years’ wandering in the wilderness. His last wish was gratified, his last command fulfilled: “God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.” *

* John 4:6-26.

† Gen. 12:6.

‡ Gen. 33:19.

§ Gen. 33:20.

|| Gen. 35:1.

¶ Josh. 24:32.

* Gen. 50:25.

From Joseph's Tomb we rode back to the main road and gathered by the way some black lilies, which we then saw for the first time but afterwards saw frequently. They are a dark, rich, velvety purple with a black stamen, in shape like a calla lily. I wondered whether these might not be the lilies referred to by our Savior when he said: "Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."* Then we rode through the poor village of Askar, believed by some scholars rather than Nablous to be the ancient Sychar from which the woman came to draw water at Jacob's Well.† Probably in either case the reason why she went to this well to draw water instead of taking water from a stream, was that the well was in closer proximity to the fields, for whose laborers she was drawing water, and not for her household use. Some, however, think that the reason of her going so far was that she placed special value on the waters of the well because it was Jacob's Well, or because they were of superior coolness from the depth of the reservoir.

Another mile brought us to Nablous—a corruption of the Greek name Neapolis, which means New City. The Italian Napoli or Naples is the same name. This is the modern successor of the city of Shechem, famous in Old Testament times. Hither came Joshua after the conquest of Ai, and built an altar to the Lord in Mount Ebal,‡ and wrote upon the stones the law of Moses as the latter commanded;§ and stationing half of the Israelites on Gerizim and the other half on Ebal, had them read aloud the blessings and the curses of the law.|| So pure is the air and so close are the mountains together, but half a mile apart at their base, that they form a natural sounding board; and persons can easily be heard speaking from the one mountain to the other, as has often been proved by tourists who have made the experiment. At Shechem Joshua in his old age assembled all the tribes of Israel, and secured from them a renewed promise of loyalty to the Lord, and set up a great stone as a memorial of this covenant.¶ Shechem was noted also as the city that made Abimelech, Gideon's natural son, their king; who slew all his seventy brethren but the youngest, Jotham, who escaped and standing on Mount Gerizim shouted to the men of the city his parable about the bramble that was made king over the trees.* To Shechem, Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, went to be crowned king of Israel; but returning a foolish and vain-glorious answer to the demands of the people

* Matt. 6: 29.

† John 4: 5-7.

‡ Josh. 8: 30.

§ Josh. 8: 32.

|| Josh. 8: 33-35.

¶ Josh. 24: 1-27.

* Judges 9: 1-26.

voiced by Jeroboam, lost the allegiance of the 'Ten Tribes who revolted and made Jeroboam their king.* The latter made Shechem his first capital, though he afterwards moved to Tirzah a few miles north.†

The present city of Nablous contains 20,000 inhabitants, of whom 19,000 are Mohammedans and the other thousand are Christians, Samaritans and Jews. It is the most fanatical place in Palestine, next to Hebron, and the people easily get excited against a company of Christians. Hence after we had passed the Turkish barracks, said to stand on the place where the Tabernacle was pitched when Joshua was here, we dismounted and walked quietly through the gate into the city. We were warned to keep together, and not to eat or smoke, as it was during the Fast of Ramadan, when for a whole month the Mohammedans do not eat, drink, or smoke from sunrise to sunset; and they would resent seeing a Christian do either. We walked without molestation through several streets of bazaars superior to those in Jerusalem, and filled with every variety of goods, and the streets were rather cleaner than those of Jerusalem, though built over in the same way by houses supported on arches.

Then we climbed a hill to visit the Samaritan synagogue, where the remnant of the Samaritans, who are less than 200 in number, still worship, and where the celebrated Samaritan Pentateuch is kept. The synagogue is a small room without seats, or other ecclesiastical furniture, and our party completely filled it. The High Priest of the Samaritans, who was a good-looking, black-bearded man of middle age, brought out from a recess at one side two very ancient rolls of the Pentateuch, perhaps 2,000 years old; one of them in a bronze case chased with silver and gold representations of the Tabernacle; its Holy Place, the cherubim, the ark of the covenant, the golden candlestick, the table of show-bread, and the altar of burnt-offering. When we had sufficiently admired this, he exhibited to us in a silver case his treasure, the precious manuscript, which they claim was written by the grandson of Aaron, 3,560 years ago. The parchment is yellow and patched, the ink faded, the writing illegible, except to one who understands the Samaritan characters. The High Priest was very affable, and glad to sell us his photograph and to receive a fee, as his people are very poor. They accept of the Hebrew Scriptures only the Pentateuch; and they still keep up the annual sacrifice of the Passover on the top of Mount Gerizim, where they once had their temple, in opposition to the temple at

* I Kings 12: 1-20.

† I Kings 12: 25 and 14: 17.

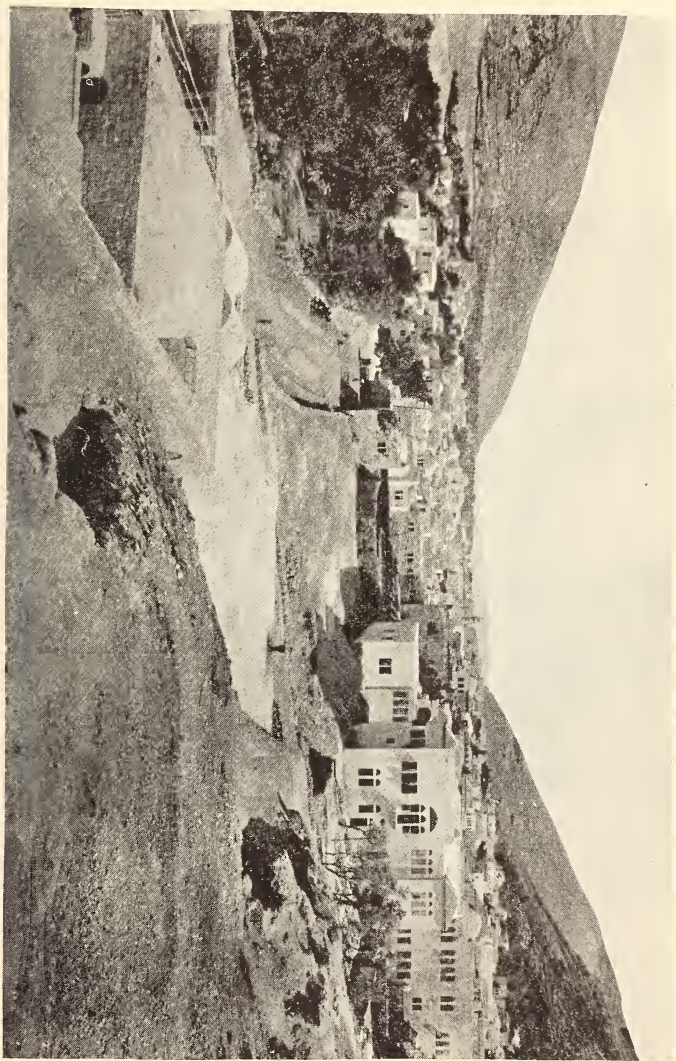
Jerusalem. It was destroyed in the reign of Justinian, who built a fortress and a Christian church there, whose ruins remain to this day.

From the Samaritan Synagogue we went up another street, and entering a door passed through a garden of lemon-trees into a mosque, which incloses what they call Jacob's Tower. Here they say he received the news that Joseph was torn in pieces by wild beasts.* A low door opens from the mosque into the tower, but the latter being full of water we could not go in, and contented ourselves with laughing at the apochryphal legend. We climbed the hill back of Nablous to get a fine view of the city, and descended on the other side to our camp, that was pitched under a grove of olive-trees and near a Mohammedan cemetery. We thought this a very good place for the camp, as dead Mohammedans are much safer neighbors than living ones.

While here we received a call from the Rev. Mr. El Karey, a native missionary laboring under the auspices of the English Baptists. He was converted by an American missionary in Jerusalem, studied in London, and has labored in Nablous twenty-seven years. He invited us to hold a religious service in his house in the evening, which we did, and he told us about his work, which is largely educational. At one time he had a hundred Mahometan girls in his school, but when they began to recite the Scriptures at home, and to sing hymns on the streets, the Mohammedan priests took the alarm, and made the parents take their children from the school. For a while the work was practically broken up, but was gradually resumed. Now, for years, Mr. El Karey and his helpers have gone on very quietly. They have about thirty girls in school in the city, and a larger number of boys, and they have schools in neighboring villages. So even in this stronghold of Moslem fanaticism the good seed of gospel truth is being sown in the hearts of the rising generation, whose harvest we trust will yet be glorious.

We regretted that we could not tarry in Nablous a day in order to climb Mounts Gerizim and Ebal, and see the interesting ruins on their summits, and the magnificent views they afford of a large part of Palestine. We should have liked also to have seen something of the industries of Nablous, for it is one of the few places in the land that show any commercial activity; surpassing Jerusalem in this respect, while it is next to Jerusalem in population. There are many oil-presses here, in which the oil is extracted from the olives, and twenty-five or thirty factories where the oil is turned into soap, which is exported by the way

* Gen. 37: 32, 33.



MOUNT GERIZIM AND EBAL. AND NABLOUS.

of Jaffa. To this port there is a good carriage road from Nablous, following a natural grade ; for the latter place is on the water-shed of the country east and west, some of its sparkling streams flowing into the river Jordan, and others into the Mediterranean Sea. Doubtless in the coming development of the Holy Land this city will be one of its most flourishing business centres.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ACROSS THE PLAIN OF JEZREEL.

AS ONE travels through the Holy Land north from Jerusalem there is felt an impatience to reach Nazareth and the intervening places made familiar by sacred story. But it is reckoned a four days' journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth, and so at Nablous we were but half way ; and as some of us sat in our camp-ground under the olive-trees that lovely evening after we had returned from the service at Rev. Mr. El Karey's house, and watched Mount Ebal bathed in the radiance of the full moon, we eagerly anticipated our start upon the morrow and confidently expected fine weather. But alas ! I was wakened about the middle of the night by the rain pouring down upon our tent, and it continued to rain steadily the remainder of the night. We were called at 5:45 A. M. and breakfasted gloomily at 6:30 ; discussing over our customary coffee, eggs, mutton, hard-baked bread, and potted jam, (for we always had the same breakfast,) the practicability of going on in this severe rain. Our guide fearing a repetition of our experiences in the mountains of Benjamin delayed preparations for departure, till about eight o'clock the rain slackened and the clouds began to break away, and he decided to make a start and ordered the tents to be taken down, while we stood about in the mud, chilled by the cold rain, and looking as bedraggled and unhappy as a brood of chickens shut out from their roosting-place on a wet day.

We got off finally at 9.15, and proceeded along the carriage-road towards Jaffa for half a mile only, when to our disgust we turned off into one of those wretched and primitive paths that we seemed doomed to travel. It had been on our program to visit next Sebastiyeh, the modern Mohammedan village on the site of the ancient and renowned city of Samaria ; which was made the capital of the kingdom of the Ten Tribes instead of Tirzah by Omri the father of Ahab. He bought the

isolated hill four or five hundred feet high, on which he built the city, from one Shemer for two talents of silver, and called the name of the city from the name of the former owner, Samaria.* A host of Biblical associations invest this place with peculiar interest; but we unfortunately were obliged to give up visiting it on account of our delay by the rain and the muddy roads that we were certain to find. We had a long ride any way to Jenin, where we were to camp that night; and we had not time to make the detour north-west to Samaria, but felt constrained to push on directly north by the shortest route. So we missed Samaria.

Of course we should have seen nothing there of King Ahab's ivory palace,† nor of the great temple of Baal that he built to please Jezebel, his wicked queen‡; for in accordance with the predictions of Hosea§ and Micah|| the city of Samaria was taken and destroyed by the Assyrians 721 B. C., when the people were carried away captive¶. But it was rebuilt in the time of the Maccabees, and Herod the Great fortified and adorned it under the name of Sebaste, i. e. the August, which he gave to it in honor of the Roman emperor Augustus. Hence the modern name of Sebastiyeh. Herod built a splendid temple here to Augustus, and a colonnade of stately marble pillars of which nearly a hundred remain in whole or in part on the hillside. These ruins are still much admired;—as are also the ruins of a large marble church of St. John the Baptist, which the Crusaders built in the 12th century believing that John was beheaded and buried here; though Josephus locates his martyrdom in the castle of Machærus east of the Dead Sea.

This part of the country is very fertile and highly cultivated and most beautiful in natural scenery;—"a land," as Moses describes it, "of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness."* We especially noticed the brooks, for they were swollen at our cost by several showers during the day; though fortunately we did not have a continuous rain. Uphill and down we rode till 1:20 P. M., when we stopped to lunch by a spring of good water near the village of Jeba, whose houses well built of stone rise row above row on a hill-side. Caught here by another shower, we hastily mounted and splashed on through the long afternoon, till we climbed the high range of hills bordering on the south the great plain

* I Kings 16:24.

† I Kings 22:39.

‡ I Kings 16:32.

§ Hos. 13.16.

|| Mic. 1:6.

¶ II Kings 18:9-12.

* Deut. 8:7-9.

of Jezreel or Esdraelon, as the Greeks called it. From this height a truly grand view opened to us. On our left we saw in the distance the plain of Dothan, still bearing the ancient name, which was the pasture-ground where Joseph found his unnatural brethren, and where they cast him into the pit from which they drew him out again to sell him to the Midianites.* There is still shown in the neighborhood a well or pit, that is claimed to be the one into which the poor boy was thrown. Around Dothan is a setting of green hills; and to the west of these is the range of Carmel. While north stretches the plain of Esdraelon, the chief battle-field of Palestine since the earliest ages; and beyond this the Galilean hills; and then far to the north snowy Hermon,—now brilliantly white as the sun glanced upon its towering head, and anon shadowed as the sun again clouded in.

From this point of observation we descended by a rough road into a gorge that led us down to the plain. For several miles we followed a brook, making a descent of perhaps a thousand feet; till darkness inclosed us; and still we slowly plodded on by the light of the twinkling stars, and to the music of myriads of croaking frogs that seemed to mock us from the brook. I remarked to a friend,—what a fortune a few enterprising boys might gather there, if they could only find in Palestine a market for frogs' legs! It was half-past seven o'clock when we reached camp just outside the town of Jenin on the edge of the plain; having been in the saddle nearly nine hours and ridden twenty-five miles. But we found no place to rest, since the mules that transported the camp had been delayed like ourselves by the execrably bad roads, and the tents had not yet been put up. So we stood around disconsolately on the wet ground, and even the bonfire of bushes that was lighted to warm us up did not enliven our spirits. Not till nine o'clock did our accomplished cook succeed in serving us up our dinner; and then we had no frogs' legs even for a side dish!

The town of Jenin occupies the site of the ancient Levitical city of Engannim, mentioned in the book of Joshua as belonging to the territory of Issachar.† Engannim means the "Fountain of Gardens," and was well named, as there is a fountain here whose abundant stream runs through the town, and waters its gardens and fields, and makes green its olive-orchards and palm-trees and cactus-hedges. The modern town contains several thousand inhabitants, bazaars, and a mosque with a tall minaret, from which the muezzin calls the hours of prayer.

*Gen. 37:17-28.

†Josh. 19:21.

He begins at sunrise ; but we were roused even before that, and after a hearty breakfast mounted for our ride across the plain to Nazareth. I have called this the great plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon ; *i. e.* great for Palestine, where plains are few, and most of the country is made up of mountains and deep, narrow valleys. Its extreme length is from fourteen to seventeen miles, and its shortest distance across is nine miles. Its size has made it the favorite meeting place of armies contesting for the mastery of the country, from the days of the ancient Egyptian monarchs,—Thothmes III and Rameses II,—to the days of Napoleon I ; who marching in 1799 from Egypt by way of Jaffa, where he cruelly massacred his prisoners, fought here at the foot of Mount Tabor a battle, in which with less than 3,000 Frenchmen he conquered 25,000 Turks. Truly this black lava soil is rich with human blood.

We found the plain smoother and drier travelling than we had had, though there were some very muddy places made by the recent rains, and we encountered a few more light showers during the day. Much of the plain is cultivated for wheat and other grain, as it is well watered by small brooks flowing down from the hills, which unite and form the river Kishon ; and the soil is exceedingly fertile. But the insecurity of the country has been such as to discourage agricultural operations. Now as in the days of Gideon the children of the desert cross the Jordan from the east in hordes with their camels and horses, and light like locusts upon these rich fields and eat up their substance, and carry away whatever booty they can find ; and the defenceless peasants obtain little protection from the wretched Turkish government, which in turn robs them of what is left under the forms of taxation. So between the upper millstone of Bedouin plunder and the lower millstone of governmental rapacity the poor people are ground down ; and there is no motive to extract the wealth of this inexhaustible soil.

Riding northward six or seven miles across the plain to the miserable village of Zerin, the ancient Jezreel, we had on our right the mountains of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan were slain in battle by the Philistines.* Zerin or Jezreel is situated on a hill about a hundred feet high jutting out into the plain as a spur from these mountains. And standing on that hill we probably looked down upon the scene of Saul's defeat. The historian says, that the Philistines had pitched their camp at Shunem three or four miles north ; and that Saul and the Israelites pitched in Gilboa, or more definitely "by a

* 1 Sam. 31 : 2.

fountain which is in Jezreel" *—the spring that we saw in the valley. When therefore the now fearing and God-forsaken Saul made his night-journey to Endor the night before the battle to consult the woman with a familiar spirit, † he had to pass the flank of the Philistines; for Endor lies over two miles north-east from Shunem; and he was in great danger of being captured by the enemy. Meanwhile perhaps the Philistines moved southward to Aphek, ‡ and cut off his retreat in that direction. And so on the morrow the dispirited Saul and his army hemmed in between the steep mountains and the fierce Philistines were overwhelmed. Saul and his three sons, among them the chivalrous Jonathan, were slain; and their bodies were fastened to the wall of Bethshan § —a city near the Jordan, now called Beisan, whose location was pointed to us eastward. But the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead on the other side of the Jordan, grateful for Saul's former deliverance of them from the Ammonites, forded the river by night, and rescued the bodies, and gave them reverent burial at Jabesh. ||

It was by these fords near Bethshan that the Midianites and affiliated tribes crossed in the time of Gideon, and spread themselves over the great plain, and plundered the surrounding country; "as grasshoppers for multitude," ¶ says the historian. Gideon, divinely commissioned to overthrow them, encamped his little army by the well of Harod, identified with a spring that was shown us east of the hill on which we stood and west of Beisan; while the Midianites were on the north side of the hill in the valley of Jezreel. * At this spring Gideon's army was sifted by repeated tests; and it was given to the three hundred who lapped water to achieve by night that signal victory with lamps, pitchers, and trumpets which delivered Israel from the yoke of the Midianites. †

But this locality is famous for still other events in the history of Israel. The city of Jezreel was made by king Ahab, whose capital was Samaria, the seat of his country-palace, his Versailles, where he spent much of his time and where he had gardens and groves. It was to enlarge these that he desired the vineyard of Naboth; which Jezebel his wife secured for him, when Naboth refused to sell it, by means of an infamous judicial murder. ‡ Of course the site of Naboth's vineyard was pointed out to us, and we stood we were told on the site of Ahab's

* I Sam. 28: 4 and 29: 1.

‡ I Sam. 31: 10.

* Judges 7: 1.

† I Sam. 28: 7-25.

|| I Sam. 31: 11-13.

‡ Judges 7: 16-22.

‡ I Sam. 29: 1.

¶ Judges 6: 3-5.

‡ I Kings 21: 1-16.

palace ; and then we saw the tower from which they say Jezebel was thrown down at Jehu's command, to be eaten by the dogs while Jehu was feasting within.* It is certainly a very ancient tower, but I was somewhat incredulous about its being the identical tower from which the painted old queen made her rapid and involuntary descent. Let it be noted however that the howling dogs of Jezreel to day appear hungry enough to be lineal descendants of those who devoured her majesty.

Jehu, it will be remembered, slew two kings before he entered Jezreel, viz : Joram the king of Israel, his master, and Ahaziah the king of Judah who had come to visit his cousin Joram. From the watch-tower it was reported to king Joram that a company was coming across the plain, and that the driving was like that of Jehu, "for", said the watchman, "he driveth furiously." † The two kings went out in their chariots against him ; and he smote them both—Ahaziah fleeing over the plain to Megiddo, where he died.‡ Another far more worthy king was slain in this neighborhood, the good king Josiah. When long after the kingdom of the Ten Tribes had been overthrown, the Egyptian Pharaoh and his army were marching through the land to fight the Assyrians, Josiah rashly undertook to attack the Egyptians in this plain of Esdraelon.§ Pharaoh sought by ambassadors to dissuade Josiah from war, and assured him that no harm was intended to him ; but the impetuous young king would not be dissuaded, and rushed upon his fate. Josiah was slain in battle in the valley of Megiddo on the south-west side of the plain, and was carried back to Jerusalem, and buried amid great lamentations of his loving people.||

Revolving these various memories of Jezreel and its vicinity we rode through the narrow streets lined with dirty hovels, and descended the hill on the north side near the so-called fountain of Jezebel. Another hour brought us to the village of Shunem near the base of the mountain Little Hermon. This was the place where the prophet Elisha found a kind hostess in that "great woman," who built for him a little chamber on the flat roof of her house, and furnished it simply but comfortably, that he might rest there as he passed to and fro through Shunem.* The touching story of her child's death and restoration to life by the prophet will readily be recalled.¶ The modern village is only a collection of poor huts built of rough stones and plastered over with mud, unspeak-

* II Kings 9:30-37.

† II Kings 9:17-20.

‡ II Kings 9:21-27.

§ II Chron. 35:20.

|| II Chron. 35:21-24.

¶ II Kings 4:8-10.

* II Kings 4:18-37.

ably dirty and fit only for hog-pens, yet crowded with human beings. As our lunch-tent had not come up in time, and it was again raining, arrangements were made for us to eat lunch in the house of a chief man of the village. This was presumably the largest and best house there, but hardly better than a barn with us. We had to stoop low to enter the door, and found but a single apartment within. On one side of it was an elevated wooden floor; and on this our men spread a carpet, and we sat down on it, and ate our usual hard boiled eggs, canned fish and cold chicken, bread and jam, nuts and oranges; for our lunch like our breakfast was always the same but always excellent. How hungrily the inmates of the house and some of their friends who had come in watched us while we ate, and how glad they were to get the fragments of what seemed to them like a feast of the gods!

From Shunem we rode around the west end of Little Hermon to the village of Nain on the opposite or northern slope of the lofty hill, which is a great mass of basalt wild and bleak in appearance. This is another village of mud hovels; but contains a small, neat Greek church, said to be built on the spot where Jesus restored to life the young man who was being carried out to his burial,*—"the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." No more tender and pathetic story adorns the gospels than this one. Nain was a little to the right of our direct route; but we could not cross the plain of Jezreel directly towards Nazareth on account of the deep mud. So we bore away to Nain, and thence towards Mount Tabor which loomed up in the north; and then near the base of the mountain turned again west, and took the road up the hill to Nazareth,—thus going four or five miles out of our way. This detour however took us over Napoleon's battle field already referred to, and gave us a good view of Mount Tabor—the traditional mountain of the Transfiguration. Modern scholars it is true discredit the tradition, and believe that wonderful event occurred in the extreme north of the Holy Land on Mount Hermon, which overlooks Caesarea Philippi. Yet one feels in looking at Mount Tabor, that if it was not the scene of the Transfiguration, it might fittingly have been; for it is of majestic height, 1500 feet above the plain—not a bare and desolate peak, but a graceful, wooded oval whose top forms a broad plateau. There are a Latin Convent on the summit and a Greek Convent, and extensive ruins of ancient churches and cloisters and of a fortress built in Crusading times.

* Luke 7: 11-15.

It was from Mount Tabor that Deborah and Barak with their 10,000 men of Zebulun and Naphtali and representatives also of the tribes of Issachar, Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin rushed down upon the mighty host of Sisera with his nine hundred chariots of iron, and conquered them.* The forces of Sisera were drawn up in the plain; and so long as the plain was dry, it was a favorable place for the chariots. But the sacred narrative seems to suggest, that Barak took advantage of a heavy storm of rain, which turned the ground into a quagmire and made the chariots useless; and so Sisera's army was thrown into confusion, and was defeated. The river Kishon swollen by the rain became a flood, and swept the Canaanites away.† And Sisera, who fled on foot, was himself murdered by Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, in whose tent he sought refuge.‡ Deborah's song of triumph after the victory declares that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" §—a poetical expression that would seem to mean, that the very forces of nature were turned against him. An interesting parallel might be traced in Napoleon's fatal invasion of Russia, when the intense cold and the heavy snow-storms proved more formidable foes to him than opposing armies. Or in the Spanish Armada sent by Philip to reduce Protestant England, but which was wrecked and scattered by a violent gale before it reached the shores of England. So God has often used the elements of nature to thwart the impious schemes of the wicked, or to defend His people and His cause.

* Judges 4: 10-16.

† Judges 5: 21.

‡ Judges 4: 17-22.

§ Judges 5: 20.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NAZARETH AND TIBERIAS.

FROM the plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon we climbed a steep ascent of perhaps a thousand feet to the town of Nazareth, finding however a better road than we had been accustomed to ; one actually showing evidence that it had been constructed by human skill, instead of being trodden out by the hoofs of horses and mules as most Palestine roads are. The town is not situated on the ridge, and does not show from the plain below, but lies back within the hills in a basin and on a slope on which it is built like an amphitheatre. Our first view of it was prepossessing. It was larger and better built and more thrifty looking than any town we had seen since we left Jerusalem, with the exception of Nablous which contains about twice the population of Nazareth. But the latter has a newer, cleaner, more enterprising appearance than Nablous. Some fine stone buildings have been put up here by foreigners of late years. Among the more noticeable are a Latin Convent with a handsome church, a substantial Greek church, a Protestant church, and a building of the English "Society for Promoting Female Education in the East." As we approached the town we turned into a broad, smooth carriage-road that runs from Nazareth to Haifa, its port on the Mediterranean ; and we felt that we had struck civilization again. Considerable traffic passes over this road, as Nazareth is the chief commercial town of Galilee, which we had now entered.

As it was 5:30 P. M. when we arrived, and camp had not yet come up on account of the muddy roads, arrangements were made for us to stop at the Hotel Nazareth ; that consisted of two small stone buildings connected by wooden stair-cases, where we were packed in like sardines. Eleven of us men slept in one room that night, and the other rooms of the hotel were equally well filled ; but it was pleasant to have dry quarters at least, if we were somewhat crowded. And though our

dining-room was so small that only one-third of our party could get into it at one time, we were all served at last. A little inconvenience could readily be put up with, since we were delighted to be in the city so intimately associated with our Savior; where indeed He spent in obscurity and humble toil the greater part of His life, til at the age of thirty He entered upon His brief three years' ministry. Though Nazareth is not named in the Old Testament, and was an insignificant and despised place in Jesus' day, it has ever since been invested with sacred interest to all Christians.

We visited the usual traditional sights of the town. First the Church of the Annunciation inclosed in the Latin Convent, and said to mark the home of the Virgin Mary. They call this the handsomest Latin church in Palestine; it has a marble floor and marble wainscotings; and the chapel in the North aisle that was furnished by the Emperor of Austria is quite gorgeous. We descended by a flight of marble steps into the crypt below the altar, and reached the chapel of the Annunciation. Here under the altar is a circular tablet with the inscription,—*"Hic verbum caro factum est"*—*i. e.* Here the Word was made flesh. This is said to be the spot where the Virgin stood when she received the message of the Angel Gabriel. There is a broken stone column near by—not broken at the top, but broken off from its pedestal and hanging from the ceiling. This column, it is said, tried to follow the Angel Gabriel when he flew away;—which accounts for its position! From this point they took us back into the Holy Grotto, and showed us the chamber and the kitchen of the Virgin; all underground as were the apartments of the Holy Family in Bethlehem.

Then we went to the Chapel of the Workshop of Joseph; so called because it is said to mark the site of his workshop. A small portion of the wall is claimed to have belonged to the original building. We visited a chapel containing an immense block of stone called the Table of Christ, on which they say He ate with His disciples. We also visited a church represented to be on the site of the Jewish synagogue, where Christ preached the sermon that so excited His townsmen against Him, that they "led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong." * And afterwards we climbed the steep streets, and saw what many believe to be the identical "brow of the hill"—a high cliff that overlooks most of the town, and is as perpendicular as a wall. Though the traditional Mount of Precipi-

* Luke 4 : 29.

tation is two miles distant from the city, near the road by which we had come in. But certainly the latter site cannot be reconciled with Luke's statement, that it was "the brow of the hill whereon their city was built."

In fact all these traditions about sacred places in Nazareth are legendary and worthless. As regards the spot of the Annunciation *e. g.* the Greeks claim that it was not in the crypt of the Latin church, but where the so-called Fountain of the Virgin bursts from the ground, which they have inclosed in their own Church of the Annunciation. This is, to say the least, as likely as the other tradition. The water of the spring is conducted past the high altar of the Greek church and into a tank for the use of pilgrims, and then flows by a conduit to an arched stone recess without, where it spouts through the wall by metal spouts into a trough under the arch. This is the favorite water supply of Nazareth, whither the women resort to draw water and to talk over the gossip of the town. The Christian women do not wear veils but bright head-dresses, and are said to be the most beautiful and neatly clad women in Palestine. The Mohammedan women of course are veiled. There are no Jewesses nor Jews in Nazareth.

Willingly one would linger in this secluded but pretty town among the hills, and picture to himself the homely, healthy life that Jesus lived here for thirty years, during which He was known only as "the carpenter's son" * and as "the carpenter, the son of Mary." † Thoughtful, devout, and pure He was no doubt recognized to be; but as yet no exhibition of His heavenly wisdom and divine power had been made. He was only offering that wonderful object-lesson of patient, contented toil and holy character in private life, which we so much need to ponder in these times of restlessness and itching for publicity. Does it not indeed show a marvellous self-restraint upon His part, that He could for so many years await the divine call to teach, while religious perversions were current about Him, and the people were perishing for lack of knowledge?

But sorry as we were to leave Nazareth, we felt that we were following the footsteps of our Savior when we went down from this city among the hills to the Sea of Galilee; on whose shore once stood the highly privileged city of Capernaum, which Jesus made His headquarters after He had been rejected by His fellow-citizens of Nazareth. Matthew thus speaks of Capernaum as "His own city." ‡ And Mark describes

* Matt. 13:55.

† Mark 6:3

‡ Matt. 9:1.

Him as being there "at home."* It is not a long day's journey from Nazareth to Tiberias on the west side of the Sea of Galilee, where we were to camp for the night; and though the morning was cloudy and threatening, we made our early start with eager anticipation and interest. We threaded our way through the poor streets of the town, and passed the Fountain of the Virgin, where in the early morning the women were already drawing water. Having descended a long hill we came to the village of Reineh, whither the women have to go for water when the Fountain of the Virgin fails. A little further on we saw upon a hill to the left the large village of Seffurieh, the ancient Sepphoris, where tradition says that the Virgin Mary spent her childhood. Of this there is no proof; but Sepphoris was the capital of Galilee before Herod Antipas made his newly built city of Tiberias the capital; and here after the destruction of Jerusalem the Sanhedrim sojourned awhile, and made it the headquarters of Judaism. It is not mentioned in the New Testament, and as far as we know Jesus did not preach there.

Riding on we saw on the top of another high, steep hill upon our left the site of ancient Gath-hepher, the birthplace of the prophet Jonah, and tradition says his burial-place also. Out of the ruins were growing tall trees. Next we came to the village Kefr Kenna, identified with the ancient Cana of Galilee, where Jesus wrought His first miracle at the marriage-feast by turning water into wine.† The village contains about 500 inhabitants, and is poorly built; but in it we visited a Greek church, in which they showed us what they claimed to be some of the identical water-pots of stone used in the miracle! The Latins, not to be outdone by the Greeks, profess that their church is built on the very spot where the miracle was performed. Strange to say, they did not show us the place where Jesus stood when He healed the nobleman's son who lay sick at Capernaum;‡ nor the place where Nathanael, the Israelite in whom was no guile,§ was born;—for he came from Cana in Galilee. ||

After passing Kefr Kenna we encountered rain, through which we rode over the plain of El-Buttauf, a fertile table-land in which wide level spaces alternate with low swells. Much of the land was uncultivated, for the population in that region is sparse; but beautiful wild flowers of every kind and hue were blooming along our path—evidencing a good soil. Early in the afternoon we approached a curiously

† Mark 2:1. R. V. margin.

† John 1:47.

* John 2:1-11.

‡ John 21:2.

* John 4:46-54.

shaped hill having two peaks and a broad depression between, called Kurûn Hattin or the Horns of Hattin, which the Latin tradition since the time of the Crusaders has pointed out as the Mount of Beatitudes.* From one of these horns or peaks, it is believed, Jesus came down with His disciples, and stood in the plain or depression between the peaks, and addressed to the multitude gathered there His famous sermon on the Mount.† The depression appears like the crater of an extinct volcano, set in a frame of rough crags and strewn with boulders and fragments of rock. The peaks of the hill are only about sixty feet high from their base, and one's first impression is that this could scarcely be called a mountain. But further observation shows its commanding position with reference to the surrounding country, for there are no other heights in its vicinity; and standing on this upland nearly 2,000 feet above the Sea of Galilee, it appears from the latter like a lofty detached mountain. It is easy of access on all sides; and might fittingly have been the scene of our Savior's remarkable discourse, which has been called "the Magna Charta of His heavenly kingdom, the counterpart of the Mosaic legislation from Mount Sinai."

Another tradition makes the plain at the foot of this mountain the scene of the Feeding of the Five Thousand. More probably that event occurred on the east side of the Sea of Galilee. But an important battle took place in this plain 700 years ago, which was one of the famous events of history. Here on the fifth of July, 1187, the Saracen Saladin defeated the Crusaders, and crushed the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem that had existed for eighty-eight years. For two days the bloody strife raged over these uplands, till at length by the Horns of Hattin the Crusaders headed by their king, Guy of Lusignan, and by the Grand Master of the Knights Templar, and the Bishop of Lydda bearing a relic of the Holy Cross, were overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the Saracens, and were cut to pieces or taken prisoners. The battle was followed by the conquest of Jerusalem and nearly all the other fortified cities of Palestine; and subsequent Crusades never succeeded in wresting the country again from the Moslem yoke. The Christian kingdom however deserved to perish. It had become weakened by dissensions and corrupted by vices and misrule; its leaders but ruffianly adventurers without principle or faith. The chivalrous Saladin was the executor of a righteous judgment upon them.

We crossed the broad plain of Hattin, and came to the edge of the

* Matt. 5:1.

† Luke 6:17.

descent to the Sea of Galilee, of which we now caught our first glimpse. The rain had ceased, and the sun broke out from the clouds, illumining the peaceful landscape that contrasted so impressively with these recollections of Crusading warfare. Far below us to the east lay the lake, over twelve miles long and six or seven miles wide, whose surface is nearly 700 feet lower than the Mediterranean Sea. It is shaped like a pear, with the broad end toward the north where the muddy Jordan flows into it, and the river passes out of it pure and clear at the south end. On the nearer or west side of the lake we saw the little city of Tiberias, whose ruined castle and walls, sadly shaken by the great earthquake of 1837 that killed half the population, looked from this distance strong and formidable. Further up on the west side was the village of Mijdel, the ancient Magdala, once the home of the loving Mary Magdalene. These two are the only settlements remaining now of the nine flourishing towns and cities that clustered so thickly about the lake in the days of our Lord. The hills on the Western side approach almost to the water's edge, except that there is a narrow strip of land about two and a half miles long running south from Tiberias. On the north-western side is the plain of Gennesaret three miles long and a mile wide. On the north and east sides there is also a strip of land of varying width between the water and the seamed and rugged hills that slope gently towards the lake. Comparing the scenery with that of the Dead Sea, one would say that the latter is much grander and more majestic; while the setting of the Sea of Galilee is rather graceful and beautiful, and most charms the eye and the imagination of the beholder.

I say, the imagination; for after all it is not so much the natural features of this Sea of Galilee, or Sea of Tiberias, or Lake of Gennesaret—as it is variously called in the New Testament*—which excite the interest and admiration, as it is the association of our Savior with these sparkling waters and encircling shores. Our own lordly Hudson is a greater river and bordered by grander scenery than the river Rhine; yet the castled crags and stately ruins of the latter wield upon the traveller a potent spell of history, poetry, and legend that is lacking in the former. So when one looks upon the Sea of Galilee, there is an overpowering rush of memories connected with our Savior's ministry there, which makes him feel that this is, as Dean Stanley says, “the most sacred sheet of water that this earth contains.” Over its rippling surface Jesus sped upon many a gracious errand; stilled its raging storm.†

* John 6 : 1, and Luke 5 : 1.

† Matt. 8 : 26.

and trod its billows as upon firm ground.* Along its pebbly beach He walked, and called Simon Peter and Andrew and James and John from their employment as fishermen to be His disciples and fishers of men.† Sitting in one of their little ships He taught the people standing on the shore, and afterwards granted a miraculous draught of fishes to the toiling disciples.‡ From another ship He spoke to the multitude those marvellous parables of the sower, the wheat and the tares, the grain of mustard-seed, the leaven, the hidden treasure, the pearl of great price, and the net cast into the sea.§ On the east side of the lake He cast out from two men the demons, who caused the herd of swine to run down a steep place into the sea.|| He miraculously fed here at one time the Five Thousand on five loaves and two fishes,¶ and again the Four Thousand on seven loaves and a few small fishes.* While at Capernaum, and Bethsaida, and Chorazin on the north shore were wrought many of His miracles, and many of His discourses were delivered.† Truly a host of touching incidents in Jesus's ministry are associated with this Sea of Galilee.

Thinking over these things we descended from the edge of the tableland towards the town of Tiberias, that looked so near yet was three or four miles away in the deep basin below us. Our winding road led us down a succession of treeless but grassy slopes, on which flocks of sheep and goats were feeding; and about the middle of the afternoon we entered the arched gate of the city, whose crumbling walls show the tooth of time. It is not nearly as large as it was in Roman days, for Roman ruins are found along the shore south of it; nor is it a flourishing place, —decay and poverty are stamped upon it. But it is still one of the two holy cities of the Jews in Galilee; the other being Safed, the city on a hill northwest of the lake, and supposed to have been alluded to by our Lord in His Sermon on the Mount, when He said, "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid."‡ Similarly Jerusalem and Hebron are reckoned by the Jews their holy cities in Judea. It is a curious fact, that while there are no Jews now in Nazareth, more than half of the inhabitants of Tiberias are Jews, and that this is one of their sacred places. Curious, because when Herod Antipas built Tiberias, naming it in honor of the Roman emperor Tiberius, no strict Jew would live there nor even enter it; for the reason that an old cemetery was laid bare in

* John 6: 19.

‡ Matt. 13.

* Mark 8: 1-9.

† Matt. 4: 18-22.

|| Matt. 8: 28-34.

† Matt. 11: 20-24.

‡ Luke 5: 1-11.

¶ Mark 6: 35-44.

‡ Matt. 5: 14.

building the city, which was therefore reckoned defiled. The place is mentioned only once in the gospels,* and then casually,—“there came other boats from Tiberias;” and there is no record that Jesus ever visited it. But the Jewish prejudice against it seems to have been yielded when, after the destruction of Jerusalem, it became the refuge of the Sanhedrim, who removed thither from Sepphoris, and made it a seat of Rabbinical learning. And it is said the Jews believe, that when Messiah appears He will emerge from the waters of the lake, and landing at Tiberias will proceed to Safed, and there establish His throne on the highest summit in Galilee.

As we walked through the dirty streets of the town, we saw many Jews with the cork-screw curls dangling on either cheek, the fur cap, and the long gabardine or loose frock, as we had seen them in Jerusalem. Their bazaars we found closed, since it was during the feast of the Pass-over; a coincidence that would have embarrassed our commissary department—the provisions that we brought with us having been spoiled by the wet—had not our caterer found the Mohammedan shops open where food could be purchased. We visited in the city an ancient Greek church close by the sea, said to have been erected by the empress Helena, who built so many churches in the Holy Land. We saw also remains of the old sea-wall that once defended Tiberias from any possible attack on its lake side; a wall rising out of the water in places, but elsewhere sunken and twisted, perhaps by the earthquake already referred to.

Then we proceeded to our camp pitched outside the walls and south of the town, not far from the shore, where we were glad to take afternoon tea and to rest awhile; after which half a dozen of us went bathing in the lake. The air was delightfully warm; for the Sea of Galilee owing to its depression has, like the Dead Sea, a semi-tropical climate. And the water was delightfully cool; not too cold, but just cool enough to make one enjoy the vigorous exercise of swimming in its pure, crystalline depths. One needs to keep swimming there, for the bottom is covered with large pebbles that are painful to step on. About a mile further south there are hot sulphur springs on the shore, which have been in use medicinally since Herod's day. They are conducted into a reservoir inclosed by a stone building, where people who suffer from various diseases plunge into the common bath. But it is rather too promiscuous a Bethesda to be patronized by Americans.

* John 6: 23.

A native fisherman came down to the shore, and illustrated for us the method of casting the net. Gathering its folds over one arm so that the leaden weights hung free, he threw it by a dexterous movement out into the water, where it immediately sank, while he retained hold of the cords by which to draw it in at the proper time. Probably this was the kind of net that Peter and Andrew were casting, when Jesus called them to become fishers of men ; for in the Holy Land everything is stereotyped, and the same tools of trade and of agriculture are used now that were in use 1,900 years ago. The Sea of Galilee is reported to be full of fish, and perhaps its fisheries could support as many people now as in our Saviour's day when its shores were lined with cities and towns ; but the people are not there, and few boats now float upon this once busy sea, where Josephus could collect two hundred and thirty vessels of all sorts for military operations against the Romans. Fair Galilee has been stripped of its inhabitants, and lies empty and desolate—a camping ground of wandering Bedouins for the most part.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPERNAUM AND PLAIN OF MEROM.

WHEN we left Tiberias, it was a delightful change to go by water instead of land ; sending our tired horses on to Gennesaret in the charge of our attendants, while we “took shipping” and crossed the lake to the site of Capernaum on the north shore. The day was bright and warm, the air still, and we had the pleasantest weather experienced since we had left Jaffa. We were carried in four fishing-boats, each about twenty-five feet long, and fitted with a lateen sail and four long oars and a short deck both at bow and stern. There were four sailors in each boat—swarthy, healthy fellows—barefooted, and with legs bare to the knee—wearing baggy cotton breeches, striped shirts, sleeveless jackets brilliant with all the colors of the rain-bow, and kefiyehs or turbans on their heads. They took turns at the long oars, two of them at a time, as there was no wind and the water was as smooth as glass. There was considerable rivalry between the crews of the different boats ; and the men in our boat worked as hard as though they were collegemen rowing a race, spurting tremendously at times in their eagerness to forge ahead. It was terribly exhausting, for these heavy clumsy fishing-boats were never built for speed ; and it was quite unnecessary, as we passengers were not anxious to abridge our enjoyment of a row upon historic Galilee, nor pleased to be splashed with water when frequently one of our men “caught a crab.” But this they could not be made to understand, as they had no knowledge of English nor we of Arabic ; and so with expectations of large backsheesh they frantically toiled on, and brought in our boat on the other side ahead of all competitors.

We landed at Tell Hum, about six or seven miles from Tiberias, and two and a half miles west of the entrance of the Jordan into the lake. While we were waiting for the later boats to arrive, we had opportunity to survey the landscape. On the north-east side of the lake was point-

ed out to us the plain on which Jesus fed the five thousand. On the east side the country of the Gadarenes; and near a village called Kheresa, identified with the ancient Gergesa, the steep place where the swine "ran violently down into the sea, and were choked in the sea." * Southward we looked down the length of the lake, now rippling under a gentle breeze. On the west side stood the town of Tiberias whence we had come, and to the north of it on the same side the wretched hamlet of Mijdel or Magdala. Behind Magdala we saw the Wady Hamam or Valley of the Pigeons, so-called because vast numbers of these birds nest in the caves found in the steep sides of the valley. These caves were in the early days of Herod the Great the fortified and inaccessible retreat of Jewish zealots, who robbed and terrorized the country. They could not be reached from below, as the cliffs were perpendicular; but Herod let his soldiers down from above in iron-bound cages, and pulled the zealots out with hooks or suffocated them with smoke. Above the Wady towered the Mount of Beatitudes or the Horns of Hattin, looking majestic from this point. North of Magdala we saw the plain of Gennesaret, and between it and ourselves the supposed site of Bethsaida. Beyond us at the extreme north end of the lake the Jordan flows in through a flat, marshy plain; while far in the dim distance appears the snowy top of Mount Hermon, the most conspicuous mountain in Palestine and Syria.

Tell Hum is believed by many scholars to be the site of the ancient Capernaum; while others believe that the site is to be found at Khan Minyeh, at the north end of the plain of Gennesaret. It is a hotly disputed question, over which the best authorities are divided. At Tell Hum there are extensive ruins of black basalt, scattered from the water's edge up a gentle slope for half a mile back, and overgrown with weeds and oleanders. Near the shore are the remains of a large and splendid building of white limestone, consisting of broken columns with Corinthian capitals, and squared and sculptured stones that must have been the friezes and cornices of a synagogue; for upon one block is engraved a pot of manna. If this is the site of Capernaum, these are probably the ruins of the synagogue which the pious centurion built because he loved the nation of Israel.† And the emblem of the pot of manna over the main entrance may have suggested that inquiry of the people for a sign and the answering discourse of Jesus about the bread of life, recorded in the sixth chapter of John's gospel.‡ Judging from

* Mark 5:13.

† Luke 7:2-5.

‡ John 6:30-33, *et seq.*

the position of several bases of columns that remain *in situ*, an observer thinks that the building must have been 75 feet long and two-thirds as wide.

One theory makes Tell Hum the site of ancient Chorazin, which our Savior joined with Bethsaida and Capernaum in denunciation of their failure to repent despite His mighty works done in them.* But Chorazin is more plausibly identified with a place called Kerazeh, two or three miles north of Tell Hum, where there are similarly extensive ruins. Many of the dwelling houses are partly preserved; their thick walls of basalt or lava, in some cases six feet high, showing the shape and size of the houses. And there are the sculptured remains of a synagogue built of the same material.

Reëntering our boats at Tell Hum, we sailed westward a mile and a half to the little bay of Et Tabighah, where a stream gathering the waters of five fountains furnishes power to an old stone mill. There are remains indicating that once a reservoir here raised the surface of the waters twenty feet, and that an aqueduct conducted them to the plain of Gennesaret, which they irrigated. This is believed by some to be the fountain of Capharnaum mentioned by Josephus as watering the plain; and hence is drawn a confirmation of the theory, that Tell Hum is the ancient Capernaum. Others think Et Tabighah to be the Bethsaida of the gospels, *i. e.* the western Bethsaida; the other Bethsaida being east of the Jordan. We did not stop here; but rowed on to a little cove a mile or so beyond, where we landed, and to avoid the marsh climbed a low rocky hill, where we found what seemed an old Roman path cut in the solid rock, but is claimed by some to have been the aqueduct just referred to. This cut led us out to Khan Minyeh at the north end of the plain of Gennesaret, where our luncheon-tent was pitched near the fountain called Ain Et Tin. The Khan is ruined now, but was once a place of refreshment for travellers between Tiberias and Damascus.

This is believed by many, as I said, to be the site of Capernaum. We saw no ruins there to mark a city, but excavations have been made in some mounds, which have brought to light cut stones and fragments of pottery. The location, where a Roman road came down from the north, would naturally call for a Roman garrison and a Roman custom-house here, which we know existed in Capernaum of old; and hence a strong argument has been constructed, that this Khan Minyeh rather

* Matt. 11: 20-24,

than Tell Hum is the ancient Capernaum. But if so, how completely has our Lord's prophecy of its humiliation and desolation been fulfilled. The great city has disappeared with its busy throngs, its caravans of commerce, its shipping, its trades, its public buildings, its defences, and has left no wreck behind. Once exalted unto heaven, it has been brought down to hell ; * its very location lost in obscurity and forgetfulness.

After a long nooning here we mounted our horses, which had been brought around by the road from Tiberias, and proceeded leisurely four miles north to the Khan Jubb Yusef, or Khan of Joseph's Well, where we were to camp for the night. It had been very hot in the low ground on the lake shore at Minyeh, but as we began to climb the hills of Naphtali we found a delightfully cool breeze. The road was only a bridle-path, where we had to pick our way over the stones, and the country was treeless and destitute of human habitations so far as we could see, yet here and there cultivated. From each new elevation we caught another charming view of the Sea of Galilee, till we reached the Khan Yusef ; so called because the Mohammedans claim that this is the place, rather than at Dothan, where Joseph was cast into the pit by his brethren. The camp was pitched by a stream very near the Khan, which is a large rectangular stone building, with an open space for beasts and chambers built for travellers around the sides within. Looking through the arched entrance, I saw a dead camel lying in the court-yard, and did not care to pursue my investigations any further into the mysteries of the Khan.

But I climbed to the top of a hill east of the Khan, and had a superb view of the Sea of Galilee, the mountains of Tabor and Little Hermon and the Horns of Hattin west of the sea, and the mountains of Bashan east, and matchless Hermon in the north. With regret I thought that we were now about to leave behind us the localities so hallowed by our Savior's presence, that seem still to echo and emphasize His teachings. He had seemed so near to us by that crystal sea ; so much nearer than in Jerusalem or Nazareth, despite all the asserted memorials of Him in those places. But doubtful traditions made everything there seem legendary to me ; while here the lake itself was an indisputable memorial, and its shores were witnesses to Him that, if they could break their silence, could speak to us of His wonderful words and deeds. We were going away from the region where Jesus was most at

* Matt. 11 : 23.

home; would He ever seem so near elsewhere? Faith answered, yes, He surely would; for as Whittier beautifully says,—

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

So I felt that we might enjoy a present Savior upon our further travels as well as in the vicinity of this lovely lake, where He spent so much of His time. Going northward indeed we were to follow His footsteps to Caesarea Philippi, which He once visited; though perhaps He may have made the journey thither from Bethsaida on the Sea of Galilee by the route east of the Jordan, while we travelled on the west side, not near enough the river to see it from any point as we rode among the hills. From the Khan Jubb Yusef, where we spent a restful night, we started early in the cool and cloudy morning, which treated us to a slight drizzle for a few minutes but soon gave us welcome sunshine. By a rough, stony path we ascended a long slope, from whose summit we saw several miles ahead of us Lake Huleh, or the waters of Merom as it is called in the book of Joshua.* This sheet of water is not nearly as large or deep as the Sea of Galilee, being only four and a half miles long, three and a half miles wide, and from ten to twenty feet deep. A great marsh stretches for nearly six miles north of it, through which flow the Jordan and other tributary streams into the lake; which is triangular in shape with the apex towards the south, where the Jordan flows out again. Its elevation is at least 900 feet above that of the Sea of Galilee; hence considerably higher than the level of the Mediterranean. We saw it inclosed on the east side by a range of gently sloping hills

* Josh. 11:5.

covered with verdure; and between the lake and the loftier hills of Naphtali on the west there was a broad cultivated plain, that contrasted pleasantly with the wilderness about us. Turning our horses around, we could see from this height the glassy Sea of Galilee, that we had left far to the south;—our last view of the beautiful lake that so charmed us being thus connected with our first view of another lake, which though less interesting in its associations is scarcely inferior in natural beauty.

From the high ground we steadily descended toward the plain. But we had to make a considerable detour along the sides of the hills westward to avoid the muddy sloughs in the low ground, for the plain was very wet and soft at that time; and we seemed to circle around all the morning without getting much nearer to the lake. At length we passed certain mounds, that are said to be the ruins of the ancient city of Hazor; whose king, Jabin, formed a confederacy of all the kings in the northern part of Canaan and some others to fight against Joshua and the Israelites.* The latter had already conquered a similar league in the south of Canaan, and followed up their decisive victory by capturing the principal cities and putting all their inhabitants to the sword.† And now the alarmed Canaanites made their last united and formidable effort to repel this invasion of their land. They came from the extreme north, from the east, from the west, and some from the central part of the country—a great host, as the chronicler says, “even as the sand that is upon the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many”‡—and they pitched together by these Waters of Merom. The plain offered a favorable place for the movement of the chariots, which could not be brought into action among the hills. But Joshua with his invincible infantry fell suddenly upon them, and in accordance with the Lord’s promise utterly overthrew the mighty host, and chased them over the mountains to Zidon.§ He houghed their horses, and burned their chariots, and took the city of Hazor which he burnt with fire, and slew all its inhabitants.|| The result of this overwhelming victory was, that the whole land fell into the possession of the Israelites.¶

But it would seem that the Canaanites here as in other parts of the country were not exterminated, though vast numbers of them were slain. They afterwards rebuilt Hazor, and regained strength so that a hundred and fifty years later there was another “Jabin king of Canaan,

* Josh. 11: 1-3.

‡ Josh. 11: 7, 8.

† Josh. 10.

|| Josh. 11: 9-11.

‡ Josh. 11: 4.

¶ Josh. 11: 16, 17.

that reigned in Hazor, the captain of whose host was Sisera; * * * and twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel.” * From him the Lord gave deliverance through Deborah the prophetess and Barak, whose defeat of Sisera at the foot of Mount Tabor has already been referred to. Barak came from Kadesh, a city whose ruins lie about four miles northwest of Lake Huleh; and his little army was drawn mostly from the tribes of Naphtali and Zebulun in this part of the land;† so that both general and soldiers had personally felt the yoke of Canaanitish oppression, and would fight the more determinedly to throw it off.

We rode on from the supposed site of Hazor across the plain, till we came to the fountain known as 'Ain el Mellahah, where we made our mid-day halt, and lunched. From this fountain a considerable stream forty or fifty feet in width flows into the lake, and a rich vegetation fringes the stream. We took a long rest here to give the men and mules transporting our camp a chance to precede us to the camping-ground, and to get our tents in readiness for us. Then we proceeded through the plain, which was not flat but rolling; here green with crops, and there dotted with flocks and herds feeding upon the abundant pasture; yonder, the sleeping lake bordered by beds of reeds and rushes, that grow luxuriantly in the marshy soil; on either side the protecting hills; and above all the bright blue sky, of which we had seen so painfully little in Palestine. All that was wanting was trees; and when a turn in the road brought us in sight of a dozen large oak trees, we were so delighted that we galloped to the spot, and cut off twigs and switches to adorn our horses' bridles. These oaks were growing near a fountain called 'Ain Belat, a favorite camping-ground of tourists; and no wonder, for such fine trees are exceedingly rare in the Holy Land, where all the wood has been cut down for fuel, and the peasants even grub up the roots, and use thorns and bushes and weeds to burn. But these oaks are fortunately regarded as sacred trees, and so the ignorant and superstitious natives dare not fell them.

We found the plain very populous, though the population is mostly migratory; being composed of Bedouins, who come in great numbers from their haunts east of the Jordan, bringing with them their flocks and herds of sleek cattle, and pitch their tents covered with black goats' hair-cloth on this pasture-ground. They also sow their fields of wheat here; and when they have gathered their crop and exhausted

* Judges 4:2, 3.

† Judges 4:6.

their pasture, they move on. I had no idea there were so many of them in the land as we saw in this plain of Merom. Their low black tents clustered in villages at every favorable point. There are also some Arabs who are permanently settled here; whose stone cow-houses built on the slopes of the hills look as though they took better care of their cattle than of their families; for their own houses are made of woven mats of reeds hung against a framework of poles, and can afford but slight protection from the rains even when roofed, as some of them are, with tent-cloth. But they are a hardy race, inured to privations; and thrive upon a scanty diet and a lack of clothing and shelter that would prove fatal to our people.

They watched us with eager eyes as we rode by their numerous encampments, and looked as though they longed to rob us. But we were rather too many for them to attack us, and our dragomen with revolvers conspicuously displayed in their belts rode up and down our line to overawe them. So they ventured no further than to cry for backsheesh, and to snatch at our horses' bridles to try to frighten us into compliance with their demands. We safely gained our camp at the upper end of the plain, pitched close by two springs of deliciously pure water; and found our men still at work making up beds and distributing luggage. We soon had the welcome refreshment of afternoon-tea, and then rested our limbs stiffened with the twenty-four miles' ride, till dinner was served at 7:30 P. M.

After dinner a company of the Bedouins came in a friendly way and gathered about our camp-fire of thorns, and executed their Bedouin love-dance and war-dance. In the former they made a circle joining hands, and chanted, and took regular steps following one another around in the circle. It was a slow but rather a graceful dance. In the war-dance they stood in a line and kept time by clapping hands, shouting at intervals and bowing their bodies, while two young girls with very long swords danced before them, and brandished the swords,—a weird and curious performance. At length our fire burned out, and they accepted their backsheesh and went away. We retired to bed, not without apprehensions of danger from the proximity of so many hundreds of these wild, lawless children of the desert. We were really defenceless; there were not more than half a dozen revolvers in camp; how easily might these Bedouins kill our whole company! But we had nothing to fear from them; our guards stationed about the tents were not disturbed during the night, and we slept peacefully.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

IT WAS with gentler and more charitable views of our Bedouin neighbors that we took an early start next morning with a fair sky, which soon clouded however, and we had a couple of showers before noon, but a clear afternoon. We first rode northward, and compassed the low range of hills near which we had camped, till we saw before us the village of Abil—called in David's time Abel of Bethmaachah. This was the town to which Joab and his mighty men pursued Sheba a Benjamite, who had started a revolt against king David, when the latter was returning to his kingdom after the defeat of Absalom.* Joab was battering the town-wall to throw it down, when a wise woman of the city called him to a parley, and remonstrated with him. Joab promised to spare the city, if Sheba only were delivered up; and the wise woman said, that his head should be thrown over the wall. This was done, and the incipient revolt was ended; and Joab returned to Jerusalem to the king.† An impressive illustration this of woman's power in the Hebrew commonwealth; that a woman should be in such repute for wisdom as to make two armies listen to her advice; that the one army should spare her city, and that the other should cut off the head of their own leader in testimony that they abandoned the contest!

At this point where we saw the village of Abil we turned to the right, and went eastward through the plain, which here attains greater altitude. But we found many muddy sloughs, and much of the way was exceedingly stony and rough. Presently we came to the rapid river Hasbiyah or Hasbany, a branch of the Jordan, which rises in the distant valleys of Lebanon; and we crossed it by an old Roman bridge of three arches, above which but a single row of great stone blocks remains, so that our horses had to go in single file and step carefully in

* II Sam. 20: 1-14.

† II Sam. 20: 15-22.

crossing the bridge. It must once have been a solid and massive structure; but it is now crumbling, for the Turks never make repairs. On the east side of the stream we followed the remains of an old Roman road, the high-road to Damascus, over which doubtless Paul travelled in his heat when he went thither from Jerusalem to persecute the Christians.* Probably then it was a fine stone pavement; but it is now a confused mass of stones as rough as the bed of a mountain-torrent; for the Turks no more think of repairing roads than they do of repairing bridges.

A short ride over the undulating plain brought us to Tell-el-Kadi or the Mound of the Judge, the site of ancient Dan, which was the northernmost city of the Israelites in Old Testament times as Beersheba was the southernmost. Hence the proverbial expression so often used in the Old Testament to describe the whole extent of the country,—"from Dan to Beersheba."† How the tribe of Dan came into possession of this locality, so far distant from their assigned territory in the southwest of Canaan, that bordered on the Mediterranean Sea, is told at length in the eighteenth chapter of Judges. Crowded by their Philistine neighbors they had not room enough, and sent five men northward to spy out the land. These men found here in the extreme north a city called Laish, inhabited by a colony of Zidonians, who "dwelt carelessly, quiet and secure," isolated from their mother-country and having no commerce with anybody. The spies returned, and reported the richness of the country to their tribe, who thereupon sent a force of six hundred armed men against it. These men, having upon the way robbed Micah of his gods and his priest, smote the inhabitants of Laish, burned the city, and built one of their own which they called Dan. Here they set up Micah's images, and his priest Jonathan and his sons became the priests of these Danites. It was a period of lawlessness and moral and religious degeneracy between the days of Joshua and those of Samuel, when, as the historian says, "every man did that which was right in his own eyes."‡

This city of Laish is mentioned however under the name of Dan by way of anticipation in the book of Genesis. To this place Abraham with his trained servants and Amorite confederates pursued Chedorlaomer and his allied kings, who had made a descent upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and plundered them, and also carried away captive Lot and

* Acts 9:1, 2.

† Judges 20:1; I Sam. 3:20; II Sam. 3:10 and 24:2.

‡ Judges 17:6.

his goods.* The peaceful old patriarch showed himself a brave and vigorous soldier in this his only warlike expedition. Making a forced march of some one hundred and twenty-five miles, he came upon the enemy by night in this region afterwards known as Dan; and smote the host, and pursued them nearly to Damascus. He recovered his nephew Lot and all the captives and the booty, and returned in triumph to Salem or Jerusalem, where the king of Sodom gratefully met him.†

Nothing now remains of the city of Dan but mounds fringed with thickets of briars and oleanders and myrtle-trees, through which we rode till we saw a stream of clear and sparkling water issuing out of the bushes and flowing under two great oaks. This is called the Fountain of the Jordan, and is one of the three principal sources of the river; the other two being the Hasbiyah already mentioned and the fountain at Banias, that will be presently described. The whole region is indeed full of springs and streams that contribute to Lake Huleh and the Jordan, but these are the chief. We forded the swiftly rushing brook, and rode up to the top of the mound, perhaps thirty or forty feet above the plain. Where we stood our guide supposed that king Jeroboam erected the golden calf as a symbol of divinity, to keep his people from going to Jerusalem to worship in the temple; for it will be remembered that he made two golden calves, and set the one in Bethel and the other here in Dan—the two extremities of the territory of the Ten Tribes.‡ There is a Moslem tomb now on that side of the mound under the larger oak, and we noticed that on the limbs of the tree hung many strips and bits of colored cloth. Inquiring how they came there, we were told that the Moslems regard these trees as sacred on account of their antiquity, and will not allow them to be cut down; but if one of their people is sick, they hang a bit of his dress on the tree, expecting that then he will get well!

An hour's ride east of Dan brought us to the modern town of Banias, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi. After we had crossed the plain in which Dan is situated, we reached higher ground, where trees began to appear—dwarf oaks, and myrtle-trees, and wild lemon-trees whose white blossoms were very fragrant and beautiful. It was like riding through a park, and the more delightful to us because we had travelled so long through treeless and desolate regions. Our path led us over a smooth sward instead of horrible rocks or bottomless pits of mud, and we rode the faster though making an ascent of about 500 feet; for Banias lies

* Gen. 14: 13-24.

† Gen. 14: 1-12.

‡ I Kings 12: 26-30.

1,100 feet above the sea. Just before reaching the town we turned to our left; and entered a large olive-grove, where our lunch-tent was pitched, and where the air was filled with the musical sound of dashing waters, and the grounds were adorned with rich dark purple lilies. It seemed an ideal spot in which to camp and rest awhile; nothing to mar our pleasure but the usual shower of rain; for in this our last stopping place in Palestine the rain, which had gone everywhere with us, shed upon us a parting benediction.

After lunch we walked to the Fountain of Banias, the main source of the Jordan, which issues from under a rocky cliff nearly a hundred feet high. Near this fountain Herod the Great built a temple in honor of the Roman emperor Augustus Cæsar; and as we walked through the glen we saw a piece of the mosaic pavement of the temple overhanging the rock above us, and a small mosque on a terrace still higher. Guided by the sound of rushing waters, we came to a spot of romantic beauty. There was a large grotto hollowed out in the side of the perpendicular wall by the removal of stone at some ancient period, when this cave was made sacred to the heathen god Pan; and three arched recesses or niches besides were carved in the face of the rock, looking not unlike the monumental tablets set in the inner walls of some of our modern churches. These were evidently shrines, where statues of divinities were once placed for worship. Below these was a confused mass of rocks overgrown with vegetation; the debris probably that has fallen from the cliff above, or perhaps the ruins of an ancient temple; and a little distance further the river rushed out of the earth from under these rocks. It is a river thus at its birth, nearly a hundred feet wide; coming no one knows whence, somewhere from the depths under Mount Hermon. It reminded me of the classic myth of Minerva, who was said to have sprung fully formed and completely armed from the brain of Jupiter.

From very early times, it would seem, this charming dell was regarded as a haunt of deities, and was a seat of heathen worship. Banias is believed to have been the place several times mentioned in the book of Joshua as Baal-gad, the northern boundary of Joshua's victories. He took all the land, we are told, "from the mount Halak that goeth up to Seir even unto Baal-gad in the valley of Lebanon under mount Hermon."* And the name Baal-gad indicates that the place was then devoted to the worship of Baal. Its later Greek name, Paneas or

* Josh. 11 : 17. See also 12 : 7.

Panium, seems to have been derived from the god Pan, whose sanctuary was here. In Roman times Philip the Tetrarch of Trachonitis enlarged the town, and beautified it with palaces and temples, and called it Cæsarea Philippi, in honor of the emperor and in distinction from the other Cæsarea on the Mediterranean coast. But later it reverted to the old name of Paneas—in modern times Banias; so that its traditional associations with heathen worship are to this day preserved in the name.

There are many traces of the Roman occupation to be found at Banias. Scattered about it and in its neighborhood are blocks of dressed stone, fragments of carving, pieces of broken columns, ruins of old arches,—that indicate a former city much larger than the present town. We walked from the fountain to view a portion of the old wall and tower that once defended the main entrance into the city. The road crossed and still crosses the river by a stone bridge of Roman construction, and passes through this piece of wall by an old Roman gate into the city. By this same road, over this bridge, and through this gate no doubt the persecuting Saul of Tarsus came into Cæsarea Philippi on his way to Damascus. Some of us climbed up the stone stairs inside the wall, which once led to the usual chamber over the gate, where the watchman sat. To such a chamber over the gate of Mahanaim David, who had awaited below news of the result of the battle with Absalom, went up after he had received the sad tidings of Absalom's death; and wept as he went up, exclaiming, "Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" *

Our Savior once visited the neighborhood of this city; Matthew says, He "came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi;" † and Mark says "into the towns of Cæsarea Philippi;" ‡ but it is doubtful whether He entered the city itself. However, His visit here really marked an epoch in His ministry, and was connected with the foundation of His church as a society distinct from the existing theocracy of the Jews. For here, far removed from all the priestly influences of Judaism, He evoked from His disciples the open and full confession, that He was "the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and declared that upon this confession as upon a rock He would build His church. § From that time, the evangelist tells us, He began to teach His disciples about the sufferings He should undergo at Jerusalem, about His violent death and

* II Sam. 18 : 33.

† Mark 8 : 27.

‡ Matt. 16 : 13.

§ Matt. 16 : 13-19.

resurrection on the third day; and about the necessity of cross-bearing, self-denial, and devoted loyalty to Him on the part of those who would be His disciples.* While by way of contrast and supplement to this more profound instruction given them concerning His sufferings was added a glimpse of His personal glory in the scene of the Transfiguration, which is related in immediate connection with this instruction,† and which probably took place in the vicinity where they were, upon one of the peaks of Hermon. At least this view of the locality of the Transfiguration is considered more probable by modern scholars than the traditional view, that it took place upon Mount Tabor. For it would have involved a long journey from Caesarea Philippi to Mount Tabor, and another journey directly back again to Capernaum, where we next find our Savior; while the solitude of Hermon would seem more befitting such a scene than the top of Tabor, occupied then with a fortification.

But though it is believed that Jesus' Transfiguration took place on one of these heights of Hermon, that hung above us as we rode out of Cæsarea Philippi, it is not possible to fix upon any one of them in particular. We felt therefore as we mounted our horses that had been brought round to the gate of the city, and as we took the winding road up into Mount Hermon, over whose shoulder we must pass to Damascus, that we were leaving behind us the Holy Land and the last locality definitely associated with our Savior. The ascent was rocky and in some places slippery, and so steep that we often had to hold on to our horses' manes to keep from sliding off our saddles! The hills, at first covered with olive-groves, became bare and bleak as we went up; but yielded us looking backward many grand views of the plain and of the mountains of Naphtali westward. And the beauty of the scenery was greatly enhanced by the magnificent effects of light and shade, produced by the beams of sunshine that fell aslant the rocky projections and deep recesses of the mountains.

Upon the summit of a lofty hill on our left we saw the mighty ruined fortress of Subeibeh, 1,400 feet above Banias and 2,500 feet above the sea; whose vast size and strength remind one of the ruined castle of Heidelberg, though it is of much greater antiquity. It is nearly a third of a mile in length, and its depth is 360 feet. The rock falls precipitously on three sides of it, and on the fourth access is difficult. Its massive foundations are believed to have been laid by the Phenicians, but it was

* Matt. 16: 21-27.

† Matt. 17: 1-8.



THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

mainly the work of Herod's day ; restored however by the Crusaders, and afterwards strengthened by the Saracens. Thus it combines the stupendous labors of more than 2,000 years ; a triumph of human energy and skill, that transported to this mountain-top such masses of building material, and wrought them into a structure of surpassing strength, and excavated beneath it a labyrinth of subterranean vaults and cisterns and dungeons and passages, that have not yet been fully explored. It could have accommodated a considerable army, and completely commanded the route to Damascus.

For two hours and a half we steadily climbed the mountain towards its snow-covered heights, between which great ridges of rock appeared as we drew nearer to them. We had some incidents by the way. One of the palanquins was nearly upset by striking against a projecting rock ; but the lady who was in it was taken out safely, and mounted a horse for the remainder of the ascent. And the horse of one of our gentlemen fell for the second time, throwing him off ; but fortunately he was not hurt. We passed several little hamlets of mountaineers, and finally reached the Druse village of Mejdél, near which we were to camp for the night ; but found that our tents were not yet put up, and had to wait in the cold wind an hour or so. Great snow-banks lay upon the hills that overhung this mountain-valley, and the air was keen and penetrating. Some of us sought warmth by exercise, and climbed a steep hill from which we gained a view of another lovely valley between the ranges of Hermon, inclosing a pretty little lake whose banks were green with wheat fields ; for the industrious Druses, who inhabit this mountain region, utilize every rod of cultivable soil.

These Druses are a remarkable and interesting people in many respects. Nothing is certainly known of their origin and race-affinity. Some have believed them to be of the Indo-Germanic race ; and one opinion is that they are mainly the descendants of a band of Crusaders left in the country, who forgot their language and creed and home, adopting the Mohammedan religion and the Arabic language. Their own tradition connects them with China, but is vague and untrustworthy. Perhaps the most plausible theory is, that they are descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the land, who were introduced from the east by Esarhaddon king of Assyria in the 7th century B. C. after the destruction of the kingdom of the Ten Tribes.* But as the dis-

* II Kings 17 : 24 and Ezra 4 : 2.

trict they occupy has received accessions of population from various sources, it is probable that, whatever their origin may have been, they are of mixed blood. Their name, it is believed, is derived from one Ismael Darazi, who in the 11th century A. D. invented that variety of Mohammedan religion which they adopted. They do not practice polygamy ; and their women are taught to read and write, and occupy a more independent position than Turkish women. Education is valued among them ; their literature is extensive. They are thrifty, hospitable, fiercely jealous of their liberties, and fanatically devoted to their religion. They first drew the attention of the Christian world by their barbarous massacres of the Lebanon Christians in 1859 and 1860, when the latter attempted to throw off their yoke ; and the western powers felt constrained to interfere to check their ferocity.

Near these dangerous neighbors at Mejdal, whose stone-houses, one story high, backed against the mountain better protected them from the wind than our flapping tents did us, we slept that night. Or rather, we tried to sleep ; for the air was so cold, that all the blankets and wraps we could pile upon our beds did not avail to keep us warm. So we lay awake, and shiveringly anticipated in thought our journey to Damascus next day. We were 5,000 feet above the sea ; as isolated and out of communication with the civilized world as though we had been upon the ocean ; but we felt that we were safe in the protecting care of God, who never forsakes His children.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DAMASCUS.

OUR last day's ride from Mejdal Esh Shems on Mount Hermon to "the Pearl of the East" or "the Eye of the Desert," as Damascus has been called by its own poets, was over forty miles. We had indeed to make two days' journey in one, on account of the time we had lost by reason of that terrible storm we encountered in the mountains of Benjamin and our consequent delay at the Convent in Ramallah. For we must leave Beirut by steamer at a fixed date, and we needed the intervening days to see Damascus, and to travel thence to Baalbec and Beirut, and to visit them. But after the cold and wakeful night we had spent we were quite willing to rise at 4:30 A. M., and started at 6 o'clock with a keen bracing air and a bright sun, that remained unclouded all through Syria.

Our road descended a little way from Mejdal, and then rose considerably higher than the village. On a pool of water in the hollow we saw fresh ice formed about as thick as plate-glass, and there were great banks of snow on either side of the path; while the heights of Hermon towering thousands of feet above us, for its summits are 10,000 feet above the sea, were crowned with perpetual snow. The path was stony of course and difficult, and the palanquins travelled slowly. So did our horses, who were stiff and lame from the chilly wind that struck them the previous evening, when they finished their heated ascent of the mountains. Unblanketed and entirely unsheltered they had passed the cold night under the open sky; and the only wonder was that they were able to travel at all. One horse in fact was so lame that he could not be ridden, and could not keep up with the procession; and a horse was procured in his place from the village. The best mounted of our party rode on ahead; but seven of us, whose horses were nearly knocked up, staid by the palanquins; and our guide promised to send

back carriages from Damascus to meet us two hours from the city, and bring us in.

We moved in a general northeasterly direction, and across what seemed like the crater of an extinct volcano, strewn with masses of lava and basalt. All along the mountain there are evidences of former volcanic eruptions, tearing asunder the limestone formations, and leaving their congealed streams of lava and loose cinders on the corrugated steeps. From a projecting point burst suddenly on us a magnificent view of the great plain east of the mountain and lying on our right, stretching away to the dark hills of Gilead on the southern horizon and northward to Damascus; a region of Summer heat and, where the water flows, of unsurpassed fertility. While on our left hand the snow-clad peaks still rose above us,—a contrasted region of perpetual Winter and cold. Now we began to descend from one level to another, more gradually than we had come up Hermon from the other side. We made slow progress with the lumbering palanquins, and it was not till half-past twelve that we reached our halting-ground near the large village of Kefr Hauwar, situated on a rushing stream and surrounded by gardens. Here we found the advance-guard of our party already through with their repast and mounted to go on. We stopped only a short time, and hurried through lunch spread on a carpet in the hot sunshine, as no tent had been put up. While we were eating, our horses got loose and took to fighting. The strange horse procured at Mejdal was a disturbing element; and three or four of the horses kicked and bit one another viciously, till reduced to submission by the attendants, who, afraid to venture near the dangerous animals, hurled great stones at them from a safe distance. Bridles and cruppers were broken in the melee; and when at last order was restored and we mounted our beasts, we found two of them quite lame.

We forded the swiftly flowing river Pharpar, preferred by Naaman to all the waters of Israel,* and rode slowly for more than four hours over an undulating, treeless, and uncultivated plain; very gradually but constantly descending. While still a long distance from the city, perhaps eighteen or twenty miles away, we caught sight of its glittering domes and minarets; but it seemed as though we never could reach it. Presently we passed a green cultivated hill on our right, called Juneh, the traditional site of Saul's vision of our Savior, as the zealous persecutor was hurrying to Damascus. The old Roman road from Palestine winds

* II Kings 5:12.

around the foot of this hill, and it is not unlikely the spot where at mid-day Saul saw a great light from heaven above the brightness of the sun shining about him, and heard the voice saying to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"* With intense interest I surveyed this spot, for here was gained to the cause of Christ its most important accession,—the greatest of the Apostles, the greatest of Christian missionaries, the greatest of Christian writers, the kingliest Christian soul of all the ages. Truly he was "a chosen vessel" of the Lord, who not only achieved but suffered great things for His name's sake.†

From this hill of Juneh a cultivated region began, the fields being systematically irrigated and green with growing wheat. On we rode to the village of Artuse about a dozen miles from Damascus, where to our great delight the carriages met us; and we were soon transferred to them, tired out with our thirty miles on horseback, but sorry for those of the party in advance who had to ride their horses these twelve miles also. This was the first time since we left Jerusalem that we had had the luxury of riding in a carriage. The road over the plain was smooth, and the drivers urged on their sorry beasts; yet it was fully two hours and after dark before we reached the Hotel Demetri. We missed therefore that evening seeing the beautiful orchards of fruit-trees interspersed with gardens, which surround the city with a girdle of verdure three miles in breadth. The river Barada, the ancient Abana, flows through the city, and fills countless irrigating canals to which this fertility and bloom are due. Figs, olives, pomegranates, walnuts, apricots, peaches, apples, pears, cherries, almonds, palms, and groves of poplar gladden the eyes of those who come to Damascus over long stretches of desert or rocky and barren hills. It is not strange they call the city "the Pearl of the East," "the Plumage of the Peacock," "Glorious as Eden." It is said that Mohammed looking down upon it for the first from the mountains on the west, turned away and refused to enter the city, saying, "Man can have but one Paradise, and my Paradise is fixed above." But the beauty of Damascus is really due to comparison with the surrounding deserts; and I could not but wonder what Mohammed would have said, could he rather have looked down from the heights of St. Cloud upon the Bois de Boulogne and the enchanting environs of lovely Paris. Perhaps in such a case he might have been tempted to resign his future Paradise for a present one!

Through this sea of foliage we drove in the deepening dusk of even-

* Acts 9:3, 4.

† Acts 9:15, 16.

ing by a succession of streets to the Hotel Demetri, the famous old hostelry of Damascus. Demetri was a Greek, who long kept this hotel; and since his death it has continued to bear his name. It is a real Oriental house; two stories high, with projecting balconies to the upper windows, and massive doors to the entrance below that a mob would find difficult to force open. One enters a marble-paved hall or court, from which the offices open on the right hand, and the parlor and dining rooms a few steps up on the left. The court leads back to a large square inner court, marble-paved and open to the sky, containing a fountain and great lemon-trees. Guest-chambers open upon this court on the ground floor, and a staircase leads to a gallery extending around the court, upon which other chambers open. Mine was one of the chambers on the second floor; and how delightful it was to occupy it, and to resume temporarily the habits of civilization! To find a table there on which to write letters to home friends; to go down stairs and sit on upholstered chairs in the parlor, and hear the young ladies of our party pound the piano; to have room enough at the dining-table, so that one did not feel his neighbor's elbows poking his ribs; to sleep in a clean comfortable bed; and to have fresh towels for the toilet, instead of towels that had been used for two weeks and were changed by the attendants every day from one tent to another, so that nobody could even keep his own towel. Ah! these were luxuries indeed! As for me, I said to my companions, I am a man of civilization. Give me its privileges, and let those who will enjoy the primitive simplicity of tent life and the freedom of the desert.

Yet outside of our hotel we did not find the civilization of Damascus of a high type. It is a thoroughly Oriental city; much more so than Cairo, which has been to a considerable degree Europeanized and even Anglicized. It is much smaller than Cairo; being about six miles in circumference and containing perhaps 200,000 inhabitants. Its houses are for the most part built of sun-dried brick, and are mean and dilapidated in appearance; generally showing only blank walls without, because the windows open on inner courts; though some houses have upper windows projecting out from the walls into the streets, and propped up from below by rough poles. The streets are narrow, crooked, ill-paved, and dirty. The only scavengers are the ownerless, yellow dogs, whose heads and faces resemble those of foxes, and who live in the streets where they devour the offal. One morning I counted in a walk of fifteen minutes no less than seventy-six dogs, looking sleek and well-fed

as they lounged in the sunshine. There are few bits of sidewalk in the city ; men, women, camels, donkeys, and dogs crowd one another in the streets in confusion, and one must look sharp or he will be run over. The bazaars are long lanes arched overhead with stone or wood so that they are dark, having on either side a row of open stalls, each about as large as a good sized closet ; where the tradesmen sitting cross-legged sell their goods, and where the work of manufacturing the goods goes on in sight of the public. Each trade has its own street or bazaar. Here you find *e. g.* the quarters of the leather trade ; on another street the silver-smiths ; on another the venders of provisions ; on another clothing shops, and so on. We saw a profusion of goods everywhere displayed, and business seemed to be reasonably brisk.

Our first walk in the city was to "the street which is called Straight," where Ananias was directed to inquire for Saul of Tarsus.* It has a high arched roof of wood, and is lined with shops. Once it was a broad avenue running through the city, and adorned with columns on both sides ; but gradually the shops encroached upon the street, till it became very narrow in some places and remained wider in others—full of turns and corners and niches—anything but straight. At length a few years ago a Governor of Syria caused a convenient fire to occur in the street, and then he took advantage of it to widen and straighten the thoroughfare. Here we visited the traditional "house of Judas," where Saul stayed ; † now converted into a mosque. We also went to the so-called site of the house of Ananias in another part of the city. Descending a flight of stone steps from an inner court, we entered a Roman Catholic Church, which it is claimed was built on the site. It is small and plain ; its only point of interest a side-chapel, whose ceiling is said to be composed of the original stones of the house. Then, to finish our survey of the Pauline relics of Damascus, we went out of the east gate of the city, where we saw three arched gateways in the old wall. The middle one and largest was for caravans, we were told ; the south gate for entrance and the north for exit. Only the latter is now open ; the other two are walled up ; and they say that it was through one of these, the south gate, that Paul entered Damascus. Having passed through the open gate we turned to our right, and walked along outside the wall once so formidable. We observed that the stones of the lower section of the wall, believed to have belonged to Roman times, are very large ; while the upper portion of the wall is built of smaller blocks, and is

* Acts 9:11.

† Acts 9:11.

evidently of later construction. On this south side of the city was pointed out to us the spot, where tradition says Paul was let down by night in a basket from a house built on the top of the wall.* But so many changes have taken place in the city since Paul's day, that I think little dependence is to be put on any of these traditions.

There is no handsome architecture in Damascus, either ancient or modern, such as we find in Cairo. I have spoken of the mean appearance of the houses; despite the fact that there are said to be hundreds of mansions here that might be termed palaces. We visited two of these mansions; and while palatial indeed within, the exteriors are plain dead walls roughly plastered over to show no sign of grandeur nor tempt the cupidity of robbers. One of these was the house of a wealthy Jew, who kindly allows tourists to enter it and see how an Oriental home is arranged. From a dirty street or alley about eight feet wide we stepped through a low door in the wall, and followed a passage into a court open to the sky. From this court the servants' rooms are reached. Another passage led us to an inner court, upon which open the rooms of the family. The drawing-room was quite elegant; wainscoted with marble, and floored with marbles inlaid; a fountain with marble basin supported by carved lions at one end of the room, and the floor at the other end elevated about fifteen inches and carpeted with a sumptuous rug. The chairs were inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and the walls covered with mirrors and elaborate marble carvings as delicate as lace. We passed out thence into a large garden, where roses and geraniums grew as they grow in our own California,—the roses like trees, and the geraniums like honeysuckle-vines. Two daughters of the owner greeted our ladies; dressed in European costume, but wearing wooden sandals with detached heel and toes, about three inches high; a capital device for muddy streets, that our ladies in America might do well to adopt.

In the Christian quarter of the city we also obtained admission to the house of a wealthy man, which had similar outer and inner courts adorned with murmuring fountains and ornamental trees. The drawing-room was furnished in a costly and tasteful manner; as in the Jew's mansion, a raised platform at one end of the apartment covered with the finest velvet carpet, and chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl, a fountain, and lace curtains, and paintings. This was the saloon where the gentleman of the house received his friends. The ladies' sitting-room we were permitted to enter, and found it arranged similarly but with in-

* Acts 9:25

ferior furniture ; a broad divan ran around the sides of the room, and there was a cheap Brussels tapestry carpet on the floor, and no fountain or lace-curtains. Evidently in the east the ladies do not fare as well as they do in the west. In our country they are given the best of everything ; but in the east the men appropriate the best, and the ladies are given the poorest—thankful to be tolerated at all !

The most noteworthy building that we saw in Damascus was the Great Mosque so-called, which was destroyed by fire in October following our visit. For while the city contains nearly 250 mosques and Mohammedan schools, this one exceeded all the others in interest as in repute of sanctity ; being one of the four principal sanctuaries of Islam, the other three being the mosques of Mecca, Jerusalem, and Medina. It was venerable in its antiquity and imposing in size ; but its exterior was so far concealed by the bazaars crowded against it, that one could get no satisfactory view of the building from without. We went through a covered street of shops, and came suddenly upon three or four lofty columns with Corinthian capitals and a ruined pediment, which marked the western entrance to the old Pagan temple of Jupiter that once occupied the site of the mosque. For it is to be observed, that in the East a spot once regarded as sacred seems to retain its sacredness through all time and all changes of religion. So it has been with Mount Moriah in Jerusalem from the days of Abraham to the present time. And so upon this spot in Damascus once stood the House of Rimmon where the kings of Syria worshipped, and where Naaman the cured leper felt that he would be obliged to bow himself when the king leaned upon his arm, and hoped the Lord would excuse him for this act of idolatrous compliance.* Afterwards in Roman times a temple of Jupiter replaced the house of Rimmon ; the deity but not the locality of worship being changed. Then the temple was partly removed and built over as a Christian church on the same site, as early as 400 A. D. And finally in the seventh century the Moslems conquered Damascus, and for about seventy years used part of the church for their own worship, and allowed the Christians to use the other part ; but at length took possession of the whole building, altered it over, and adding the minarets and arcades converted it into a mosque.

Passing in between the Corinthian columns, the reminiscence of Roman workmanship, we tied over our shoes the indispensable yellow slippers, and shuffled into a vast paved court ; on the right or south

* II Kings 5 : 18.

side of which stood the mosque proper, and on the north side a deep covered colonade. The whole quadrangle is said to measure 489 x 324 feet. In the centre of the court we saw a marble fountain, adorned with pillars, arches, and a graceful Saracenic canopy, where the faithful must perform their ablutions before prayer. At the west end was a hexagonal dome-topped tower supported upon eight short Corinthian pillars, and called the "Dome of the Treasures;" said to contain ancient manuscripts of immense value and other relics. Once the authorities undertook to open the side of the tower to investigate its contents; but it is said that blood flowed out, and defiled the mosque. So they sent for Christian masons to close up and plaster over the break; and the Moslems believe that if the Dome is ever opened and the treasures taken out, it will be an end to Moslem power in Damascus. At the opposite or east end of the court stood the Observatory, where they took the sun as the phrase is, and obtained their time; but as we found their official clocks about the mosque several hours out of the way, we concluded that their observations could not be very scientific.

We entered the mosque on the south side of the court. Its plan was that of a basilica or ancient Greek Church; two rows of Corinthian columns supported the lofty roof, dividing the interior into a nave and two aisles, all of equal breadth; and there was a central dome and a transept with four great marble piers. On the south side we noticed several apses or praying-niches indicating the direction of Mecca, and a row of round-topped windows filled with stained glass. On the north side were two raised platforms, where we saw old men reading the Koran in immense books. It seems that it is reckoned a pious act for a wealthy Mohammedan when he dies to leave a sum of money to have the Koran written out in very large letters, so that those who are old or have defective vision can come to the mosque and read the Koran without spectacles or eye-glasses; which the Mohammedans will not use because only Christians make them. The floor of the mosque was paved with stone, but mostly covered by handsome rugs that were well worn. Texts from the Koran adorned the walls, and vast numbers of lamps and chandeliers hung from the carved ceiling. In the great central dome remained some of the mosaic work that was in the building when used as a Christian church. And under the dome was built a splendid tomb, said to contain the head of St. John the Baptist preserved in a gold casket. Probably there was a confusion of

names, and it was the remains of St. John of Damascus that were buried here.

We passed into a side-chapel, where we were shown a slab in a little recess in the wall, under which they claim to keep some of the hairs from Mahomet's beard. In another chapel opening out of this one are the tombs of the two Mohammedan martyrs, Houssein and Hassan; and on a low pedestal here is their greatest treasure, the skull of Adam covered with a red cloth! We were not allowed to remove the cloth to look at the skull of our famed ancestor; but having been shown Adam's tomb under the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, we thought it only fair that if the Christians had his tomb, the Mohammedans should have his skull. The latter claim that Damascus was the site of the Garden of Eden, and that the clay from which Adam was made was taken from the banks of the Abana.

A more interesting relic however than this, because a veritable one, is the tomb of the great Saladin; which we reached by crossing the court and visiting a small detached building on the north of the colonnade. Within the chamber under a lofty dome is a handsome tomb about five feet high, built by the czar of Russia, of white marble inlaid with colored marbles, sculptured on the sides, and having an Arabic inscription at one end that gives the date of Saladin's birth, 532 of the Mohammedan era or 1137 A. D., and of his death in 587 former era or 1193 A. D. At the head of the tomb on the usual upright stone is a huge representation of Saladin's turban; and close by is the plainer tomb of his prime minister crowned also by his green turban. So quietly sleeps the man who once conquered the united forces of the Christian world; and though an unbeliever set them a noble example of faithfulness to his promises, generosity, chivalry, and mercy.

We went back into the mosque, and ascended by a winding stone stair-way one of the three tall, tapering minarets, from either of which a magnificent view of the city and adjoining country can be obtained. Ours was "the Minaret of Jesus," 250 feet high, so named from the legend that when Jesus comes to judge the world He will descend here first. Though another Mohammedan tradition, as has been previously stated, locates this event in the temple-area at Jerusalem above the valley of Jehoshaphat. What a prospect it was from the top of the minaret! The whole city radiating in every direction below us, the great castle of Damascus built in 1219, the vast orchards of fruit-trees surrounding the city, and the mighty range of Lebanon with the snowcapped peaks of

Hermion in the distance ;—a beautiful picture destined to live long in memory.

When we came down, there was one more interesting thing about the building to be seen. We went out of the quadrangle, as we came in, by the west entrance, and walked through a street of shops on the south side of the mosque ; obtained a ladder, and climbed through a window over the shops to a point where we saw the great gate-way, by which the building was entered when it was a Christian church. The gate has long been walled up, but the rich carving above it showed us what its magnificence must have been. And over this gate we read the inscription in Greek, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."* The Moslems, when they turned the church into a mosque, neglected to obliterate this text ; as they neglected to obliterate on the bronze gate at the eastern entrance a representation of a communion-cup ; and both have stood there for centuries in mute protest against Mohammedan desecration, and, shall we not say ? in prophecy that Christianity shall yet prevail over the religion of the False Prophet.

On the 14th of October, 1893, this splendid mosque was burned. The fire broke out a little before noon in the wooden roof of the building, upon which workmen were engaged in making repairs, and is supposed to have caught from a coal or spark that they accidentally let fall. As there are no adequate means of extinguishing fires in Damascus, everything about the building that could burn was reduced to ashes, and only the bare walls remained. Those beautiful Corinthian columns in the interior were destroyed by the intense heat, but the three minarets were not injured. The fire spread to the adjoining bazaars on the south side, and hundreds of shops were wiped out. Had the conflagration started in the night rather than the day, it would doubtless have proved even more disastrous. Steps were at once taken by the authorities to invite contributions for the rebuilding of the mosque ; the debris was cleared away, and work was begun on the restoration. But though the project may be carried out, the new mosque will lack that charm of antiquity and association which has made so memorable the Mosque of the Omeiyades.

The visitor to Damascus is impressed not only with its religious monuments and traditions but with its commercial activity. From very early times it has been prominent as a mart of merchandize, as we may in-

* Ps. 145: 13.

fer from Ezekiel's mention of it in his remarkable description of ancient Tyre's wealth and greatness and extensive trading relations with all countries.* Such prominence it held by reason of its situation on the great caravan-routes from the interior to the coast. And this prominence it retains to some extent, although the commerce of the east is now carried mainly by vessels on the Indian Ocean and through the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean Sea. But the caravans from Bagdad and Aleppo still bring across the deserts to Damascus large quantities of goods; as we learned by visiting some of the khans or wholesale markets where they come in, and whence they are distributed by way of Beirut to Cairo and Constantinople and western ports. While the once famous manufactures of the city, consisting of silks, cotton and woollen goods, jewelry, saddlery, and arms, although not so important now as formerly, are still considerable. The celebrated Damascus blades of steel are not now made; but the bazaars are filled with treasures of silk and costly rugs and articles of hammered brass and wood-work inlaid with mother-of-pearl, that tempt the tourist to purchase beyond his ability to resist. It is difficult for the lover of curios to tear himself away from the alluring shops of this quaint old city. And especially he lingers over the collection of swords and daggers and knives and suits of armor and spears and lances, that are sold as relics of bye-gone times, and were once stained perhaps with Christian blood in many a fierce conflict.

We spent considerable time wandering through the bazaars, examining and cheapening goods; for the dealers always ask much more than the goods are worth or they expect to receive, and a purchaser must beat them down or he will be enormously cheated. We watched the manufacture of goods going on along the sides of these roofed streets; braziers, wood-workers, shoe-makers, weavers, tailors, and so on—all busy at their craft. But the people themselves were the most interesting sight—one that we never tired of gazing at. Men of many races thronged the narrow passage-ways; Syrians and Bedouins and Greeks and Jews and negroes and Egyptians and Persians, of various complexions and dress; most of them wearing turbans of different colors according to their religious sect, but many wearing the fez or red felt cap with tassel, and some the kefiyeh bound around the head with camels' hair rope, and some the tall black hat of the Greek priests, and some the European head-gear. The women were even more mysteriously clad than the men. The Mohammedan women in long robes of striped yellow and

* Ezek. 27 : 18.

dark blue silk, instead of the black robe commonly used in Egypt; while the face was concealed, not with a black or white veil as in that country allowing the eyes to be seen, but with a figured and colored veil that completely covered the whole face and head. The Christian women however wore a white muslin robe, and went with uncovered faces. But if the people were a show to us, we were still more a show to them. They gazed upon our company with undisguised curiosity; and the men would gather in crowds around the bazaars where we shopped, and watch our ladies with the greatest interest and evident admiration. The easy, unrestrained manners of our American girls, chatting and laughing as they would do at home, were the greatest novelty imaginable to men accustomed to see women mostly veiled, always silent, flitting shyly like ghosts through the streets.

We would willingly have lingered longer in this city, so fascinating on account of its past as well as its present. It claims to be the oldest city in the world with a continued existence to the present time. Josephus says it was founded by Uz the grandson of Shem. But however that may be, it is first mentioned in Scripture as existing in Abraham's day, whose steward Eliezer came from Damascus.* According to tradition Abraham stayed some time here after leaving Haran and before entering the promised land, and was king of the place. We next read of the city in David's day, who conquered it and put garrisons in it, and the Syrians became his servants.† But in Solomon's time they rebelled, and became independent;‡ and continued to be relentless foes both of Israel and Judah until overcome and carried away captive by the Assyrians in the reign of Ahaz king of Judah.§ Damascus was then ruined; but was rebuilt, and became an important place during the Persian period, and subsequently under the Greeks and Romans. Conquered by the Mohammedans in 634 A. D., it grew to be one of the first cities of the eastern world, and through all mutations since has retained its ascendancy. For it is not only a centre of commerce, but its great plain watered by the Barada, the Wady Helbon, and the Awaj is one of extreme fertility, and affords supplies for a large population. The Barada flows directly through the city, and eastward for about fifteen miles, when it separates and empties its waters into two small marshy lakes without outlet on the edge of the desert. There the sparkling streams lose themselves in evaporation—fit type of the limited flow and wasting away of Mohammedan civilization.

* Gen. 15:2.

† II Sam. 8:5, 6.

‡ I Kings 11:23-25.

§ II Kings 17:9.

Damascus is a hot-bed of Moslem fanaticism, where Christians are heartily hated and cursed. In July 1860 this hatred, excited by the murders perpetrated in the Lebanon by the Druses upon the Maronite Christians, broke out in a bloody massacre, in which over 2,500 male Christians were slaughtered in Damascus, and about 6,000 houses were destroyed in the Christian quarter. It was a reign of terror for three days ; till at length the Turkish authorities, who had allowed the massacre to go on, became alarmed for the consequences, and took the Christians who were left into the castle for protection. All Europe was horrified ; and France sent an army of 10,000 men to Beirut in the interests of humanity. The Turks were cowed, and hung or shot the ringleaders in the riot, among them the Pasha of the city, and order was restored. Steps were then taken by the French to build the admirable road from Beirut to Damascus, by which the two places formerly four days distant were brought within thirteen hours of each other. Constructed for a military purpose in case it should be necessary to transport troops swiftly to suppress another outbreak, it is now a highway of Western civilization and commerce ; over which pass European goods to the bazaars of Damascus, and Oriental products pass to the sea-coast, and tourists travel comfortably to and fro in French diligences.

In so bigoted a city the work of Protestant Missions has been difficult and slow. But for fifty years the Presbyterian Church of Ireland and the United Presbyterian Church of America have maintained missions and schools among the native Christians with gratifying success. The Church Missionary Society of England and the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews and a Scotch Medical Mission have also done good work. Many children and youth have received a Protestant Christian education ; even some of the Mohammedans have been touched and won over ; and the way has been prepared for greater results that we trust will be reached in the future.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BAALBEC.

THE morning came when we must leave Damascus— a day of perfect sunshine and warmth. We felt rested and ready to travel; but when our horses were brought to the door of the hotel, we learned that three of them had died, and that seven others were so used up by the severe journey they were not able to go on. So we were provided with some fresh horses. My reliable beast however was in tolerably good condition, except that he was a little stiff at the start, and I had difficulty in getting him to move fast enough to walk over one of those yellow dogs that lay in the street sunning themselves. At last he stepped on one that was asleep, and a fierce yelp gave us a parting salute! We rode along one of the canals that bring the Abana or Barada river into the city, through gardens and orchards, and turned into the diligence-road to Beirut for four or five miles. This road constructed by French engineers and French capital is hard and smooth and dry, like the roads through the Swiss passes. It is seventy miles long, and is carried by easy winding grades over two ranges of mountains, Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon. After leaving the plain it enters a deep gorge that separates the range of Anti-Lebanon from Hermon, and follows upward the course of the river Barada, which is marked by a ribbon of grass and trees amid the desolate chalk hills. On the first of these hills was pointed out to us a tomb with a dome over it, where the Mohammedans say Cain was buried.

After awhile our road turned away from the river, and we lost the pretty ravine, and followed another quite barren. We passed several villages; and a little beyond the village of Dummar we left the broad diligence-road, and took an ordinary rough bridle-path, which we pursued through narrow valleys and over hills and across the plain of Sahra till we entered another glen, the Wady Barada. Here we struck the



PORTAL OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

river again, and its course was marked as before by a strip of verdure, in which wheatfields and orchards of various fruit trees and groves of walnut and poplar flourished in tropical luxuriance. Riding on we saw far in the distance on the top of a high hill another dome-shaped tomb, which the Mohammedans claim is the tomb of Abel! But why Cain should have been privileged to rest so much nearer the site of Eden than his more deserving brother Abel was not explained to us. We wound along the base of this hill, and passed the Fountain of Fijeh the chief source of the Abana, as the Fountain of Baniyas is the chief source of the Jordan. Here are the ruins of an old Pagan temple dedicated to the god of the river. At the upper end of the glen and not far from the village of Suk, the site of ancient Abilene, we came to our lunch-tent pitched under the hill that was crowned by Abel's tomb, and in this quiet spot we rested an hour and a half.

Then we rode on through a narrow gorge, crossing the stream by a stone bridge. A little further on we saw the openings to ancient Roman tombs cut high up in the cliffs; and beyond these we dismounted and scrambled up the cliff to see a deep cutting in the rock, through which a Roman road once passed. The cutting was twenty-five or thirty feet deep, very smoothly done; and on one side was an inscription in Latin upon the rock, stating that this work was done in the reign of the emperor Antoninus Pius at the expense of the people of Abilene, the city which was in the valley below. Above the inscription was a niche carved in the rock, probably to receive a statue. On the other side of the stream was a cutting in the rock for a viaduct to convey water to the city. No doubt the stream was then larger in volume than now, and the road had to be made high up in the bank, whereas it now runs along the side of the stream. We had a bad piece of rocky road to travel after this, and then we climbed over the hills of Anti-Lebanon, and entered the plain of Zebedany, about three miles broad and highly cultivated. On a lofty hill a thousand feet above us perched the mountain-village of Bludan, a summer resort from the heat for the foreigners at Damascus. We were glad that we had not to climb up there; but found our camp established for the night not far from the village of Zebedany, and near two springs of water shaded by an old willow and a great oak. Here after dinner our muleteers entertained us with a Bedouin sword-dance around a camp-fire made of boughs and roots of trees; which was pleasant to sit by, as the evening was chilly in this elevated region.

Next morning we were off at an early hour, and enjoyed another bright, warm day. We crossed several high hills, from which we looked down on the green and fertile valley with its blossoming orchards and numerous vineyards—a Paradise of culture. The vines in this country are not supported by poles or stakes, but are allowed to lie along the ground; perhaps to get moisture from the earth during the dry season. We reached the water-shed of the Anti-Lebanon, and came to a rushing tortuous brook flowing into the Mediterranean; which we followed down for many miles, fording it from one side to another no less than fifteen times, and entered the glen of Yafufeh—a narrow pass where there is scarcely room for the road beside the swift stream. At length our road left the pass, and led us up a hill of sheer rock; where the palanquins, which were in advance, stuck fast between the projecting boulders and could not get on. Here we sat on our horses nearly an hour, waiting while the muleteers tried in vain to take the palanquins up. Finally the clumsy vehicles were brought down the hill again, and sent on by a lower road along the stream; while we horsemen climbed the precipitous rocks, over which it seemed that only goats could possibly go with safety. Had we encountered such an ascent at the beginning of our journey, we should have despaired; but now made fearless by experience, and having confidence in our horses that they could climb the outside of a church-spire if necessary, we gleefully urged them up to the summit.

This was the last of the hills of Anti Lebanon; and picking our way over the rock-strewn summit we saw before us a vision of grandeur and beauty that made us in a moment forget all the perils of the ascent. Stretching along the whole western horizon was the magnificent snowy range of Lebanon, still loftier than the range we had crossed; and between us and it lay below the green plain of Bukaa, or the Valley of Coele-Syria, *i. e.* the hollow of Syria as it was anciently called, one of the garden-spots of the world. It was well worth the long ride from Damascus to obtain so superb a view. Slowly descending toward the plain, we came to a village on the highlands between the mountain and the plain, called the village of the prophet Seth, where we saw what the Mohammedans claim to be the tomb of Seth the son of Adam! Then turning northward we rode over many a gently sloping hill hour after hour, till at length the latter part of the afternoon we reached our camping-ground at the town of Baalbec; where we were to see those massive

ruined temples that rival the ruins of Egypt in their colossal magnitude and deserved fame.

Baalbec was probably a Phenician city, but its early history is lost in the mists of antiquity. Attempted identifications of it with various places mentioned in the Bible, such as Baalath one of Solomon's cities,* are very doubtful. It is believed to have been the city called Heliopolis, *i. e.* the City of the Sun, by the Greeks and Romans; made a colony by Julius Cæsar and a flourishing seat of Pagan worship as well as commerce by subsequent emperors. Its magnificence at that time, adorned as it was with stately palaces, costly monuments, fountains, baths, and gardens, is attested still by the splendor of its shattered temples. These are three in number, commonly called the Great Temple, the Temple of the Sun, and the Circular Temple, which strikingly contrast with the humble appearance of the modern village of about 3,000 inhabitants and with its ruined mosques, that were buildings of considerable pretensions in their day.

The two first named temples were built, not on the natural level of the ground but on an immense artificial platform 1,100 feet long, supported by mighty arches and substructures that dwarf those of the temple-area at Jerusalem, and surrounded by high and thick walls more solid than those of any fortress. We first examined some of those substructures; entering into a long arched tunnel, seventeen feet wide and thirty feet high, that runs from east to west under one side of the platform. This tunnel is constructed of large blocks of stone, many of them ten to twelve feet long and six feet wide and thick. The size of its arched gateway shows that the original surface of the ground was lower than the present, as part of the arch is buried. Within the tunnel a door to the right led to a court, and one to the left to a large dark room perhaps used for stores for the garrison, who it is thought tenanted these passages. Some distance within a transverse tunnel led off to the right, connecting we were told with another tunnel running east and west under the other side of the platform.

We walked through our tunnel, which was about a thousand feet long, looking at the vast stones of Phenician workmanship perhaps wrought in Solomon's time; and we came out at the west end, and ascended to the great court, which we crossed to look at the facade outside on the east. Here was the grand portico of the temple, 180 feet wide, which must have been reached by a flight of ponderous stone

* 2 Chron. 8 : 6.

steps from the plain below. One stone in this portico is twenty-five feet long. Its great door-way is now walled up; probably this was done by the Moslems when they turned the temple into a fortress in mediæval times. At either end of the portico was built a pavilion, possibly used as a sacristy. We entered the one on the right hand, where we saw remains of the Roman decorations done in the days of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius 160-180 A. D.

Then passing within the portico we came into a hexagonal atrium or court about 250 feet wide, now much filled up with rubbish and earth. Its sides were once lined with recesses and windows now ruined. At the further or west end of this a handsome portal fifty feet wide admitted one to the great court or quadrangle before the temple proper. This quadrangle is 440 feet deep and 370 feet wide; containing thus an area of between three and four acres. Around its sides were recesses and small chambers, used probably by the priests and for store-rooms, inclosed once by rows of pillars and statues now reduced to fragments or buried in the rubbish. Beyond these unroofed courts, *i. e.* still to the west, stood the Great Temple of Jupiter, of which the only remains are six lofty Corinthian columns standing in a row on the south side. Their grandeur may be imagined, when it is stated that their height of shaft is sixty feet, and their diameter at the base seven feet, and that with pedestal, capital, and entablature they are eighty-nine feet high. They are built in three sections or blocks. Originally there were nineteen such columns on each side and ten at each end; as we can still trace their shattered bases and portions of their shafts. What a magnificent peristyle this must have been! and how glorious the whole temple when it stood complete, 290 feet long and 160 feet wide, on its platform built up fifty feet above the ground, conspicuous to all the people living in the plain or on the sides of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon!

A little to the southeast of this Great Temple stands the smaller but better preserved Temple of the Sun, also facing the east and occupying a platform of its own above the plain. It is surrounded by a colonnade like the other temple; the columns forty-five feet high and six feet in diameter, with Corinthian capitals. Originally there were fifteen columns on each side and eight at each end, of which we found nine standing in position on the north side of the temple. They support an entablature seven feet high, from which a ceiling extends back to the walls of the temple proper. This ceiling of the peristyle is exquisitely

carved in intaglio with busts of gods and heroes inclosed in hexagonal mouldings; and its slabs of stone are about four feet thick, as we saw from some of them which had fallen to the ground. We passed to the eastern front of the building, where we saw the splendid gateway with delicately sculptured lintel and sides, and on the under side of the lintel a sculptured genius with wings—supposed to be the emblem of the sun-god. A huge mass of stone broken out from the centre of the lintel long hung down threatening to fall, and was only held up because its upper part being wider was caught fast between the remaining portions of the stone. Lately however the Turks have built up a pier of masonry to support this monster fragment, so that it cannot fall. An immense column on the side of the gate-way contains a stone stair-case leading to the roof of the building, and some of our party ascended it. The four side-walls of the temple are standing, adorned within by fluted Corinthian pillars running up to the ceiling and by sculptured ornaments of fruits and acorns. There are arched recesses between the pillars, where it is supposed statues of gods were placed; and at the further end was the Holy Place now quite ruined.

But marvellous as are these temples and courts and vaulted passages beneath, no less marvellous are the exterior walls that inclose the whole group of buildings. The size of the stones composing these walls is prodigious. At one place there are nine stones each about thirty feet long and ten feet thick—fit to have been reared by Titans. But these we found vastly exceeded by three enormous stones in the western wall, the largest ever used in architecture. They measure respectively sixty-three feet, sixty-three feet eight inches, and sixty-four feet in length, and are thirteen feet high and probably as many feet thick. Nor do they lie on the ground, but are inserted in the wall nineteen feet above the ground. How were they ever removed from the quarry, or lifted to that height, and so nicely fitted in the wall that you can scarcely thrust a knife-blade between them? The most plausible theory is that rollers were put under them, and they were drawn up solid dirt-ways built in the form of inclined planes by sheer human force. Labor was cheap in those days, as it was slave-labor; and it was nothing to the ruling despots if tens of thousands of human lives were sacrificed in the fearful strain of raising these giant blocks of stone. But one block we saw that was never removed from the quarries south-east of the town. It is the largest dressed stone in the world; its length is variously given from sixty-eight to eighty-four feet, its breadth fourteen feet, and height four-

teen feet. The rock above and around it has all been cut away, so that it lies in a wide open space, ready to be removed except that it is not entirely detached from the rock below. Why it was thus left, nobody knows; but it remains a colossal example of man's unfinished undertakings, over which we might moralize at length.

It seems astonishing that so late in the history of Roman Paganism as the reigns of Antoninus Pius and Septimius Severus such mighty and costly temples could have been erected in honor of a waning faith. For Christianity had already made decided progress in the Roman empire, and while ruthlessly persecuted was clearly the religion of the future. But these structures at Baalbec show the stubbornness with which the ruling classes still adhered to the old divinities, and lavished wealth in promoting a worship that was soon to pass away. The fact, however, that the sculptures of the Temple of the Sun were never finished, as we observed for ourselves, proves that this was an expiring effort of heathenism. While the ruined condition of these monuments, solidly built to last as long as the world should stand, intimates to us the folly of those who oppose the purposes of God and the advancement of His conquering kingdom. The stone that Daniel saw, "cut out of the mountain without hands," has smitten and broken to pieces that "great image" which symbolized the world-kingsdoms of heathenism.*

And so too shall Christianity prevail over all present forms of false religion, including the Mohammedanism which yet exercises its blighting sway over this unfortunate land. We found an indication of its decline in a ruined mosque on the north side of Baalbec, which we visited. Built before Saladin's day it was restored and adorned by him, as is stated in an Arabic inscription on the inner wall. It contains three rows of Corinthian pillars, some of granite, some of porphyry, and some of limestone—doubtless pillaged from the ancient temples—and still retaining much of their polished beauty. Now roofless and untenanted, it is a mark left by the high tide of Mohammedanism hundreds of years ago. There is no disposition to repair it, nor to repair the other ruined mosque half a mile east of the town. But Protestant Missions are vigorously pushing their work here. An American Mission School and a school of the British Syrian School Society have several hundred children under their care, some of them Mohammedan children. Here as elsewhere it is demonstrated that there is vitality in the religion of the cross; while a dry rot has attacked Islam, and it will fall in due time.

* Dan. 2:31-45.

We met in the town many of these children and young people, who could talk a little English, and they followed us about to sell their needle-work and various trinkets. In their hearts have been sown the seeds of gospel-truth, and from this small beginning what blessed results may one day be reaped! We are reminded of the words of the Psalmist,—“There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.”* These Mission schools are only a handful of corn as it were, sown in the most unpropitious locality, “upon the top of the mountains;” but they shall produce a luxuriant growth that will rustle in the wind like the forests of Lebanon. And the subjects of Christ’s kingdom, typified by the earthly Jerusalem, shall increase and be plentiful as the blades of grass that appear after spring showers. There is yet hope for Syria in these Protestant schools, planted not only in Damascus and Baalbec and Zahleh and Beirut, but in many little towns and villages all through the country. Surely the prophecy of the Psalmist, which draws its metaphor from their own Lebanon, peculiarly encourages us to hope for the conversion of these Syrians.

* Ps. 72: 16.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEIRUT.

MUCH as the remarkable ruins of Baalbec offered to our thought, not even they could divert us from contemplation of the delightful scenery that crisp morning when we left the town, and trotted easily over the hard, smooth diligence-road across the great plain of Bukaa. The long range of Lebanon on our right rising from eight to ten thousand feet above the sea, and the range of Anti-Lebanon on the left, were both crowned with snow—a most majestic sight! While the fertile, highly cultivated plain between them, itself 3000 feet above the sea, green with wheat-fields and dotted with villages and level as a Western prairie, seemed like a lovely picture set in a pure white frame. Probably it is the bed of an ancient lake, and the soil is deep and inexhaustible. We were in high spirits, for now we had reached our farthest point north, and had turned our faces south-west toward the Mediterranean, *homeward bound!* Only two days more of riding remained, and we should clasp civilization again at Beirut, and start upon our return-voyage. Even our jaded horses caught the contagion of our excitement, and required no stimulus of whip to urge them on.

About a mile out of Baalbec we came to a small ruined structure by the side of the road, a circular “well” or place of prayer, consisting of eight round granite pillars supporting an entablature. Here the Moslems say that Eve wept for Abel after his murder by Cain; and they regard it as a sacred place. On we rode for five long hours till we made our noonday halt near the village of Abla; meanwhile veering over the plain to the Lebanon side, and fording many sparkling little brooks that give the plain its fertility, and crossing the river Litany by a bridge. After lunch we passed through the village of Kerah Nuh, where they pointed out to us the house of an Englishman built over what is called Noah’s tomb;—in reality a piece of old Roman aqueduct, but asserted

by the Moslems to be Noah's tomb. It is 210 feet long; but even so tradition says that the tomb was too short for the patriarch, and they had to crook his knees and plant his lower limbs straight in the ground to get him in! We wondered how, if he was of such size, he managed to avoid upsetting the ark, when he went to the window to let the dove in.

We soon reached the neighboring city of Zahleh, a place of 20,000 population, which contains many well built houses and superior bazaars. There is an air of thrift and prosperity about Zahleh, and the eye rests with admiration upon the beautiful orchards and gardens in the plain below the elevation on which the city is built. This is one of the mission-stations of the American Presbyterians, whose headquarters are at Beirut. The inhabitants are mostly Christians, and they suffered much in the massacre in 1860, when the Druses captured and burned the town. Another hour or so brought us to our camp, which was pitched nearer than was intended, because the camping ground at Shtora a half hour further on was preoccupied. Here we made everything snug, as the sky seemed to portend a storm; but though the clouds were heavy, no rain fell. After dinner our camp-fire was lighted, and a party of natives, both men and girls, gave us an exhibition of some of their Syrian dances; which if less animated than the Bedouin dances were more graceful. Many of these Syrians had bright and intelligent faces, and showed evidence that they had come in contact with our western civilization.

Our last day's ride was to be a long one, thirty-one miles; so we made an early start about 6:40 A. M. The morning was bright and cool, but it grew warmer during the day—especially as we descended toward the sea. In half an hour we came to the village of Shtora, where the road from Baalbec joins the diligence-road from Damascus to Beirut. Beyond Shtora we began to climb the foot-hills of Lebanon; and as we zigzagged up we obtained charming views of the green valley that we had left. There had been a mist in the early morning, which had lifted from the valley but still clung to the sides of Anti-Lebanon opposite to us; and now like a bridal veil half revealed and half concealed the majestic beauty of the mountain. While far in the south peerless, snow-capped Hermon was still in plain view, apparently only a few miles away, but really several days' journey distant. The scenery reminds one not a little of Switzerland; and the resemblance is helped by the long line of telegraph-wires overhead and the fine macadamized

road beneath,—twin signs of civilization that it seems strange to find in an Oriental land. The road is well constructed, and is kept in perfect repair; and over it passes a considerable traffic in huge covered wagons drawn by three, sometimes by four, mules. We met at intervals long trains of these wagons bringing goods from Beirut to Damascus; some of them loaded with steel rails, eight rails in a wagon, for a new railroad that is to be built from Damascus to the Hauran to tap that rich agricultural region. It is also contemplated to build a railroad between Beirut and Damascus. The returning trains of wagons that we passed as they slowly toiled up the winding ascents were transporting the treasures of the east for western consumption. So there was a constant march and countermarch over this magnificent highway.

As we climbed higher we found great banks of snow as yet unmelted lying alongside the road; in part the remains of that storm from which we had suffered in the wilderness of Benjamin, and which had blocked this road for five days. Now we had entered into the heart of Lebanon, and our track wound around one mountain-peak after another, still leading us upward. Every four or five miles there was a stone khan or post-house, where the diligences change horses; and at one of them we found about noon our lunch-tent pitched in the adjoining yard, and we took our last lunch together in camp-fashion sitting on the ground. When we mounted again we soon reached the summit, from which is gained the grandest prospect of the whole ride. Far to the south the peaks of Hermon clothed in dazzling white seemed to support the sky. On the north and west the snow-covered tops of Lebanon stretched like great white-capped waves around us. To the east, where we should have seen the lesser mountains and foot-hills and the green plain with the silver river flowing through it to the sea, the clouds below us so shut off our view that we could see only a strip of blue on the horizon beyond them, which we were told was the Mediterranean. We were far above the clouds at this point in undimmed sunshine; but as we began to descend by an easy grade, we entered the region of drifting vapor; and still descending we passed at length below the clouds, and saw the coast and the line of white breakers along the shore, and upon a promontory jutting into the sea the city of Beirut many miles away.

Now our road wound for some distance along the side of a mountain on the south of a great valley, whose north wall rose precipitously to the snows above. A river ran through this valley, in which meadows and grain-fields lay like mosaic work clustering about numerous villages, and

dark pine woods clung to the slopes. Still our road followed the lessening ridge, till as we approached the city we found it embowered in groves of mulberry-trees, mingled with vines and fig-trees. This is the centre of the silk industry of the country, and the mulberry trees are raised to feed the silk-worms. Groves of olives occupy the higher ground, and lofty palms wave their graceful foliage in lower, sheltered spots. The road became alive with people; some on foot, some on horses or mules or donkeys, some riding in stylish carriages, and some in carts or wagons; indicating the busy life of a great city close at hand. We passed the Pineta, a large grove of pine-trees with gardens and a Casino adjoining, where a band of music plays evenings, and whither the city-people resort for amusement; and then passing the soldiers' barracks we entered the city, and rode through its bustling streets to the opposite side, where we reached our quarters in the New Hotel, that stands on the very shore of the Mediterranean. Here we dismounted; and patting our faithful horses, who had borne us nearly four hundred miles in safety, we bade them good-bye, and entered our hotel to resume for good and all the habits of civilized life.

It was Saturday evening, and our party were to spend one more Sabbath together before breaking up into three sections. One section of nine was to sail for Constantinople on Monday afternoon; another of fifteen including our guide was to sail for the same port on Tuesday afternoon; and nine of us at the same time were to take steamer for Marseilles on our return home. We had been so intimately and pleasantly associated for these many weeks that it seemed like a separation of old friends; and we were glad to have the opportunity of attending religious service together Sunday morning in the church of the American Presbyterian Mission, and hearing one of our own clergymen preach—as he was invited to do by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Mackay. The church is a handsome stone edifice seating about 500; its tower contains a clock, and there is a fine organ within. The Professors in the Syrian Protestant College and their families and the Missionaries were in attendance, and a few American residents, and other visitors like ourselves; but the church was not half full. At an earlier Arabic service held every Sunday morning for the natives, I was told, there was a much larger congregation present.

In the evening a number of us walked up to the College, a mile from the hotel and at the south-west end of the city, and attended a service held for the students, at which Col. Franklin Fairbanks of St. Johns-

bury, Vt., spoke. It was pleasant to see once more the good gray head of that earnest Christian worker, and to take him by the hand at the close of the meeting. And it was an interesting sight to look upon so many intelligent young men of Syria, all wearing the red fez which they did not remove from their heads during the services, and listening reverently to the story of the gospel, and joining with animation in the singing of both English and Arabic hymns. They had the college air and manner unmistakably, and but for their dark complexions and Oriental dress might have been taken for American students. After the meeting we met Rev. Dr. Bliss, the President of the College, who invited us to his room below, where we signed our names in his Visitors' Register and talked with several of the Professors, who gave us much information about the institution, its aims, and its achievements.

A second visit to this College I made by daylight next day, and admired its superb location on high ground looking off on the Mediterranean, and its substantial buildings, and its efficient corps of instructors. Founded about thirty years ago by American liberality and upon the general plan of our American Colleges modified to suit Oriental needs, it would take rank among the best of our home institutions. It was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and its Trustees are well known Christian men of New York city. Its Board of Managers, twenty-four in number, consists of American and British residents in Syria and Egypt. It has a Faculty of twenty Professors and teachers; and in its three departments, Preparatory, Collegiate and Medical, has nearly 250 students. A Theological Seminary, not organically connected with the College, occupies its own building in the College grounds, and is supported by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. From the Collegiate and Medical departments have been graduated in the past over 300 young men, while some 800 students have taken a partial course without graduating. Who can estimate the leavening influence exercised by these young men, who have gone forth more or less affected by the sound Christian instruction received in this noble institution? Many of them have been converted to Christ, and have witnessed faithfully for him. For while direct efforts to proselyte are not attempted in the College, expositions of the Bible are given every week, Christian Moral Philosophy is taught, and morning and evening prayers are held daily and a church service and Sabbath-school every Sunday, which all resident students are required to attend. Besides these exercises the personal intercourse of Professors with students

brings the latter into contact with evangelical truth. All the Oriental sects of Christianity are represented among the students—Protestants, Orthodox Greeks, Papal Greeks, Latins, Maronites, and Armenians—and the Mohammedans as well ; and they learn at least by friendly association to moderate their mutual hostilities.

We saw the various buildings—the main building containing recitation-halls and dormitories and library, the Medical Building, the Observatory, the Chemical Laboratory, and the Dodge Memorial Hall for the use of the Preparatory Department. Ascending the tower above the clock on the main building, we obtained a fine view of the city and the glittering horse-shoe of the bay and Mount Lebanon studded with thriving villages, of which we counted twenty-five within sight. Coming down we attended College prayers at five P. M. in the beautiful chapel or Assembly Hall, donated by the late Frederic Marquand of New York. It is built of stone in the old English style, and will seat eight or nine hundred people. The students first sang an Arabic hymn to the tune of “Beulah-land,” accompanied by a fine pipe-organ; and then Prof. Schaufler read the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount in English, and prayed in English. The young men were quite as attentive and devout in demeanor as any body of students at home ; and indeed they could not but respect such eminent and godly men as they have for instructors. From the beginning this College has enjoyed the services of a choice corps of Professors.

And the Syrian Mission has been equally fortunate in its missionaries, who have labored here in Beirut and its out-stations. The names of the late Revs. Levi Parsons, Pliny Fiske, William Goodell, William M. Thompson, Eli Smith, and Dr. Van Dyck were distinguished names in the Christian world a generation ago. And more recent laborers—such as Rev. Drs. Simeon H. Calhoun, Eddy, Post, Bliss, Henry Jessup, Samuel Jessup, Porter, Dodge, and Dennis—have been men no less distinguished for their piety and attainments. When this Syrian Mission was transferred from the American Board to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, after the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian church in 1870, it was called the crown-jewel of the Missions of the American Board ; and fitly so. Nor has it under Presbyterian auspices failed to maintain its high standard of intellectual and spiritual efficiency and success.

We visited the Syrian school for girls under the care of this Mission, which is situated near the American church and Publication-house.

We were kindly received, and were shown through the school-rooms and dormitories of the large and well appointed building; and saw some of the teachers and bright-eyed scholars at their work. An interesting incident of our visit was that we were taken into the room in which Drs. Eli Smith and Van Dyck translated the Bible into Arabic. A marble tablet in the wall commemorates this great and useful achievement, which has given to the Arabic-speaking people of the world one of the best versions of the Bible ever made. We also went into the Publication-house, and were taken through all the departments—the composing room, the press-room, the book-bindery, the type-foundry, and even the engine-room, as well as the crowded sales-rooms. Tens of thousands of volumes in the Arabic language,—Bibles, religious books, tracts, school-books—are annually issued from this Publication-house, besides several newspapers. It is indeed the left arm of the Mission, if we regard the predominating educational work as the right arm.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of missionary effort in Syria, not only on the part of American Presbyterians but of other Christian bodies, is this predominance given to educational work. Thus in the one city of Beirut there are six colleges, seven female seminaries, and ninety common schools with 16000 pupils; and in all the cities and principal towns of the country schools are multiplied. There are excellent reasons for this course. The intelligence and progressive spirit of the Syrians demand good educational facilities; and Syria must furnish the workers that will yet be required to labor in the vast field of the Arabic-speaking peoples, that will by and by be opened. Moreover the Papal and Jesuit Missions are striving hard to secure a hold upon the children and youth, and even the native sects are raising their educational standards. Hence Protestant societies are waging a campaign of intelligence in this land. The British Syrian School Society and the Prussian Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth are doing a notable work, and the Scotch schools are similarly prosperous. While the work of philanthropy goes hand in hand with that of education. Orphanages, and institutions for the blind and for cripples, and hospitals, and medical dispensaries commend to all the beneficent religion of the gospel.

On the last evening of our stay in Beirut it was my privilege to attend and address upon invitation the weekly prayer-meeting and missionary conference of the Faculty of the Syrian Protestant College at the house of Dr. Eddy. One of the young Professors came to the hotel for

me, and took me to the house not far from the American church. In the large drawing-room were gathered the Professors and their families and associates—a rare company of choice spirits, whose earnest purpose and thorough Christian culture were imprinted upon their very countenances. It was a very pleasant errand to bring them words of encouragement and sympathy from the home churches, and to express appreciation of their noble work in Syria. Afterwards Rev. Dr. Reynolds of Van in Armenia, who was on his way home for a furlough, was called upon to speak about the Mission in Armenia; and told us of its difficulties, its trials, and of the triumphs of the cross there. Fervent prayers were offered, and hymns of faith and hope were sung; and it seemed good to tarry thus among our Christian soldiers who are at the front prosecuting the warfare of the church. If it helps our missionaries to come home to a land of gospel light and to stand with us awhile upon the high places of Zion, it would in a different way help us Christians at home, if we could all visit the missionaries at their posts of duty, and mingle with them in worship and service.

Doubtless the reader has already inferred, that what mainly interested me in Beirut was the missionary work. Truly it was; for I found nothing else there so worthy of attention as the prospect of a Christian regeneration of the east that is offered at these missionary headquarters. Yet there are in the neighborhood of the city some notable relics of the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians in certain inscriptions upon the rocks at Dog River. The excursion may be made by boat across the bay of Beirut to its north shore; but it is not a long distance to ride around by land, crossing the Beirut River and the Dead River on the way. Approaching the mountains that shut in the bay on the north, one finds the remains of an old Roman road constructed along the side of a projecting cape, with a precipice on one side of it towards the sea and steep cliffs on the other side. Parts of these cliffs have been smoothed into tablets, on which successive conquerors have recorded their deeds. One inscription states that this rocky pass was cut around the cape by order of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus about 180 A. D. But ages before his day there was some kind of a road here, by which armies passed to and fro, as is indicated by the sculptures cut in the face of the rock. Three of these are Egyptian. One is dedicated to the god Phthah by Rameses II, and celebrates the latter's victories over the Hittites. Another represents Rameses adoring Ra, the sun-god; and the third records other expeditions of this Egyptian hero. The remaining six in-

scriptions are Assyrian. One shows a full length figure of Esarhaddon, and describes his victory over Phenicia and Egypt. Another tells the story of Sennacherib's invasion of Palestine. And the others glorify the deeds of Shalmaneser and Assurnazirpal and Tiglath Pileser and Nebuchadnezzar. It is indeed a striking series of chronicles that have been preserved for thousands of years in these rocks.

The city of Beirut itself is also very interesting for two reasons, its great antiquity and its purely modern aspect. It was a Phenician settlement at first, and bore the name of Berothah. The Greeks and Romans called it Berytus; and by Augustus it was made a Roman colony, and was adorned with a theatre, baths, and amphitheatre by Herod Agrippa. Under the later Roman emperors it was the seat of a famous school of law. After its capture by the Saracens it declined; but in the time of the Crusades rose again into importance, and often changed hands in the course of war. Subsequently it was insignificant, till in the present century it became the commercial port where the east and the west meet in mutually profitable intercourse. During the last seventy years its population has grown from 9,000 to 100,000; water-works, gas, paved streets, and omnibus-lines have been introduced; and it is the cleanest, healthiest, most modernized, and most enterprising city in the Turkish Empire. While its location upon the sea with the glorious background of mountains combines almost every element of beauty.

Yet from this charming spot, where both nature and man have done so much to make one's stay attractive, we not unwillingly departed; for we were going home. We walked to the landing, and took small boats for our steamers—the Niger bound for Marseilles and the Senegal bound for Constantinople—both of the French line, the Messageries Maritimes. Our friends who were going to Constantinople accompanied us to our ship, where we exchanged regretful farewells, and they rowed away; and we made ourselves comfortable for our nine day's sail upon the blue Mediterranean. A few hours later when the sun had set, and its last gleams had faded away from snowy Lebanon, and twilight was wrapping in its dusky mantle the busy town and the shipping in the quiet harbor, our steamer gently started, and we bade goodbye to the twinkling lights of Beirut and the receding shores of Syria.

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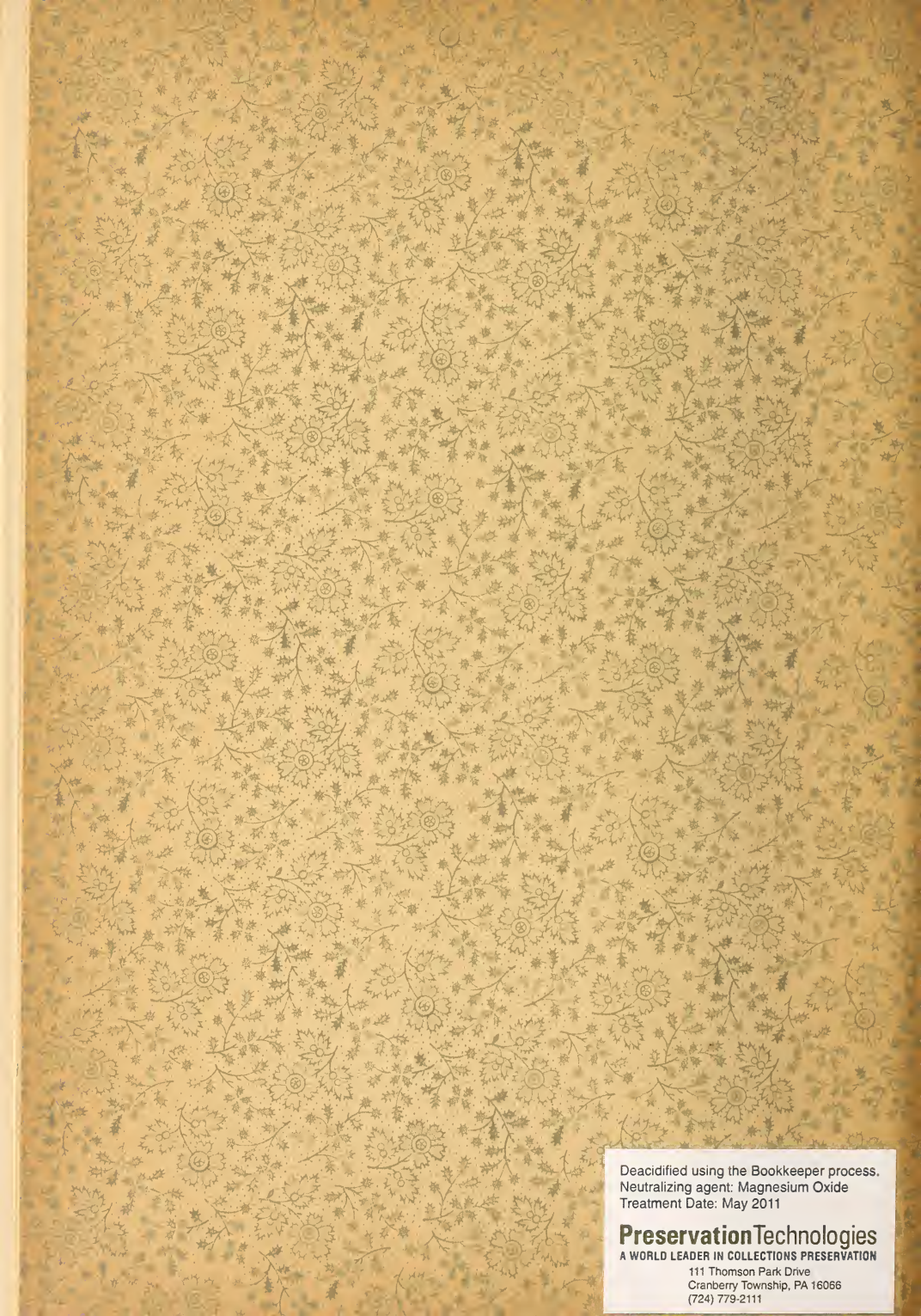
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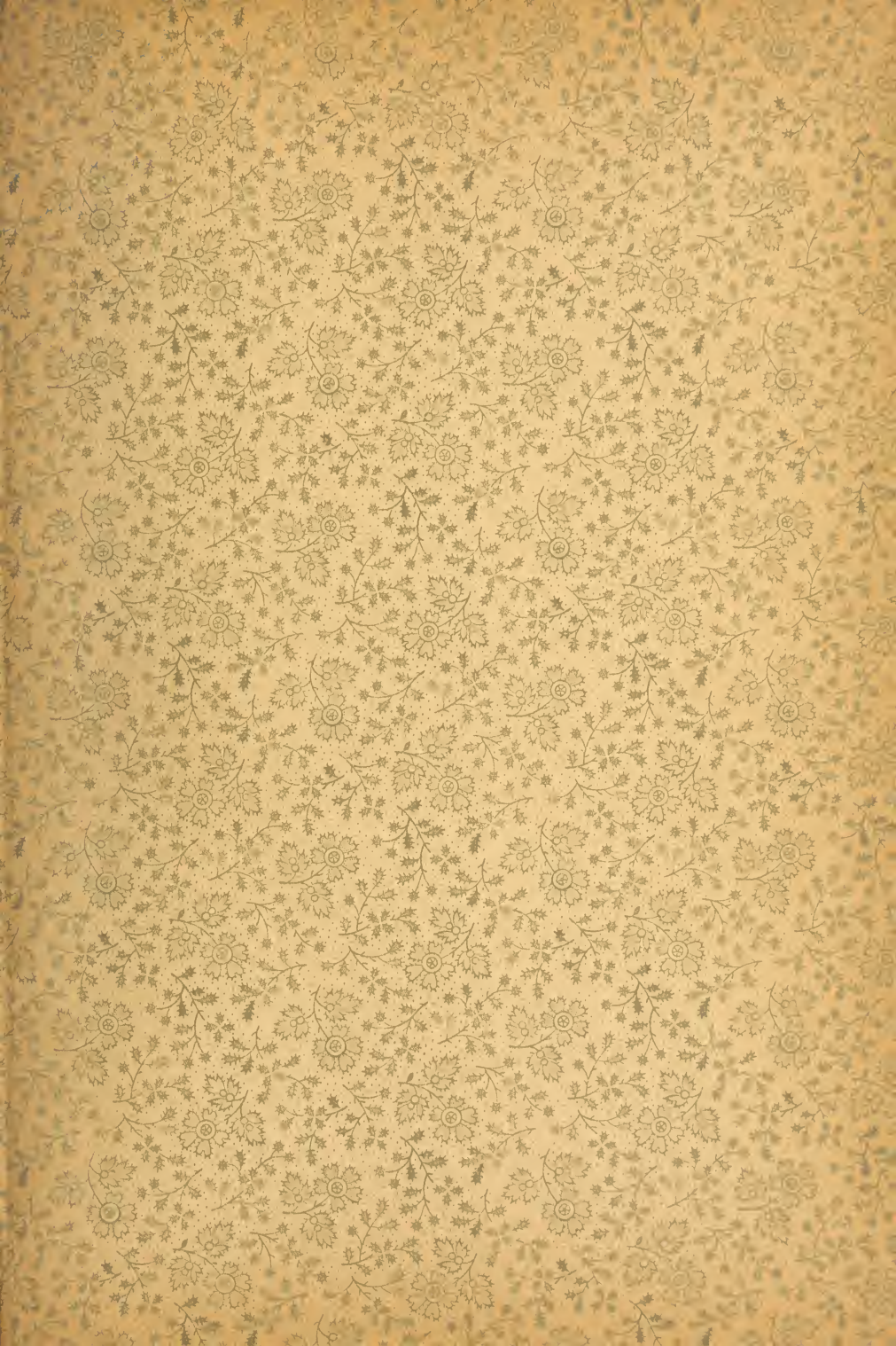




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